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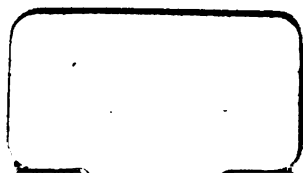
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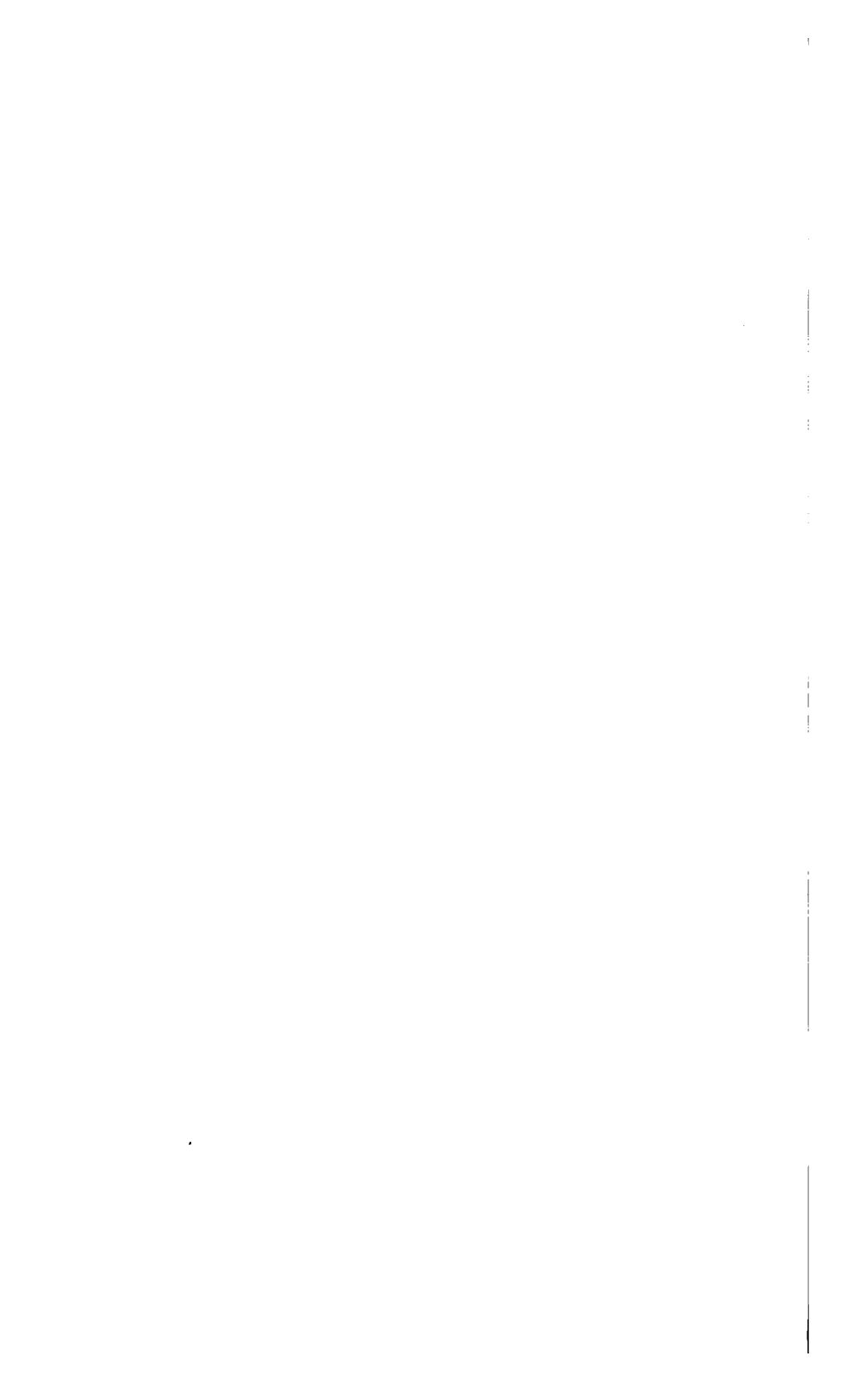


1888  
C. H. H. H.









Cockburn  
BWV

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~~2014~~ 9



*St. Monage*  
(to)  
**CADIZ AND GIBRALTAR,**

up the Mediterranean

(to)  
*Sicily* **AND** *Malta*  
(in 1810, & 11.)

*including a description of*

**SICILY and the LIPARI ISLANDS,**

and an

*Excursion in Portugal,*

*by J. Genl. Cockburn.*



*View on the Coast of Tindari.*

**VOL. 1.**

*London*

*Printed for J. Harding, 36, St. James's Street,  
and M. A. Mahon, Dublin.*

1815.



## PREFACE.

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THE voyages and travels already published, are so numerous, that it may appear unnecessary, or presumptuous, to add to the stock. The utility of such works is, however, admitted; for few comparatively, even of the well-educated part of society, have the opportunity of leaving their native country; and it is only through the relations of travellers, that they can gain a knowledge of the manners and modes of thinking peculiar to different nations; and acquire those just and liberal views of society, which an intercourse with foreign countries is calculated to communicate. Books of travels, if in a small compass, and written with fidelity, are useful guides to future travellers.

During the tour I made through Sicily, I frequently experienced much inconvenience from the want of such a book. The natives of every country regard, with apathy, the curiosities that are every day before them; but the Sicilians are particularly inattentive to such subjects.

Of the different travels through Sicily that have been published, many are too expensive and too large to be made travelling companions. A splendid work, published at Paris, in 1782, entitled "*Voyage Pittoresque de Naples et de Sicile*, by the Abbè de St. Non," in five folio volumes, with fine engravings, would render any other unnecessary; but five folios are not portable, and their price is far beyond what most persons would chuse to give. Wilkin's *Magna Græcia* (a ten guinea folio) is a valuable work, but it only treats of the antiquities of Syracuse, Agrigentum, and Salinus or Salinumtum, and is in no respect a tour. That entertaining writer Swinburne, made a very hurried tour of Sicily, and did not ascend Mount Etna, or visit the Lipari Islands. De Non has some merit, but it is nearly forty years since he visited the island; and in many instances, he is either incorrect or deficient: it is a bad abridgement of St. Non. Brydone published about the same time; and though very amusing, he has certainly much that might be spared;—nearly forty pages are taken up with the account of a comet, and the amour of a Capuchin at Naples, which surely have no immediate relation to a Tour through Sicily and Malta.



The present work is intended to serve as a *Guide de Voyageur*, to point out the objects most worthy the attention of future visitors;—I do not profess to do more. Those who wish to know the history of the island, under its various masters, cannot be at a loss where to find it. For its present political state, Mr. Leckie's account will be found correct, and well deserving attention. The tour of Spallanzani is valuable to the natural philosopher: and a late work by Abate Ferrara, published at Catania, contains much information relating to the mineralogy and geology of the island; but the *Viaggio per tutti le Antichità Della Sicilia*, by the late Prince Biscaris, was my best guide.—It is, however, a very scarce book, and useless to those who cannot read Italian. The Prince, who might justly be called the Mæcenas of his age, is now no more; but his memory and good qualities will live in the recollection of the people of Catania. The splendid museum which he formed, still exists. His life was dedicated to science and the arts; and his great fortune enabled him to encourage every thing useful to his country. This he did with munificence.

In respect to the government of the country, I have not said so much as perhaps I ought. I have rather avoided this subject, because I cannot speak of it without using terms which might not be *approved*. When I was in Sicily, it was bad in the extreme. It is to

be hoped a change under British influence, may bring happiness to this hitherto ill-treated country. Of this, however, I am certain a *mezzo termine*, or vacillating system, will not do. The Sicilians, if well governed, and allowed trade, and a fair use of the benefits which nature has so bountifully bestowed upon them in climate and soil, would become attached to their rulers.

Great commercial and other advantages might be derived to England from the possession of the island,—not to mention the danger of its being annexed to France. Dock-yards for ships of the line might easily be formed at Messina, Syracuse, and Palermo. The forests of Calabria would supply any quantity of fine timber. This, and other circumstances, would make the French absolute masters of the Mediterranean, and render our tenure of Malta very precarious, if Sicily be ever allowed, under any circumstances, to pass into their hands.\*

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\* In the year 1804, in a pamphlet I published, I stated,—

“ There is another very important expedition, in which a disposable force might be employed; but, as I think it must have occurred to his Majesty’s Ministers, and, if thought right, attempted, I shall say “ no more.” What I meant was the occupation of Sicily. I further stated,—“ England should act on her naval superiority, and declare to

Nature has been so little assisted in this island, and its mineral riches so imperfectly examined, that it is impossible to say, to what extent enterprise might find its reward here. The finest harbours in a manner useless;—a people naturally good, but perverted by mismanagement, superstition, and ill-treatment; no stimulant for industry;—every expedient taken by the clergy and barons to keep the people in poverty, passive obedience, and profound ignorance: Such is the present state of Sicily. Though it is but just to observe, that some of the barons are endeavouring to restore the forms, at least, of a tolerable constitution, which, I hear, they once enjoyed; but of this I can find no proof: a sort of parliament they certainly had.

Surely, if Europe should obtain a respite from its political convulsions, and a solid balance of power be restored, with the blessing of peace, the change will be due to the perseverance of England, and to the immense sums with which she has furnished the allies, to enable them to bring

---

“ France: — Since you rule the Continent, we will rule the seas:—  
“ you oppose our Continental connections, you shall not have any  
“ trade; we will destroy your trade and your navy.” This system was  
afterwards followed; at least we acted on the seas with all the power  
which our naval superiority conferred.

about such desirable events. And is England to have no reward;—no return for all her treasure; and a full proportion of the blood spent to recover the liberties of Europe? Undoubtedly she ought; and I sincerely hope she will see her true interest, and keep Sicily, as well as Malta. Sicily, where nature has done so much and man so little, would be worth six West India Islands in point of mere riches—not to speak of its superior climate, and its importance as a military station. After we have witnessed the very unexpected change in the political state of Europe, the most inexperienced statesman cannot believe in the continuance of peace for the next ten years.\*

France, whether under a Napoleon or a Bourbon dynasty must be a great country, and will have a powerful navy. Jealousy, and different interests, will again embroil Europe in war, as it has always done. Russia is a great power, and a naval one also; and we may have to fight

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\* The great King of Prussia, in a letter to D'Alembert, says,—

“ Vous voyez donc que la guerre est un des ingrediens qui entrent nécessairement dans la composition de ce malheureux monde.—  
 “ L'Europe n'a vu qu'une succession de guerres perpétuelles: en fin  
 “ rarement se passent-til dix ans de suite que toute L'Europe jouisse  
 “ d'une paix durable.”

for our naval superiority before very long.—Ministers should look further than the present moment,—probably they do.\* I am aware of the difficulty of answering the question,—“How can you consistently take a country “from an old Ally, and one who at least thinks himself “indebted to you for the loss of Naples?” I admit the difficulty, and can only answer “by exchange and negotiation.” A more favourable moment than the present, when England has so much to give, may not occur again! But I fear the poor Sicilians will not be gainers by late events: on the contrary, I suspect they will lose the little they have obtained through our interference; and, most probably, will live another half century under all the miseries of a bad government and a rapacious clergy.

The restoration of Ferdinand to Naples might be difficult, and possibly not desirable; but, as undoubtedly England was the great support of all the old dynasties, and as her exertions and perseverance checked the French attempt at universal empire, and replaced fallen monarchs on their

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\* It was very lately the opinion of the Crown Prince of Sweden, (Bernadotte,) that Europe has much more to fear ultimately from Russia than from France; I believe, such is also the opinion of the most enlightened statesmen, who can look beyond the present.

thrones, I think we might have negotiated an adequate indemnity for Ferdinand in Italy, either Tuscany or the Duchies of Parma, and Placentia, to which might have been annexed Genoa and its states, or a good sovereignty in Dalmatia ; for which, and a sum of money, possibly Sicily might be ceded to England. I could say more on this subject ; but it is useless.\*

To return to the present volumes, and the circumstances under which they were written :—

I was appointed to the staff of the army in Sicily in 1810, and arrived there at a most interesting moment, when Murat was on the opposite coast, in full preparation for invasion. Promotion, which in all other professions is an advantage, is often the contrary to the higher ranks of the army and navy. Mine to Lieutenant-General, removed me from the Sicilian Staff ; but, before I heard of it, Murat and his army broke up, and every idea of attack was over : it however left me at liberty to make the tour of this singular island. My situation and rank, as well as the kindness of our Com-

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\* “ Il faut remarquer par quelle fatalité aveugle les affaires de ce monde sont gouvernées.”

mander-in-chief; Sir John Stuart, who assisted me in my undertaking, gave me facilities which few Sicilian travellers have had; and I must not forget my worthy friend, the Sicilian governor, General Danero, who obliged me with his advice and recommendations.

Sicily being out of the beaten track of travellers, and so many years garrisoned by British troops, may excite many to make the tour; and to such persons I trust this work will be useful. The island abounds in objects worthy of observation: It is extremely mountainous; but the vallies have a most prolific soil. Those who like to explore mountain regions, and who delight in the beauties of nature, or the study of natural history, will derive pleasure at every step. The botanist and mineralogist will have ample gratification in such a tour; and the lover of antiquity will continually find himself on classic ground; and, in many interesting places, remarkable for great events in past ages. The philosophic traveller, and geologist, will not be disappointed. They may contemplate the various changes this volcanic country has undergone from subterraneous fires, earthquakes, &c. Its moral and political changes appear to have kept pace with its physical. Good roads or inns, and English cleanliness and convenience, must not be expected. The Sicilian traveller will meet many difficulties, much fatigue, and often scanty fare.

In an Appendix, I give an account of the dreadful earthquake in 1783; partly taken from the account of Sir William Hamilton, (Philosophical Transactions, vol. lxxiii. for the year 1783) and partly from that of M. Lallement, at that time Vice-Consul of France at Messina, and sent to the French Minister. M. De St. Non describes him as a man,—*D'un vrai mérite*; but I must protest against his accuracy, and, of course, I shall note his mistatements. I was at Naples when this earthquake happened; and, from what I then heard, (but which I should not at this distance of time pretend to recollect with accuracy, if I had not found my letters written in the year 1783, from Naples, to Mr. A. Caldwell, who died lately, leaving me his executor) and from what I heard and saw on the spot since, at Messina, I declare the account of the Chevalier de Fay to be the best and most accurate, and I therefore give it entire.

Some other matters will be found in the Appendix, which I flatter myself will be interesting; particularly an account of all the eruptions of Etna on record, with their dates.

I must plead guilty to a charge which will be brought against me,—namely, that of frequently speaking in the first person; but, in mitigation of censure on this point, it may be stated, that these volumes were taken from a journal, written without any intention of publication at the



time; and, as I reside at a distance from the press, I was not aware, until a very considerable part of the work was printed, how much the journal stile would subject me to the charge of egotism. Those who know me, will, I trust, attribute this to inattention, rather than vanity; but I solicit the candid indulgence of others, both for the appearance of egotism and for repetitions, which are, in some degree, unavoidable in a journal. Those who have ever been surprised at the different impression produced by the same narrative when printed, and when in manuscript, will make allowances for one inexperienced in publication.

From the censure of mere fastidious readers, I may, perhaps, defend myself by pleading the authority of an eminent writer, whose judgment on subjects of literature will not be disputed; speaking of the proper stile for voyages and travels, he says,—

“ I own I am pleased when the traveller speaks in the  
“ first person, and conducts us from inn to inn, and town  
“ to town, with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance.  
“ Every thing which concerns him, and is proper to be  
“ imparted, interests us. We feel as he did in all his  
“ inconveniences and distresses, and derive from the  
“ whole account of small particulars, as well as great,  
“ a very valuable share and species of experience. The

“ stile of voyages and travels should be plain, simple,  
“ perspicuous, and unaffected. I think they appear  
“ seldom to great advantage, but when written in the  
“ words of the traveller or voyager, at the very time at  
“ which the circumstances which he relates occurred :  
“ They have then the native hue and complexion of truth,  
“ which seldom fails to attach the mind, when clearly pre-  
“ sented to its view.” \*

I confess also that I did not aim at that smooth uniformity of stile and manner, in which the character of the writer is often lost through fear of criticism. Modern books, as well as modern fashionable societies, all get polished down to the same unmeaning level; or, to use Rousseau’s description of the fashionables who moved in the first circles in Paris,—“ they all appear like puppets  
“ glued to the same board, and moved by the same  
“ wire.”

For the long Errata of names and places, occasioned by my having neglected to write a fair copy for the printer, I allow myself to deserve any blame which the severity of

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\* Knox’s Literary Essays, No. 25.

criticism may inflict. I have no doubt there may be some errors of a more important kind: The most diligent traveller is liable to erroneous information. Truth (the first of virtues) has been adhered to: I have related facts and circumstances as they appeared to me; but that men do not always see the same thing in the same point of view is most certain.

I can, without vanity, declare myself to be free from any undue, religious, or national prejudices; and, I believe, my work will, at least, have the merit of strict impartiality. I state correctly what I saw: and, though my opinions may be erroneous, they are honestly my opinions. It has been my wish to cherish feelings of compassion, and indulgence for the failings of the people, whose vices may, in a great degree, be traced to the mismanagement of their rulers. Allowance ought to be made for ignorance and superstition, and the many evils thereby produced. I cannot help lamenting, that in Sicily, and in many other countries I have visited, maxims of humanity or wisdom appear to have been but little attended to by the government. A comparison between the lot of the people in England and in America, and that of the subjects of any other country cannot fail to impress us with the value of freedom.

It may be proper to add, that the part which comprises the voyage has been considerably abridged; and some rea-

ders will, perhaps, think it might have been entirely omitted. It serves, however, to connect the narrative, and the taste of different readers may vary;—thus those who would find no entertainment from a description of volcanic productions, or from the antiquities of Agrigentum, may be amused with even the monotony of a sea journal, and the narrative of marine excursions.

The plates have been executed after drawings made from accurate sketches I took myself: they may differ from others, because, in taking views, so much depends on the spot from whence taken; and the same town or hill will have a very different appearance from different situations. As profit has not been my object, the plates are engraved as well as the price of the book could possibly admit; and I flatter myself with the expectation that they will be approved.

G. C.

Dublin,  
Jan. 1815.

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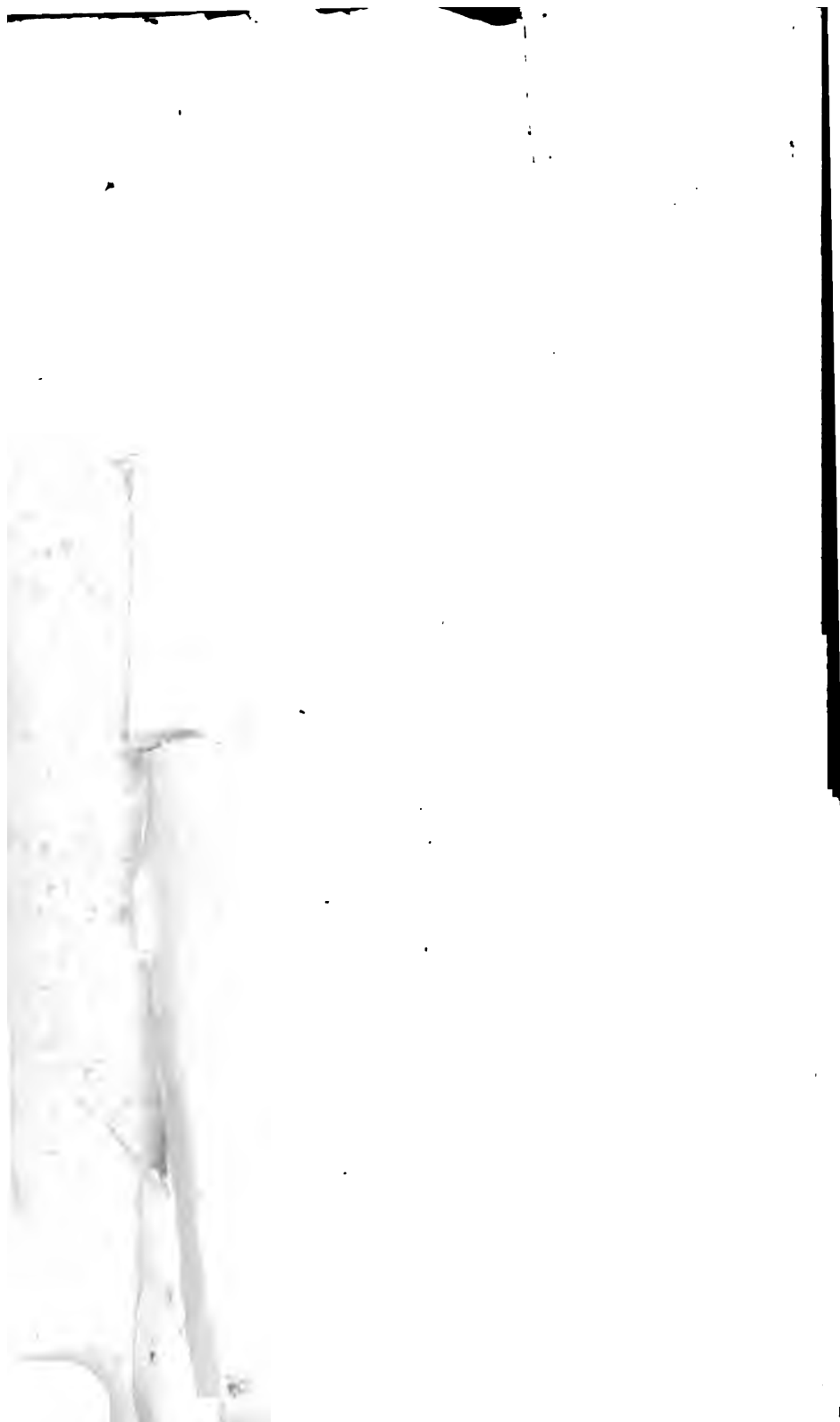
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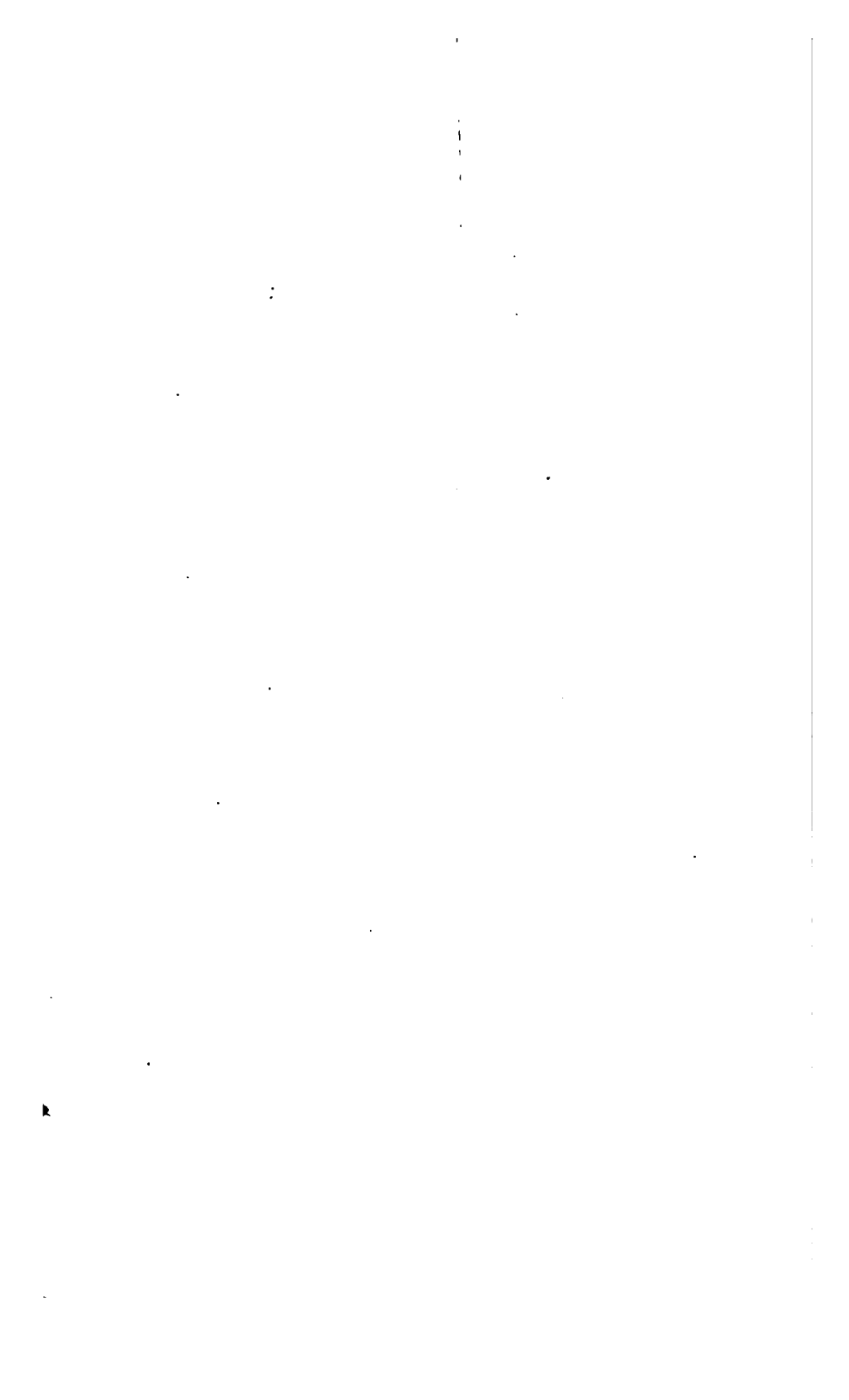
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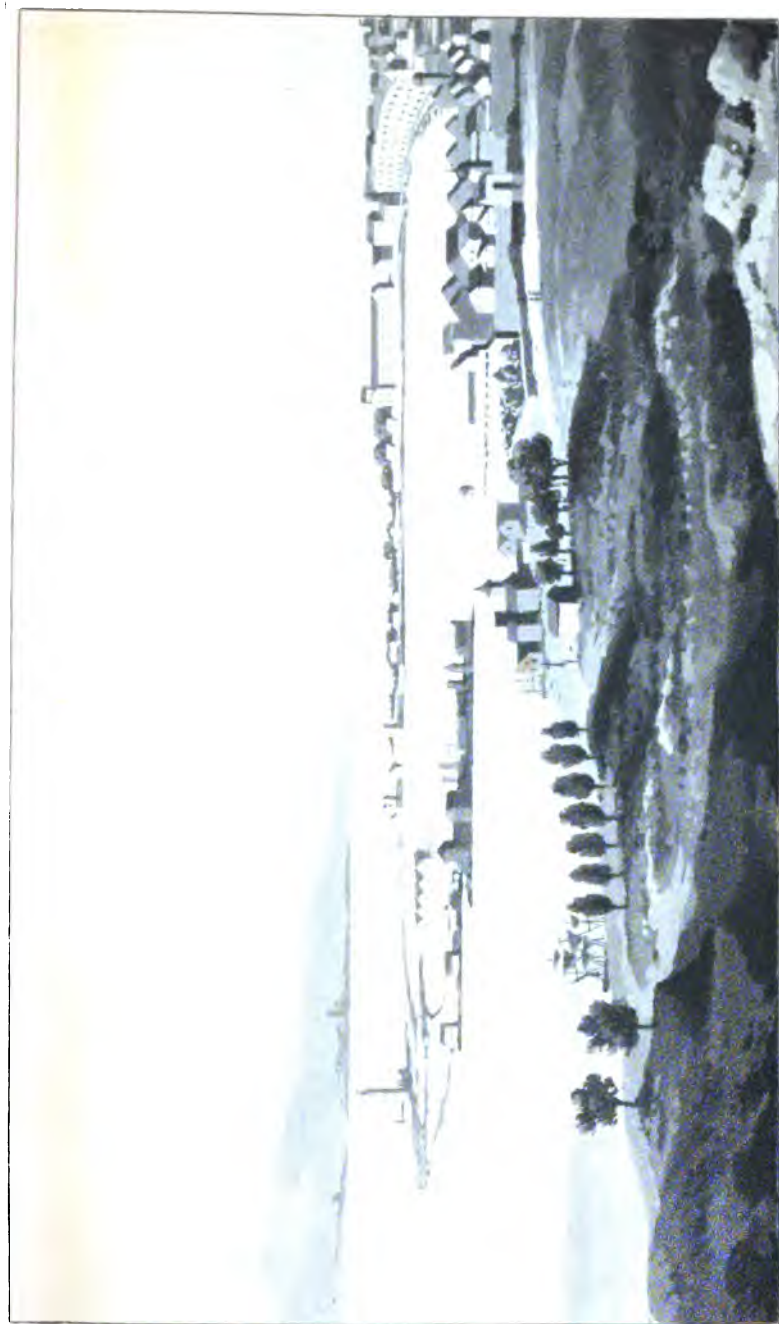




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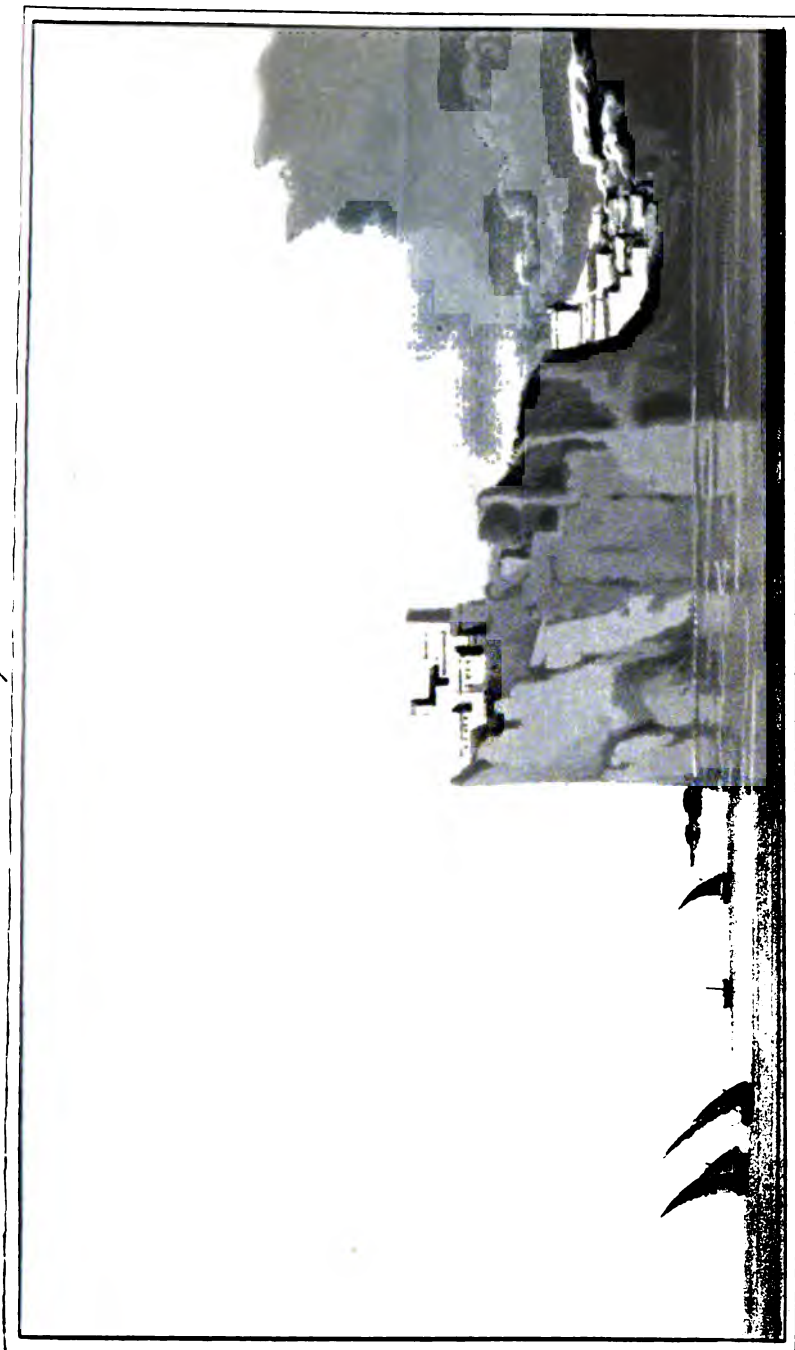




London, P.R., by John Harding, St. James's Road 1848.



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*London, 1811, by John Harding, 17, Lambs-Street, 1811.*





*London, 1911. By John Burt Foster. 113*

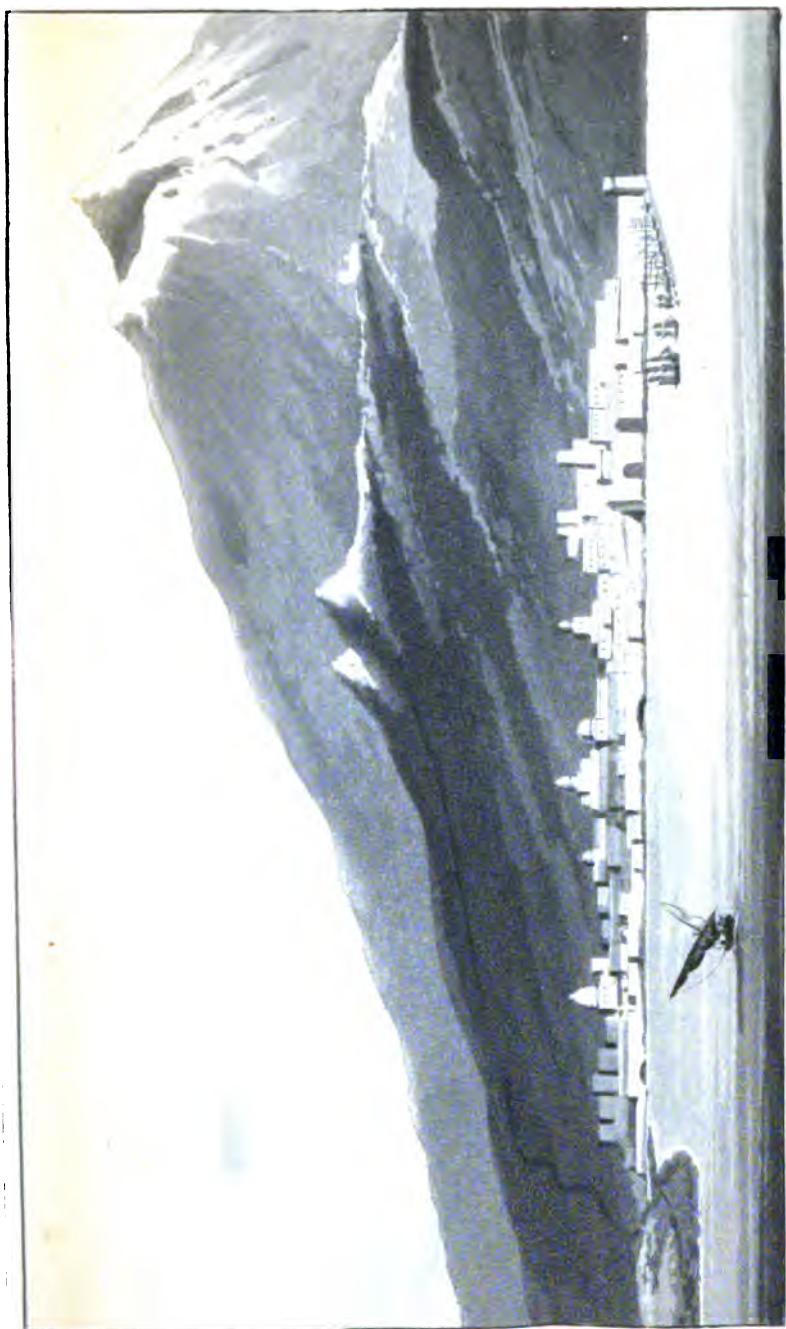




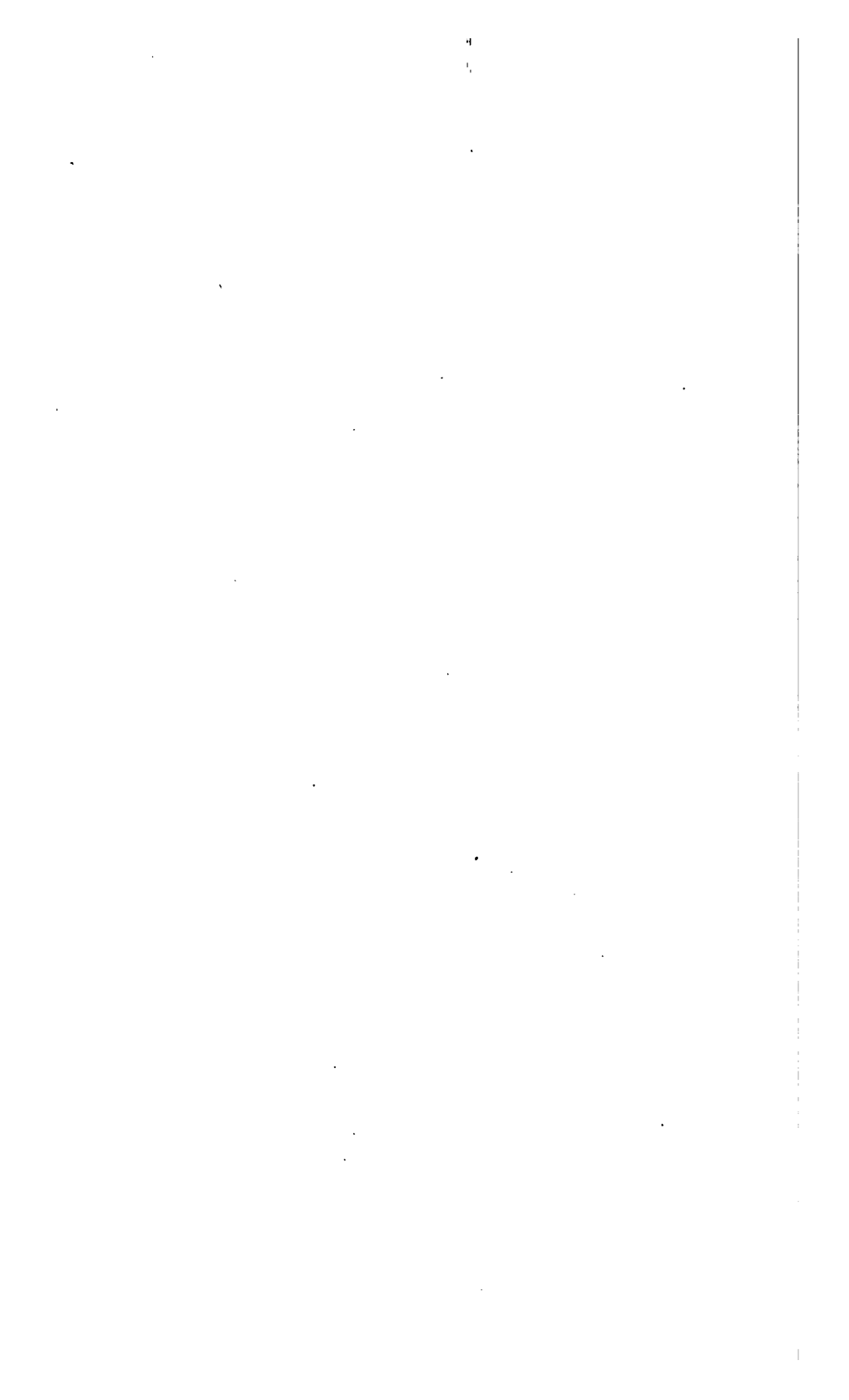


*San Francisco, Cal., looking N. from the Golden Gate.*

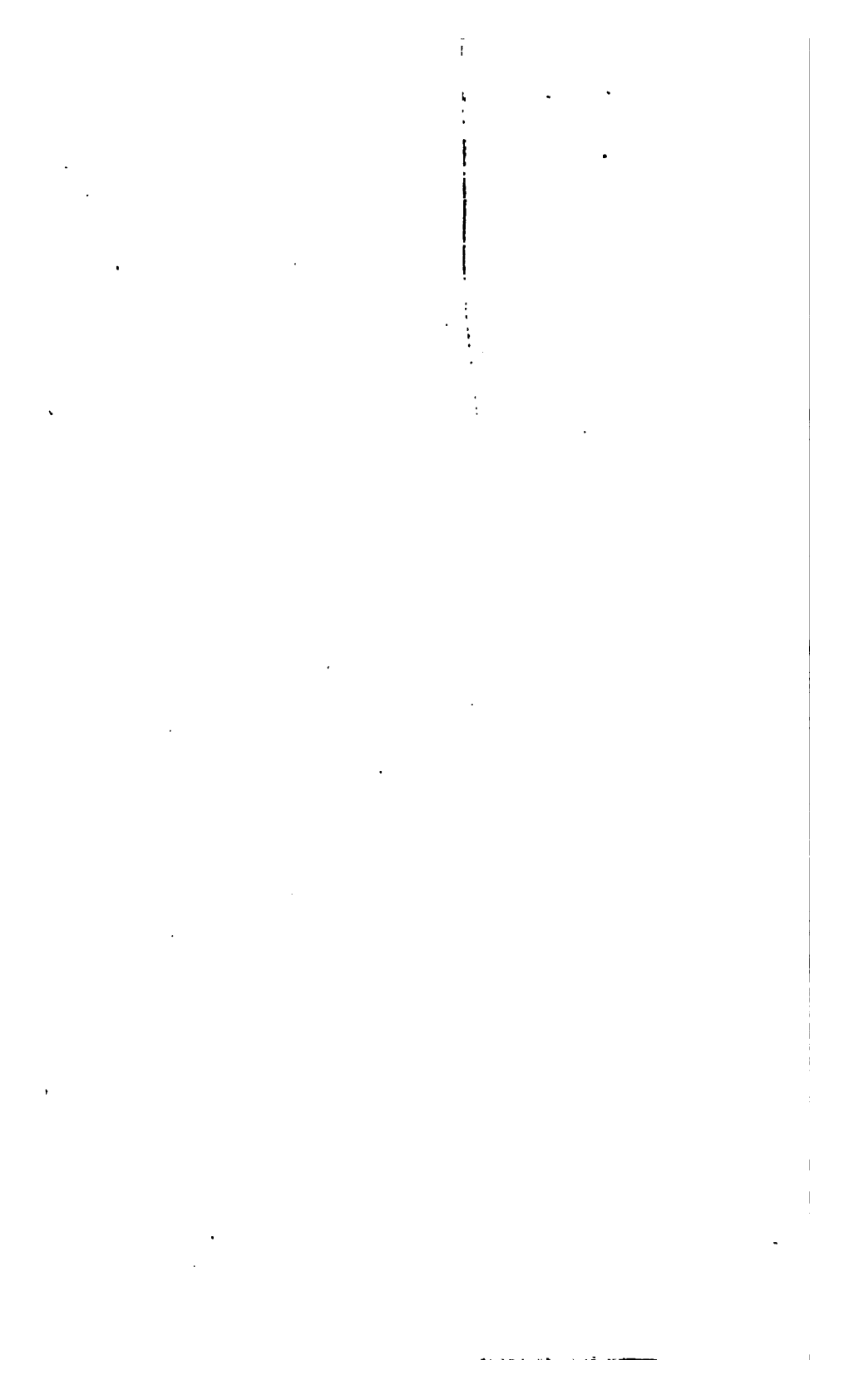




London Peak by John Harding, Salmon, Alaska, 1915.

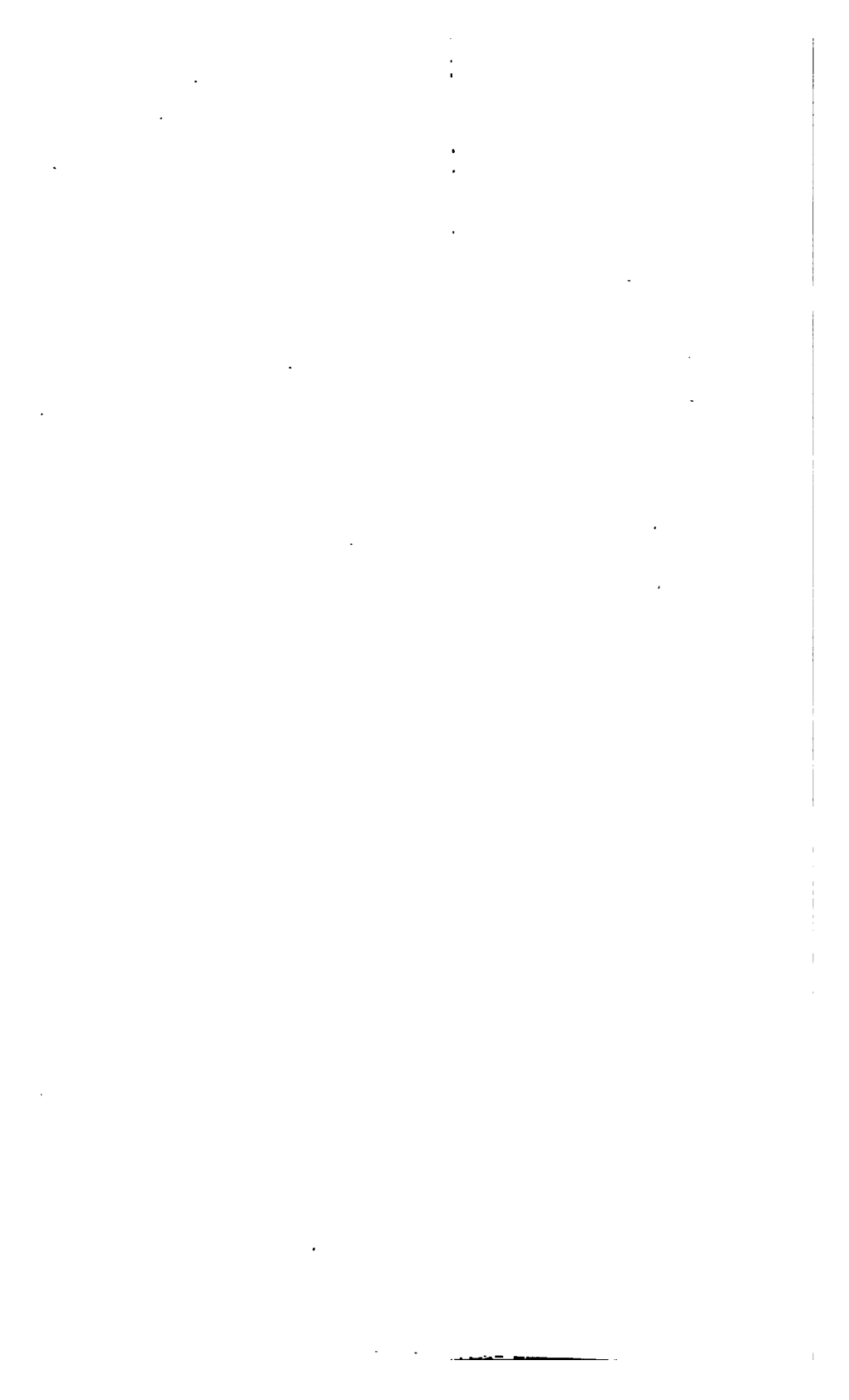






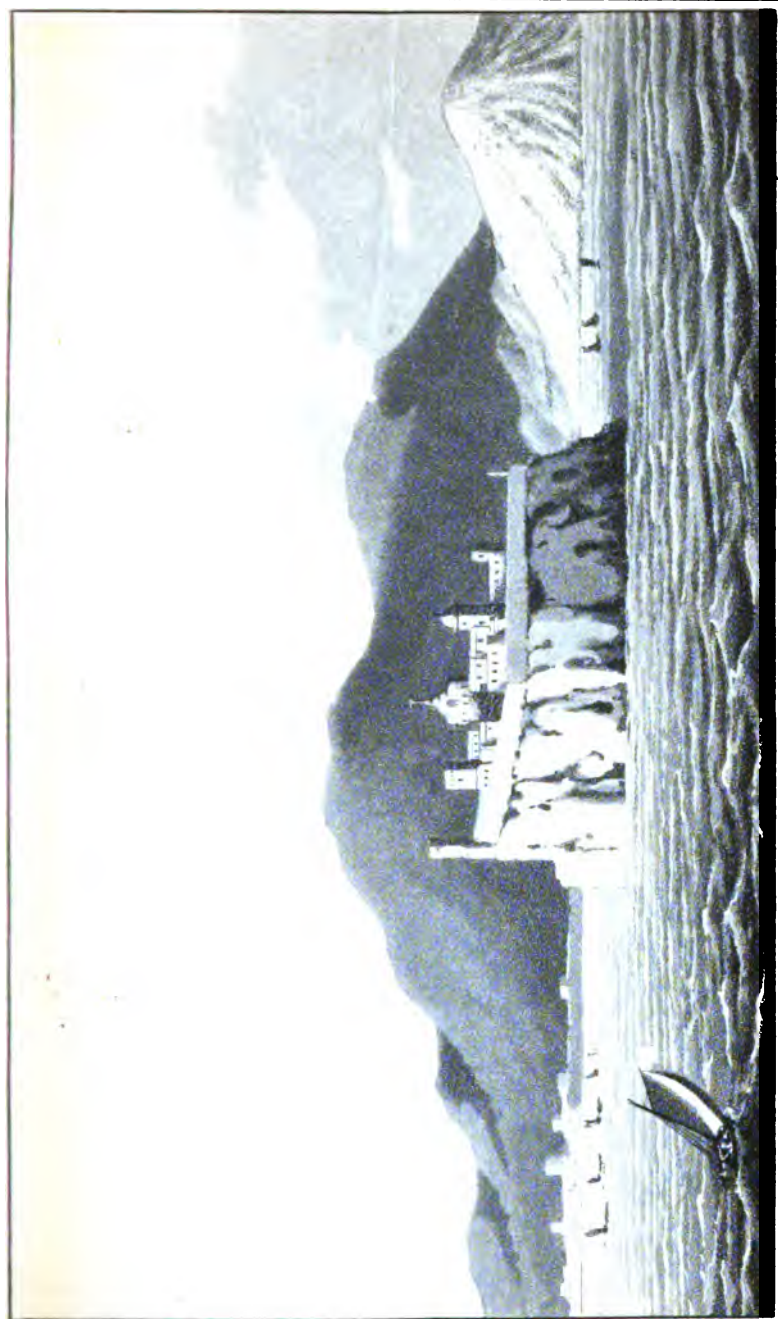


*Llandudno, Pict. by John Harding, 39, Farnwell Street, 1895.*

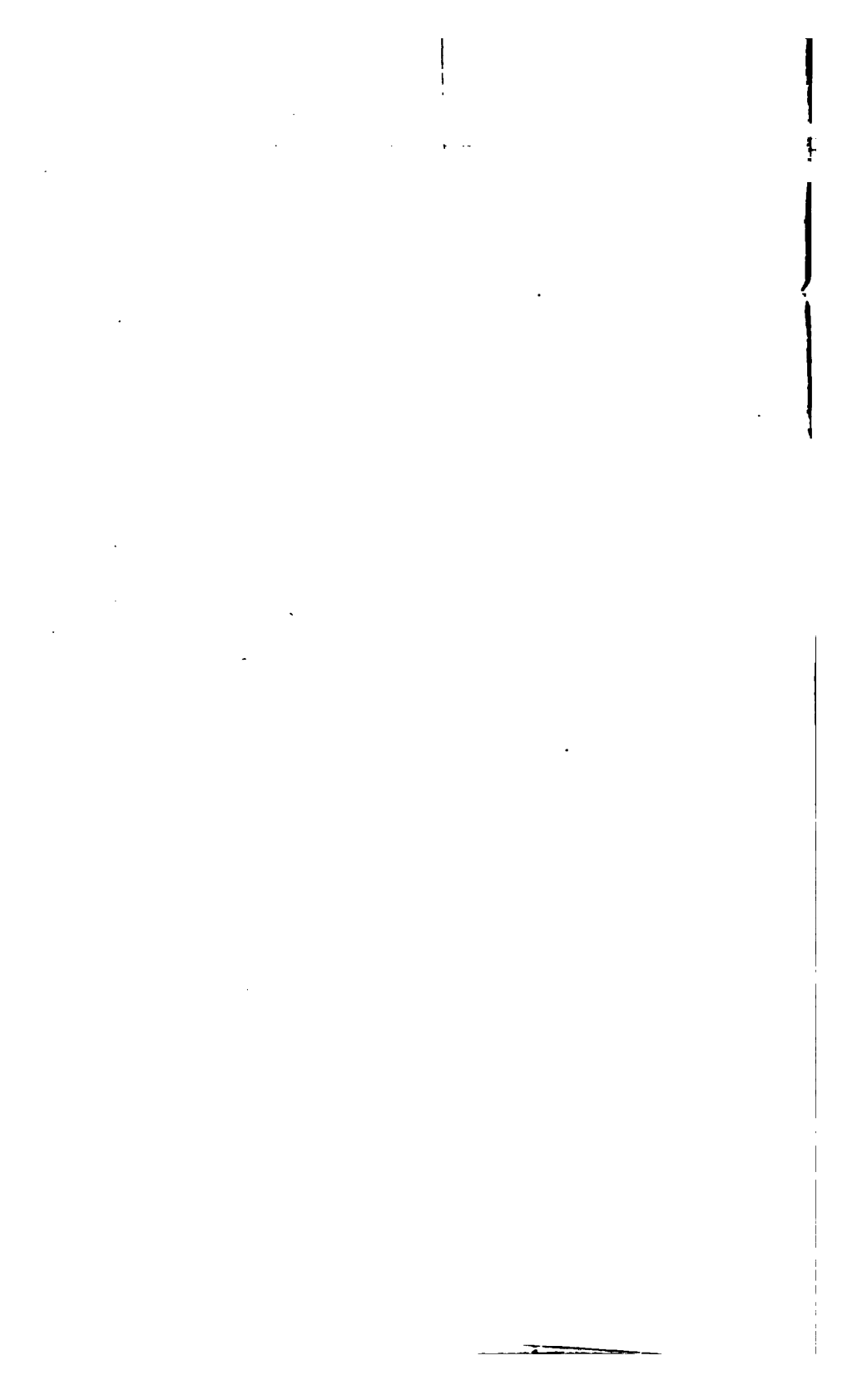




*Castle of - upart.*



*London, Pub. by John Harding, St. James's Street, 1816.*



*A view from the Hill near the "Pavement" looking to the "Spire".*

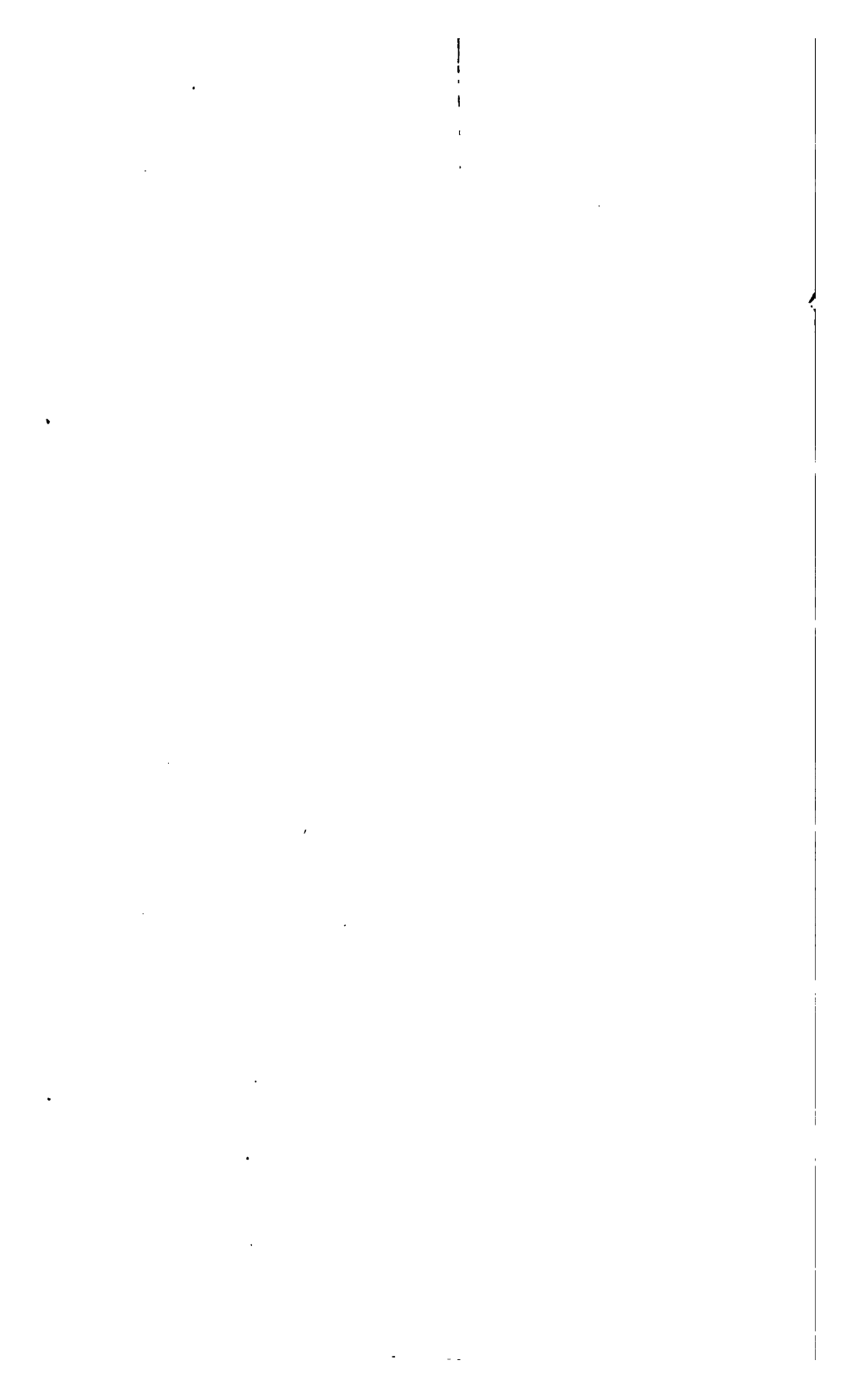


*London. Pub. by John Harding, 27, Abchurch Lane, 1854.*



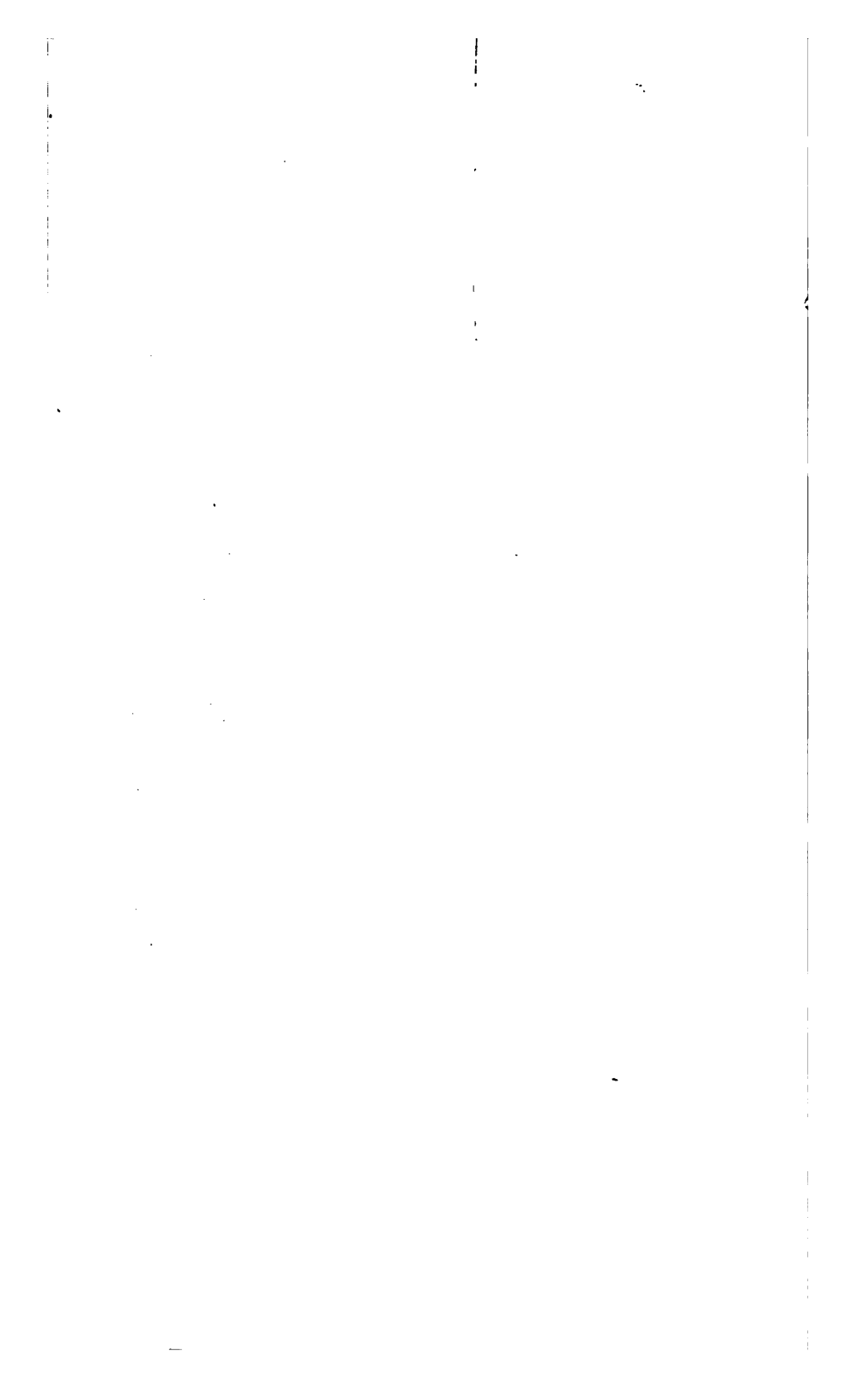


*London. Pub. by John Harding, St James Street, 1818*





*London, P.A. to John Harding, N. Amundsen Street, 1914.*







London Pub by John Harding, 17, James Street, 1818.

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# VOYAGE TO CADIZ.

&c. &c.

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## CHAP. I.

*Sail from Portsmouth—Cape St. Vincent—  
Appearance of Cadiz from the Bay—Cadiz,  
and the Isla de Leon—State of the Fortifica-  
tions—Singular Dresses of the Inhabitants—  
Records of the Inquisition in the Dominican  
Church—Gibraltar: its present and former  
Appearance during the memorable Siege—  
Misery of the Spaniards—Remarkable In-  
crease of Tombs and Burial Grounds—  
Departure from Gibraltar.*

JUNE 16, 1810.—I sailed from Portsmouth in the *Lively* frigate, commanded by Captain M'Kinley. Major-General Ferguson and staff; the Hon. Mr. Fox, a son of Lord Holland; Mr. Fitzclarence; and my Aid-de-camp, Major Coghlan; were passengers. She was an uncommonly fine vessel, rated at thirty-eight, but carrying forty-eight guns. The inner cabin was fitted up as a library, and furnished with

some good books, which, with pleasant society on board, made the passage very comfortable. We had with us a convoy of 52 sail, and a man of war brig.

25th.—A fine wind from the north-east, and enough of it. Were it not for the bad sailing of the convoy, (for which we are obliged to lie too four hours every day) we should get finely through the water. At 3 o'clock, P.M. the Africaine frigate, bound to the East Indies, past through our fleet; but, going alone, was soon out of sight. Our ship is so clean that seasickness (which, I think, in nine cases out of ten, arises from dirt and bad smells) is out of the question. We have reading, chess, &c. but the noise is perpetual, and of all sorts,—violin scrapers, flute players, singing, the drum and fife, and getting up water, all which make variety, and help to pass the time.

July 1st.—We saw the Spanish land, near Vigo and the rocky Bayona Islands; and, on the 5th, passed the Burlings. The luminous particles, which so frequently appear in the sea, and which have puzzled philosophers to account for, were particularly brilliant on the evening of the 3rd; on taking up a bucket of the water, and pouring it out again, the sea seemed all on fire: Whatever be the cause, is not partial, for the

whole water is impregnated with it:—Can it be animalculæ, or can it arise from the putrescent matter of decayed fish diffused through the water? probably both causes may produce it.—The bright sparks coming from living animalculæ moving in the water, and the diffused light from the putrid matter. If a herring or whiting be kept in a pail of salt water, of the same strength as sea-water, for two or three days, the whole will become luminous when agitated.

6th.—At 3 o'clock, P.M. we saw Cape St. Vincent very plainly, with the old convent, situated on a perpendicular rock over the sea: It is a most picturesque object; but must be a dreary habitation in the winter months, exposed to all the fury of the western storms. The *Resistance* frigate was lost here about four years ago in a fog.

8th.—We anchored in the bay of Cadiz at 5 o'clock in the morning. Major-General Ferguson and staff landed, and we expected to continue our voyage; but Captain M'Kinley was telegraphed to go on board the Admiral. The perfection to which this mode of communication is brought, by the simple operation of numbers, is a great advantage: ten flags, representing the digits, give a number answering to a word or letter, and thus, by a Book of reference,

a conversation is carried on between two distant ships with surprising rapidity. The city appears beautiful from the bay: We were anxious to have a nearer view of it; and to our great joy, we perceived our signal at 8 o'clock, to come into harbour, where we anchored about nine. Soon after, Captain Stackpole came to me from the *Tonant*, with his barge: I went with him to see the Admiral; and then called on board the *Tonant*: nothing can exceed the cleanliness and high order of this ship. We got on shore before 11 o'clock.

Cadiz is at present much crowded, several families having come from the interior, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, and many are of high rank. Sunday is devoted (as in all Catholic countries after mass) to amusement. My friend Stackpole, who seems to have an universal acquaintance here, has already introduced me to several Spanish families. We are to go to a concert at the Duchess D'Ossuna's this evening: her daughter, the Marchioness Santa Crux, is very handsome, and of engaging manners.

There is a good view of the bay of Cadiz from the ramparts, which we walked round, though it was extremely hot: The workmanship of the different bastions, curtains, &c is as fine as can be conceived.

The fleet is at anchor out of the range of shot. We see the ruins of Matagorda plainly, and the Puntall Fort, which is now firing at the French working parties. There are an immense number of ships and trading vessels here : quite a forest of masts.

Cadiz, as to situation and building, is a most singular town ; the streets are narrow, (generally about sixteen feet wide) in order to obtain shade. The Spanish masonry is remarkably fine. I called on our ambassador, Mr. Wellesley, and on General Graham ; also on Mr. Duff, the consul, with whom I dined. In the afternoon I went to the Alameda, or public walk. The band of our 30th regiment plays there. The crowd was very great, as much so as at Kensington on Sundays. This walk is near the sea, and has the benefit of whatever air there may be, but the heat is very great.

Monday, the 9th.—Captain M'Kinley, Major Coghlan and I, went very early this morning on board the *Tonant*, to breakfast with Captain Stackpole, after which, we went on shore. Having ordered a coach and six mules to be in readiness at the gates at seven o'clock : soon after we set out in this curious vehicle with two drivers. The equipage (not unlike a Lord Mayor's coach) was

such that we all laughed heartily for the first half hour; the mule-drivers, who have only reins to the wheel pair, are very expert; they go at a great rate, sometimes much too near the edge of the road, which is, in many places, sixteen feet above the level country, and without any wall or parapet; however, the mules understand them, and they carry on a continual *conversation* with them. Our tour was to the Isle of Leon. We first visited the city, which is in the centre of the island, about eight miles from Cadiz. The causeway, as described in the maps, runs full six miles of the road, and is very narrow from sea to sea, but sufficiently broad for a road; it is paved, as the ground is all loose sand till you enter the Isla. Lieut.-Gen. Graham has his quarters here, and we have in all about 3,000 British troops, including the guards, the 30th and 87th, which two latter regiments are in Cadiz.

The city of Isla joins a new town, called St. Carlos, and on the whole is large and beautiful. It is situated on a rising ground, in the middle of the island, and like Cadiz, is very clean. Our first business was to mount the Tower, from which we had a complete bird's-eye view of the town, the country, and all the works. They fired shells for several hours from Puntall, and the advanced French batteries fired shot in



return, which had a beautiful effect. The houses are all supplied with water from tanks, and have therefore flat roofs of brick with small joints ; but I am assured they use no cement. The mortar is good and hard, and as there is never the slightest frost here, it is impenetrable to the wet.

From hence we went to the Caraccas, which is in fact the Spanish Dock Establishment, and a very fine one. The basons are good, there is a range of very large covered buildings, in which they carry on the works. The mast-house is very large, Captains M'Kinley and Stackpole say, much more so than any we have. The building slips are at some distance, but at present there is little or nothing going on ; the state of the country does not admit of it. There is a large prison here filled with slaves, who work as the convicts do at Woolwich ; there appears little or no timber in the dock-yard. After seeing every thing at the Caraccas, we went into the Spanish advanced works in this quarter, and thence to the bridge of Suapo, over the Pedro Channel, which forms the Isle of Leon. The channel is very narrow, like the Liffey, at Dublin. I, therefore, cannot see what is to prevent men, who could throw a bridge over the Danube, from passing this ditch.

About half a mile in advance is a redoubt and batteries, manned partly by our own, but mostly by Spanish troops, and the Spanish officer commands. From this point I saw the French advanced party, I think not 200 yards distance. The Spaniards fired at them, but they did not return it. I could see the French videttes very plainly, but as their troops are hutted in a wood, it is impossible to discover what they are about. Their head-quarters are at Chiclana, which appears to be a good town, on a hill, about one mile distant. The salt-pits in front of the works thrown up may impede the movement of guns, but when dry, which I understand will soon be the case, they will rather serve as a cover to the advance of the French. There are some English redoubts on the right at Point Pedro.

The position is good, but I think there is nothing at all formidable in the works, and I could not see any great number of troops on the island. We certainly have not more than 2,000\* on it. There is also one strong Portuguese regiment, and possibly 3,000 Spanish troops; the latter all very badly appointed, and look more like a band of smugglers than soldiers: however, they are

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\* I estimate 2,000 British on the Isla, and 1,000 in Cadiz and adjacent.

young, and very able men. I hear there is not the best understanding between our troops and the Spanish commander-in-chief, Blake ; and he is again under the orders of a disjointed Junta ; in short, there appears no system with the Spaniards, and I think the island will be carried whenever seriously attacked. There is a new work admirably built on the causeway, between Cadiz and the Isla ; it is at Fort Gorda, but it is open to the rear.

We dined at General Graham's quarters. He supplied us with good horses to ride to the outposts. In the evening we returned to Cadiz in our coach and six mules, the cost of which for the day was, every thing included, £3 English.

I could not get a description or plan of Cadiz. The booksellers' shops are miserable. I ascended to the top of the signal tower, from which I had a fine view of Cadiz and the bay, harbour, and country round, the lighthouse, &c.

The new cathedral is not nearly finished, but what is built is magnificent, with beautiful fluted marble columns of the Corinthian order, and very excellent workmanship. The Spanish

masons are the very best in the world. I heard, however, that it is fifty years since this cathedral was begun ; and from Admiral Boyles, that when he was a midshipman, thirty years ago, it was nearly as much advanced as at present. I suppose it will never be finished.

Wednesday, 11th.—In our way to shore this morning, we called on board a Spanish 70-gun ship : such dirt, filth, and misery I could not conceive. What a contrast to an English man of war. We dined at half past three o'clock with Mr. Wellesley, the English ambassador to the Junta. This is the universal dinner hour. He gave us a magnificent entertainment. I met Generals Graham, Ferguson, and an old acquaintance, who it seems is here on the staff, General Houghton. As they were all going to Puntall in the evening, I got a very good horse from Mr. Wellesley, and rode with them. I had heard much of this fort, but had not had time to go there before. It is two miles from Cadiz, opposite to Matagorda, and one of the points of defence.

The Spanish officer commands, but we have an officer of artillery, and twenty men there ; also a detachment of one subaltern and forty of the 87th on duty, and about one hundred Spaniards. I never

saw a more miserable fort, almost a ruin, and that more from the explosion of their own fire, than from the enemy's cannonade. The part which is masonry over the sea, is the only bad work of the kind I have seen here. I am convinced a frigate would leave it such a heap of ruins as Matagorda now is. It is extremely confined. The distance\* across between Puntall and Matagorda, appears barely half a mile. The French have Fort St. Louis nearly opposite, They have also constructed a redoubt, called Napoleon and other batteries.

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\* ISLA DE LEON, 31st April, 1810.

	Yards.
From the left Bastion of the Fort at Cadiz to Matagorda.....	3,888
To the new Breastwork of the enemy.....	4,418
To 1st Battery.....ditto .....	4,866
To 2d ditto.....ditto.....	5,203
From Mole to Matagorda.....	4,233
To new Breastwork.....	4,700
To 1st Battery.....	5,216
To 2nd ditto.....	5,583
From the Market-place to Matagorda.....	4,400
To the new Breastwork.....	4,900
To 1st Battery.....	5,390
To 2nd Battery.....	5,706
From head of the town to Matagorda.....	4,100
To new Breastwork.....	4,600
To 1st Battery.....	5,090
To 2nd ditto .....	5,568
From Matagorda to Puntall.....	1,330

On this occasion (I presume from our cavalcade) they gave us a salute; firing half a dozen shot at us, two of which entered the fort. We answered the compliment from guns and mortars, but the Spanish shells fell all short into the sea. I returned to Cadiz, and got in just as it was dark, and being tired from the heat and constant exercise these four days, went immediately on board the *Lively*. We are to sail for Gibraltar to-morrow.

Cadiz is certainly well worth seeing. The houses are constructed for the climate. Fire places are not necessary. In many houses the windows are not glazed. Almost every window has an iron railing in front, from the top to the bottom, I presume to prevent people from walking out, as they range with the floor, and are always open, for air. In the better houses, instead of this, they have balconies or virandas, like our London modern houses. There is a porch or double entrance to every gentleman's house, very strong doors, and a court-yard inside. The houses being built in square, with a piazza; the family live up stairs.

Cadiz has no springs; every family, therefore, depends on a tank for water: this is under the court-yard, and a well to draw it, constructed in

the centre, or at the entrance. In time of peace, they get very fine water from St. Mary's, but as the French are now there, of course there cannot be any communication.

The fleet have to send their boats for water to the Isla, and do so under fire, almost every night.

The women, of all ranks that I saw, were well made and handsome. They dress in black, and wear veils till after the evening walk, when they put on white; to go to the Tertulia. There are several of these assemblies every night, with high play; but there is not any sort of theatre at present at Cadiz.

The posadas or inns are very bad, which is singular, as the great trade of this place must bring many strangers within its walls.

Cadiz, which was described as all filth, is the cleanest city I ever saw; not surpassed by any in Holland: which, considering the heat, is saying a great deal. The pavement is good, but very slippery from the heat.

The Spanish gentry are curiously dressed. I met many odd figures walking about the streets;

several full-dressed, and looking like Pero in the Pantomime. Astley might pick up a dozen in half an hour, ready equipped. This is no masquerade, but literally their usual dress.

In respect to its defence, Cadiz is very strongly fortified,\* and I think cannot be taken, if the Spaniards chuse to defend it. The French cannot get near enough to bombard it with any effect, and I doubt if they will be able to batter in breach, if properly resisted, should they even be able to land near Puntall, or between Cadiz and Torre Gorda. As to the Isla, I think they may take it whenever they chuse. Our 30th and 87th regiments have good barracks here, but no bedding. There are great numbers of bomb proofs, and the works are beautiful as well as strong; but as far as I could observe, there is no system of defence,—there seems a confusion and irregularity, and too great an opinion of security.

Though there is not any water in Cadiz, except from tanks, they have found a spring on the outside of the city towards Puntall; and

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\* The fortifications of Cadiz are also in excellent order. The Bastions are admirably built. St. Fernando is very complete.



there were pretty gardens also in this part, but they have been destroyed since Cadiz has been in a state of siege. I saw some beautiful geranium hedges.

The men are stout and strong limbed, very brown, and lazy. They lie about in the streets in heaps, fast asleep, particularly during the heat of the day.

The first objects at landing on a quay, before the gates, are the Pillars of Hercules.

The quay is at present covered with imported corn, (and I may add with rats) for though the fine province of Andalusia enjoys a delicious climate, and a soil fit to produce any thing, if properly tilled, still, by strange mis-management, there is not a sufficiency of wheat cultivated, and of course, vast quantities are imported every year. That absurd monopoly (a public granary) adds to the evil.

Cadiz is certainly the emporium of Spanish trade; but such are the oppressive regulations of the Government, and their narrow ideas respecting commerce, that obstacles of all sorts occur, and consequently all Spain is over-run with smugglers, and the industry and riches of

which the country is capable; are in a great degree lost. The Guadalquivir runs through most parts of Andalusia; but these advantages of nature have been hitherto neglected. It is to be hoped, the regeneration of Spain is not now far distant. The chief intercourse with Peru, Mexico, Buenos Ayres, and the Carraccas, is from this port. Cadiz suffered much from the earthquake in 1755; and of late years has been visited by an equally great misfortune, a sort of plague, which breaks out almost every autumn. The best street is the Calle Ancha, and there are two squares. The flat roofs of the houses are used all the mornings for drying linen; in the afternoons, during hot weather, they fix awnings over them, and there enjoy fresh air. The cloisters of the Augustins is worth notice. At present, indeed, it is almost filled with army stores and barrels of American flour.

There is an hospital here (which I had not time to visit) but its institution is most charitable. It is called the Hospicio, and receives the poor of every nation, orphans, ideots, the insane, and the aged. I am told it generally contains five hundred persons, and that it is clean and well regulated.

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At the Capuchin convent, are some pictures by that inimitable painter, B. Marillo. They say he lost his life in painting the altar-piece ; he fell from the scaffold, and died in consequence.

I observed in the Dominican church, the sad records of the Inquisition. On the walls are numbers of marble tablets, with the names and dates of persons burned ; also small pictures representing such horrors, having also the name of some heretic who suffered, as for instance : Don Vin Bernardo, *quemado*, (burnt) with the date ; also of others who were imprisoned, or who suffered other punishments. It is melancholy to observe, that we have permitted this *holy* Court to be restored in those parts of Spain and Portugal, where the French had abolished it. Such seems the infatuation to support old institutions, right or wrong.

Cadiz was taken by the English in the year 1596, under the Earl of Essex, and Admiral Howard : they landed at Puntall.

Thursday, 12th.—Sailed at noon from Cadiz ; before dark we got into Gibraltar Bay, and anchored opposite Ragged Staff. The views in passing the Gut are very grand, comprising Apes-hill, the Barbary mountains, and those of Spain.

The appearance of this singular place (Gibraltar) on entering the Bay, is most striking.

Friday, 13th.—Went on shore early this day, and called first on Major-General Campbell, who sent an officer of the engineers to attend me round the works; we visited all the town and lower batteries, from South Port to Land Port. They have been all repaired since the famous siege, and are in the most complete order. The convent where the governor lives, is also in good order, and well calculated to resist the heat, which this day is very great. The gardens have been much improved. A large handsome building has been erected by subscription in the town; the lower room contains a library, and the upper is used for the garrison assemblies; though I should think dancing in such a climate, any thing but pleasure.

I walked out towards the old Spanish lines, which, (with Forts Philipa and Barbara) have been entirely demolished. The Rock looks grand from hence. I proceeded to the Devil's Tower, (like our Irish round towers :) it is built on a rock, just large enough for its foundation. All the rest from Gibraltar to St. Roque is a heavy sand.

The town of Gibraltar is very poor and miserable in appearance: I never saw worse shops, and yet there is a great trade here. The Moles and Bay are now full of ships, and the view, taking in the Spanish mountains, Apes-hill, and Ceuta in Africa, is as beautiful as can be conceived.

All nations, and all sorts of dresses are to be met here. Colonel D. observed, that when he first landed, he thought himself at a masquerade. The barracks appear very indifferent, and while millions have been expended for the last twenty years on the fortifications, the barracks have been much neglected. The inns are the worst, and the innkeepers the most imposing in the world. Such imposition is very intolerable, for the necessities of life are at present cheap. This place was always remarkable for drunkenness, and from what I see, it keeps up its character.

I could not help contrasting the appearance now, with that when I was here during the siege. Then a dismantled town, a large garrison, and scarcely any other inhabitants,—no shops. Shot and shells flying about, and lying in all directions—traverses of barrels; and many of the works, in particular the old Mole, almost in ruins from the fire; no merchant vessels in the bay—no appear-

rance of trade. The isthmus between Gibraltar and St. Roque covered with works, camps, and all the implements of war. Fort Barbara on the Mediterranean, and St. Philip on the west, with their flags proudly flying ; no living creature between the advanced posts of the two armies.

At present, the works are repaired, and in the highest order, all peace, and a garrison so small, as to be almost inadequate to peace duty. The Moles and the Bay full of ships, the town full of busy inhabitants. The Spanish forts and lines all destroyed. No camp on that isthmus, which at the former period had a French and Spanish army on it of 50,000 men. Now all is silence, and the dead and quiet sand without any thing to vary its sameness, except the slight traces of the 64-gun battery, and the old Devil's Tower ; and, as if every thing was to be in direct opposition to the former scene, the only ground then free from bustle, the neutral space about the Devil's Tower, is at present covered with miserable men, women, and children, who are half naked, and half starved, but who are encamped like gypsies all round the tower, and under the rock. On enquiry, I found these people had come from St. Roque and the neighbouring towns and valleys for fear of the French. One would imagine their misery would be ample

protection, and that they might make the answer once made by the Irish peasants, when told by a gentleman to be ready to resist the French, &c. Pat answered, "Sure, Sir, they won't eat us, and if not, what harm can they do us? We cannot be poorer."

These poor Spaniards, however, do not appear to think like Pat; or to have his courage, for on my reasoning with them, their only answer was "*Señor mataron nos.*"

Not long since, a body of 2,000 Spanish cavalry stationed at St. Roque, hearing of the entry of a few French at Algeiras, distant some miles, and with two rivers between them, immediately abandoned a fine barrack and good position, with a country below exactly such as cavalry must succeed in with common spirit; they galloped off till they arrived at Gibraltar. It was impossible to admit such a body into the garrison, so they remained all night, and many hours longer, (though fully equipped) under a most severe rain, and could not be induced to return to St. Roque till the small party of French (not three hundred men) evacuated Algeiras.

**JULY 15.**—After breakfasting with Gen. Campbell at the Convent, I proceeded to Daly's. I rode to

the place where General Elliott used to breakfast and dine, and spend his day, for he always slept at the Convent. The trees about the Prince of Wales's lines are grown, but not so much as might have been expected in the time. Some reflections naturally occurred. What changes in the world since I was last on this spot : how many hundreds who were then in spirits and activity, are now no more ! And, of the twelve thousand persons on the rock at the period I speak of, most likely not twenty of them (if so many) including myself, are on it this day !!

I was much surprised at the number of burying grounds and tomb-stones now in Gibraltar. I should think the plague, which was there some years ago, bad as it was, could not have sent such numbers to the grave. Twenty-five years ago, the only burying-place of consequence was on the neutral ground : now, the Red Sands appear like an immense church-yard, and there are several others up the hill. Half of South Port Ditch is also covered with graves and tomb-stones, and the neutral ground burying-place is much enlarged. I am told, however, that Gibraltar is very healthy ; the heat is only intolerable in July, August, and September. It was in October, November, and December, that I was there formerly, and I certainly did not feel



much inconvenience from the heat at that time; The mornings and evenings were very cold.

Sunday 15th.—Early this morning, Capt. M. had informed me there was no chance of sailing, and that I might have the entire day to finish my inspection of the Rock. A change, however, was made yesterday: all our passengers, except myself and Major C. were ordered on board the *Philomel* sloop of war. Admiral Boyles hoisted his flag on board the *Lively* at eight o'clock, A. M. and we were ordered to take charge of the convoy, now left by the *Philomel*, The Admiral is going to Malta. So very unlikely was our sailing, that our first lieutenant, Mr. Ferber, and other officers, got leave to go on shore to see the place,

I appointed our first lieutenant and the lieutenant of marines to meet me, to shew them the cave, and accordingly we all met, and had lights, ropes, and guides ready; when, to our great astonishment, the *Lively* fired several guns about noon, hoisted Blue Peter, and prepared to unmoor. We could not tell what to make of this, as the east wind continued strong. Every body supposed it was some whim of the Admiral's, but that he would not be able to get out. We therefore proceeded.

We rode to Windmill Hill and Europa, and had a fine bird's-eye view of Rosia, and all the South Works, of Bona Vista, the navy, hospital, and new magazines. I saw the spot where I had my quarters with Lieut. now Major-Gen. Whetham : we had proceeded up the mountain, almost to the mouth of the cave, when Mr. Ferber, who was continually on the watch, perceived the convoy actually under way, and the Lively heaving anchor. It was therefore necessary to return immediately, after all our preparations to see the Cave.

We were astonished and vexed at this sudden change of orders, and returned to Ragged Staff, where there was a boat waiting for us. The Lively, in getting under way, swung on board a Spanish line of battle ship, which occasioned an hour's delay : she was cleared without any material damage to either, and we proceeded to sea.

It was just as we supposed, the Admiral's order; but we all believe he will not be able to conquer the Levanter, even with the assistance of the strong current which always sets into the Mediterranean, and runs as far as Cape de Gat, through the Gut or Streights, at the rate of ten

miles an hour at least. We saluted the Garrison, and it was in course returned; the echo had a very fine effect.

The east wind served well enough to clear the Bay; but after doubling Europa Point, we had only the current in our favour. We were all hurried and disappointed by this sudden, and as we thought, unnecessary order: Apes-hill and the top of the Rock are covered with clouds, a sure indication that this Levanter will continue. The heat was also very great, and we made very little way. We had a good view of the back of the Rock, and soon after of Ceuta.

17th.—The same weather continues, and we make little or no progress: it would have been better to have remained at Gibraltar till we had fair wind. The Admiral is an addition to our society, and appears a most good humoured and worthy man. It seems he has a rage for always putting to sea, if there is any possibility, not minding wind or weather; and I am told, has often left some of his officers behind, who did not get on board in time. I confess, I wish he had not shifted his flag for twenty-four hours more, we might then have gratified our curiosity at Gibraltar. At noon, we spoke a Spanish tartan, and in the evening, H. M. S. Comus, from

Algiers for Lisbon. The Captain would have come on board the Lively, but as he came from Algiers, we begged to be excused; his visit would subject us to quarantine on our arrival, though we are likely to have a very sufficient one at sea. Barometer this day at 30. Thermometer 75.

18th.—We have now been three days at sea, and have not made more way than we should have done with six hours fair wind.

19th.—The marines fired ball at a mark this morning.—We see the Spanish mountains plainly, they appear very high, and have a great deal of snow on them. Last night the wind came fair, but there was very little of it. We have one or two bad sailing ships in the convoy, and are therefore obliged to lie to for them four hours every day. In the afternoon, off Cape de Gat.—As I was looking over the ship's side, my hat fell overboard, and was carried a great distance by the current; they hoisted a boat out as an exercise, and after a very hard row, my hat was recovered. This occasioned some laughter with the seamen; as it seems there is an old sea song, which begins "*Off Cape de Gat, I lost my hat,*" &c.

Very close warm weather, though the ports are open in the cabin all night, still I am oppressed by the heat.

20th—One of the convoy made the signal for an enemy. We hoisted every sail, and stood towards her: it turned out to be one of those small privateers, that both sail with lateens, and row, which infest the Mediterranean. As they make off the moment a man of war stands towards them, they are seldom taken. These privateers are full of men, and hover about, following a convoy as a shark sometimes does a ship, in hopes of picking up some straggler.

At two o'clock P. M. the 22d, one of our convoy made the signal of distress. She was nearly three leagues distant, we supposed she saw a small privateer, and as she lay to, some imagined she was actually taken. We crowded sail, and soon ran down to her. The ship cut through the sea with great velocity at least twelve miles an hour. It seems she has sprung a leak, and is bound from Gibraltar to Malta, chiefly in ballast. We sent a lieutenant and sixteen men on board,

At six P.M. fell in with the Wizard sloop of war, a lieutenant came on board, and got some letters we had for them,—an agreeable surprise. She had a convoy from Sardinia for Cadiz. Soon after this, the Lieutenant came from our convoy brig, and brought some bags of dollars, the master sent for security ; as from the bad state of his vessel, he thinks it best to run for Ivica or Majorca. About an hour after this, it was discovered that the Lieutenant had made a mistake in the signature to the bill for these dollars, and it therefore became necessary to stand after the vessel, and bring her to again ;—a most fortunate circumstance for her, as on sending on board, it seems in the short time of two hours, her pump became choaked by the sand she had for ballast, and it was evident she could not reach Minorca. Capt. M. again sent a Lieutenant and sixteen men on board, to do what they could, but about midnight they were forced to abandon her. They brought the master and crew, (twelve) on board the Lively, and the brig soon after overset, and foundered. The master says, he had two hundred barrels of tar on board of his own, not insured : it was unfortunate that this was not mentioned in time, as the tar

could easily have been brought on board the Lively, and would have been useful to our fleet in the Mediterranean, and saved the poor man so much. They are all foreigners; the vessel belonged to Malta.

## CHAP. II.

*Departure from Gibraltar—Improvements in the British Navy—Naval Amusements—Algerine Frigate—Shipwreck of the Lively—Malta—Cultivation—Public Buildings—Fortifications—Reflections on the former power of the Knights, the abolition of the Order, and the recent conquest of the island by the French and the English, as affecting the condition of the inhabitants—Importance of this Island to Great Britain.*

**JULY 23.**—There is always a great swell of the sea in the Mediterranean in calm weather; and the easterly winds, which in other climates are dry and cold, are the contrary here. We had now been seven days at sea, and made little progress. The easterly wind and heavy swell of the water was so strong this day, that many on board thought we should be driven back to Gibraltar. I once had a voyage from thence to Leghorn of nearly seven weeks duration, though a single ship, and in winter. In summer, calms are frequent in the Mediterranean, and therefore a long voyage is to be expected.



The high state of discipline, and the excellent arrangements in the navy (though always superior to that of our neighbours) have certainly been much improved during this long war. The Admiralty, as well as the naval officers deserve all possible praise for the perfection to which the British navy has arrived. The entire system, the cleanliness, (and consequent health) the excellent provisions issued, and the regularity in every department, besides every attention to the comforts of the seamen, is such, that I am surprised we ever want a man. If we consider, in addition to all this, the high pay, the care that is taken of the sick and wounded, and all the other advantages a man has from serving in the Royal Navy, a question naturally arises, viz. How happens it that we are obliged to press, that men desert, or that there should be the least difficulty to get seamen? The only answer I can find, is, the strange antipathy most people have to regularity, and to any restraint, however wholesome.

Though the *Lively*, may have some advantages, from the circumstance of her captain, being a worthy humane man, as well as an excellent officer, still I know many of our ships have the same; it is to be hoped the majority have, and I am so well convinced of the general good

treatment in the Navy, that I cannot answer the above queries otherways than "a dislike to restraint and regularity."

We keep very early hours: rise at half past six, breakfast exactly at eight o'clock, dine at four, have some wine and water at half past nine, and retire to bed at ten, or soon after. The cocoa issued for the breakfast of the crew is pounded every day from the nut, and no man in England has better. We have not a chaplain on board, but prayers are read on Sundays, and the people appear attentive.

Many may think a voyage a sort of imprisonment, and that time must pass very heavily, but with the conveniences, amusements, and society on board a well-regulated man of war, this is not the case. After breakfast, a walk for an hour on the quarter-deck gave fresh air and exercise; after which, I generally occupied a great part of the morning in reading. The younger officers often exercise with the skipping rope, a number going in it at a time. The men are allowed to swim in calm weather; at other times, they dance, and all appear merry and happy. A variety of incidental circumstances occur,—meeting ships; taking turtle, as they float in the water; exercising the men at the guns and in

rowing. In the cabin, every evening, we had chess, or agreeable conversation : thus four weeks passed rapidly away. During the latter part of our voyage, the heat was very great ; and we had calms, with a swell that occasioned a violent motion : we all felt drowsy towards dinner time, and generally fell asleep for half an hour or more.

It is strange what pleasure the common people find in getting drunk ; with gentlemen, it arises from society and conversation, inducing them to sit at the bottle ; with the former, the pleasure seems not in *drinking*, but in *being drunk* ; and if accomplished in five minutes, they prefer it. I find, some of the sailors often keep their allowance of wine or grog for three days, to be able to swallow it at once, and be drunk ; this has sometimes happened, with us, notwithstanding the excellent regulations observed in the *Lively*.

The armory and different stores—carpenter's, boatswain's, purser's, gunner's—all are now so complete in every ship in the British navy, as to afford the highest gratification to those who have an opportunity of inspecting them. The principal thing I see in the navy, requiring improvement, is the galleys, or fire-places ; considering their formation and the motion at sea, I am astonished that half our ships are not burned ;

to be sure the facts are against this, it does not happen : so many are at all times about the fire during the day, and it is so carefully put out at night, that no doubt the probability is against it ; but why leave it a possibility, when security might be had at a very trifling expence? To observe the fire, and the number of grates, boilers, ovens, &c. and the combustible matter all around, it is astonishing more accidents do not happen : I should be alarmed with a kitchen fire so constructed in my house. I am confident ship kitchens might be improved, and made secure from the danger to which they expose the ship.

The wear and tear of a man of war, (with every attention) and consequently its expence, is very great. The folly of sailing in bad weather, or with contrary wind, is also exemplified in the disorder which the buffeting and rolling about occasions ; there is a continual strain of the seams, from the ship's weight ; and the rigging, ropes, &c. all require bracing and putting in order.

Monday 30th.—We were close in with the African coast, off Cape Ferrat ; the land appears mountainous ; we make but little progress. The damp, considering the latitude we are in, and the season of the year, is extraordinary ; there is a

constant thorough air in the cabin ; ports and doors open all day, and yet, leave a pair of boots three days in a corner, and they will be quite damp and mouldy. We have also had frequent fogs, and though the weather is so hot, our clothes and every thing in the ship feels clammy, and our linen is as damp as in Ireland during winter. The admiral, who was five years on the Mediterranean station, says it is always so in very hot climates ; he found the same in the East and West Indies ; many complain of slight rheumatism.

3rd August.—See the island of Sardinia. Observation at noon, lat.  $30\frac{1}{2}$  N. long. 10 E. Barometer 30 in. Thermometer 75. Fell in with H. M. S. Redwing. The Captain came on board, and informed us that the French had a large army in Calabria, and that an attack on Sicily was expected.

4th. Off Maratimo. Just seven weeks since we left Spithead, perfectly calm, the sea quite smooth.

5th. at 10 A.M. in sight of Maratimo, we fell in with an Algerine frigate, of forty guns, she came close to us and lay to, while we sent a boat along side, but with orders on no account to go on board: they had no one (or they pretended they had not) who could speak English or French, and all we

could make out was, that she was on a cruise : she is crowded with men almost black, and all in different and curious, but dirty dresses ; I could distinguish them perfectly, most of them had long beards, and turbans ; she remained near our convoy all day. It seems these barbarians do not mind being at peace with a nation, they will, if they can, cut off a ship in the night, or take her in the day if they meet one alone : they then take out the cargo, sink the prize, and run into some obscure port in Africa, where they sell the prisoners, who are sent far up the Country, and thus neither Ship nor Men are ever heard of more. What a pity that our Government keep terms of amity with such pirates and villains, when by an understanding with the other powers of Europe, they might be exterminated to the great benefit of all the world. This Algerine paid no compliment to our flag, she appeared dirty, but they are excellent sailors, and managed her with great dexterity.

Thursday 9th.—The wind had been variable all day, but on the whole favourable, the heat was very great, the thermometer this day being at 81. At 2 o'clock P. M. we made signal with two guns to two strange sail, and soon after came in sight of Gozo. At 4 o'clock just as dinner drum beat, I could see the houses in Gozo with

my glass. At 9 o'clock P. M. wind perfectly fair and a good breeze, we shall be in Valetta early tomorrow.

Friday 10th.—What uncertainty in this world : a few hours ago we had every prospect of being safely in harbour at Malta by day light, but contrary to every probability, or almost possibility; we were shipwrecked this morning, or rather in the night, between Thursday 9th and Friday 10th. It happened in St. Paul's Bay, Malta, where that Saint is said to have been also shipwrecked.

There cannot be a more attentive or zealous officer than Captain McKinley, I can bear testimony to his continual anxiety, watchfulness and exertions, night and day during our voyage, One would almost believe in fatality, from every circumstance attending our misfortune. After sun set, a breeze carried us on at a good rate. At ten I was on deck, all going on well, soon after I went to bed ; I slept in the same cabin with the Captain, the Admiral in the inner one. There never appeared less occasion for the personal superintendence of a commander than at ten o'clock last night. Captain M. went to his cot at eleven, having ordered the Master to keep the deck, in addition to the Lieutenant of the watch,

after we got sight of land; and it was the standing order of the Ship to report to him at night, and to call him, whenever any thing in the least degree extraordinary happened; that order was particularly repeated last night. I understand (for at this time I was asleep) he got up at twelve and went on deck, as they reported the wind to freshen, and after consulting the Admiral,\* took in sail, and made that signal to the convoy, and to stand on, under easy sail. Every thing appeared so favourable that he came down again: soon after the moon set, and it became very dark, the current was strong, and the ship was drawn near to land,

Whether the lieutenant of the watch and the master were deceived by a light in a small fort, on the height above Paul's bay, mistaking it for Valetta light-house, or drifting near land, and by the *then* bad light, taking Paul's Bay for the entrance of Valetta, I cannot say; I have since heard both. Be this as it may, they stood into St. Paul's Bay†, without even reporting to the captain, and

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\* It is not desirable to arrive at Valetta in the night, particularly with a convoy, the entrance to the harbour being very narrow.

† The Ancients must have had large ships: St. Paul says, "Fearing lest they should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for day." "And we were in all in the ship two



soon after, finding themselves wrong, instead of calling him, they wished to get out of the scrape, at it was called, and began by bringing the ship to, *with her head to the land*. They had scarcely done so, when the forecastle men cried out rocks and breakers; and they then too late let the ship under weigh, and attempted to wear. A noise and confusion ensued on deck; M'Kinley instantly ran up on hearing it, but the spanker boom bent to the land, the ship missed stays, and ran on the banks of Kaura Point, exactly 2 A. M. At this time, it did not blow hard, neither was there much sea, and at first there was no great shock: never shall I forget my astonishment, when I found what had happened; I could scarcely believe it. A little before she struck, I was awakened by the noise, and wondered what could occasion all the pulling, hauling, and running on deck; but as the Captain sent down to the Admiral, who immediately got up, I thought

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hundred three score and sixteen souls." Acts xxvii. ver. 37. "And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the fore part stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." Acts xxvii. ver. 41. "And the rest, some on board, and some on broken pieces of the ship, escaped all safe to land." ver. 44. "And when they were escaped, then they knew that the island was called Melita, and the barbarous people shewed us no little kindness." Acts chap. xxviii. ver. 1.

something must be wrong; yet had no idea what it was. The officers below all ran up in their shirts, and Lieut. Burke, of the 18th dragoons, who was a passenger, came to me from the Gun Room, and desired me to get up, saying, not a minute was to be lost, the beating of the Ship soon convinced me what had happened; Crisp, the Captain's excellent servant brought me a light and feelingly told me what I now knew too well. Neither of my two stupid servants, came near me. I dressed myself and took out some particular papers from my writing case, and then went on deck, it was a sad scene. But as I was more in the way than of use, I went down with Mr. Crawley the Admiral's Secretary and Major C—— to the cabin, to wait the event; and indeed, bad as things were, knowing the Captain's activity and the exertions making, I had hopes the ship might yet be got off. All hands were now hard at work, they attempted to get out an anchor to haul on, and heave her off by, but the boats were not large enough to carry the anchor. The Ship leaned to leeward and thumped very much, many were at the pumps, and as yet kept her clear of much water. We fired signal guns of distress for an hour, and by the blue lights, I could see the rocks and our dangerous situation, from the quarter gallery windows. In this situation, making every possible exertion to get the ship off, we remained

two hours till day light, not exactly knowing where we were, every body supposing us much nearer to Valetta than was the case. When the sun rose, it began to blow, and we found we were nine miles from Valetta. At this time I went on deck again. M'Kinley harangued the crew, we gave him three cheers, and such efforts were made by every body, that I thought we should conquer even the powerful sea. Prior to this, every endeavour was made without effect, the top gallant yards and masts were struck, but not before the sails were thrown back, as an effort to get the ship off; the day light convinced us that our exertions would be fruitless, and that the safety of our lives would soon be the chief object of attention. I believe the Admiral very early thought the Ship irrecoverably lost, he had been some time on deck, but came down to the cabin before day light, and as we sat there waiting the issue, the rudder was unshipped by the violent motion, and tho' not a very agreeable hearing, I could not help admiring the coolness of the Admiral, who at this moment without any agitation observed to me, " Do not sit so near the stern, or you may have " your head broke, though one or two more such " thumps will settle us all.

At daylight we all went on deck, and it was proposed to throw the forecastle guns overboard,

and so lighten the ship, as we had deep water on the starboard side.

The Admiral advised the masts to be cut away. Lieut. Ferber objected to this\* ; but as the wind and sea increased, and the ship continued to beat exceedingly, they were cut in a quarter of an hour after. The foremast fell nearly on the rocks, and afforded a passage by which the people could escape. All the masts fortunately fell also to the leeward side, and helped to keep the ship so inclined ; for had she rolled to starboard side, she must have gone down in 40 fathom water, and all men not on deck, or who were not swimmers, would have perished. When it was found impossible to save the ship, and that all efforts were hopeless, the people were desired to save themselves. Great numbers then went over the foremast, taking such light articles as they could carry. Immediately after which, some confusion and insubordination followed with part of the crew, but full half remained sober and obedient.

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\* When Lieut. Ferber objected, (still entertaining hopes of saving the masts) he did so with every deference to his superior officer. The Admiral answered, " Well, try," and then said aloud, " Our duty is to save the ship, if possible : this is not a moment for ceremony ; let any man suggest any thing he thinks may be useful."—I could not help admiring this anxiety for what was right ; but ten minutes more shewed that the Admiral's advice was correct.

The foreigners we had on board, from the vessel that sunk at sea, had their boat fast to the Lively, and they hauled it alongside, got in, and saved themselves. We had also two boats out, but one was nearly swamped, and the other, with only four men in it, fell to leeward, could not gain the ship again, and was obliged to row out to the convoy.

I remained on board full two hours after daylight. M'Kinley, his officers, and most of the people (though now a hopeless case) still making every exertion to get the ship afloat.

It is singular, but in these seas, it will come on and blow a gale from fine weather most suddenly, and also, when blowing hardest, it as frequently falls suddenly calm. This was unfortunately now the case; though the morning was fine in other respects, it began to blow most violently. Captain M'K. came up to me, and advised me to go on shore; he also gave me four marines, to save, if possible, any light baggage. Two of them went on, each with a small box slung over his shoulders, and I left the other two and my two servants with a few light articles, and orders to follow me. Capt. M'K. came with me on the forecastle, cleared the way, and assisted me to get on the mast, for the motion was so

great, occasioned by the rolling of the ship, that the mast rose and fell in a see-saw manner, ten feet at least, and it was therefore very difficult for a landsman (though not for a seaman) to get on it. The foretop made another impediment, having to climb over it, but I got safe on shore. The motion and friction of the mast with the ship's side was so great, that the wood took fire, and a man was stationed with a bucket to throw water over it every minute. The ship struck at two o'clock A.M. we had daylight at four. The Admiral and Major C. went on shore about five, and I got on shore about half past six.

I found my small boxes on the rocks, but saw no more of the two marines. Here I remained (expecting my servants or some of my baggage for two hours. It seemed in vain to wait longer, I therefore carried my boxes over the rocks, up to the fort, near half a mile. There all was confusion: the sailors (many of them drunk) crowding in with boxes, blankets, and various articles; and it blew so violently, that I was obliged to go into the guard-house to drink some wine and water the soldiers gave us, as out of shelter no one could stand steady, and the wind absolutely blew the liquor out of the cup. I returned to the shore, it being now two hours since I left the ship, and neither baggage nor

servants appeared. I met Crisp, who was going with some select sailors backward and forward to the ship, to save what they could of Captain M'Kinley's things. Crisp told me my servant was so frightened, that he did not know what he was doing. I met an Irish sailor, named Kelly ; he had just come on shore, with some few things of his own. He offered to go on board for me, if I would stand guard over what he saved, while absent ; and, as in all this time, my servants had not sent a single article, I described to him a small writing box, in a leather case, which I requested him to find, if possible, and bring. They had by this time fastened a rope to the stump of the mainmast, and also to the rocks ; and in this manner slung many articles, and got them on shore ; however, in the hurry and confusion, the greater part fell into the sea, but many were got up by the sailors. Kelly was absent half an hour, and brought me my writing box safe and dry, slung over his shoulders. He said he could make nothing of Upton (my servant) that he was quite stupid. After delivering the case, he returned again by the foremast to get a portmanteau, in which I had a new uniform, shirts, and other personal conveniences. This he tried to get over by the rope, from the stump of the mainmast ; but such was the violent motion (for the sea now beat entirely over the ship) that

it fell into the water, was washed over the rocks, and dragged out by Kelly, who brought it to me, almost falling to pieces, and every thing in it, except the linen, ruined. The portmanteau was so demolished by the wet, that I was obliged to put it into a blanket I found on the rocks, to keep it together.

In every ship, as in every regiment, there are some villains. The greater part of the Lively's crew were well conducted; but the bad part now broke open chests, &c. and got at the spirits, and took all they could. My principal chest, in which I had my plate, and a variety of articles, was opened, and every thing taken. The only use of Upton (my servant) in all this business, was, that just as he came on shore, he saw plate with the sailors which he knew to be mine: and he stopped a villain, who it seems broke open my chest with an iron crow, and he took some of my spoons from him.

The first I saw of Upton, was his coming into the fort about eleven o'clock, with a valise of Major Coghlan's, which had been plundered of its contents, and which he (Upton) had filled with various articles of mine, and some few silver forks and spoons, and four plated dishes, which he said he picked up; but, Upton, at all times



confused, was so much so on this occasion, that he could scarcely tell where he found them ; in short he collected them into the valise which he had found empty on the rocks.

The Admiral saved many of his things, having a most active clever servant ; but they broke open a mahogany chest of drawers he had in the cabin, and stole many articles from him. About noon, M'Kinley left the ship, and came to the fort in the utmost distress.

The sea now beat entirely over the vessel, but as the officers expected to save more things, if the weather moderated, I left Upton to exert himself : a bad person for the business, but I had no one else, and it was useless for me to remain any longer. General Oakes, who commands here, sent two carriages, a sort of one-horse machines, peculiar to Malta ;—the Major and I went in one, the Admiral in the other. My servant boy, Charles, had fallen off the mast into the sea, and was nearly drowned ; he was perfectly deaf, stupid, and wet from head to foot, and had lost all his things, though he might have brought them under his arm. I hired a country cart, and sent him with the few articles the Major and I had saved. The officers all lost more or less, and such is the effect of liquor, that a fellow, mad

with drink, took a violin belonging to the lieutenant of marines, which had been brought on shore, and broke it in pieces against the rocks, from mere mischief. What strange beings men are, when once deprived of reason by liquor, and relaxed from that restraint to which they have been habituated.

I cannot describe what I felt as I contemplated this melancholy scene:—The fine frigate a mere wreck,—the sea breaking over the hull,—the distress of her worthy commander, though no possible blame can be laid to him: the prospects of a good set of officers (for such the majority certainly were) blasted; many having also lost all or most of their effects..

A number of Maltese flocked to the shore, and stole all they could lay their hands on. I find that those who had some dollars to give to the sailors, came off best. These men set all danger at defiance, to save a trunk, for two dollars. I had no idea of this, till too late, or I certainly could have got all my light baggage.

Captain M'Kinley saved his pair of globes, chronometer, and some small articles. The bringing the globes on shore is scarcely credible; but he was liked, and a fine able fellow, a boats-

wain's mate, put them, like Atlas, on his head, before the waves and wind became so violent, and being remarkably strong and active, brought them safe. His servants, and a gang of seamen, did all they could to save his effects; for as to himself, I can positively state, he never thought about them: all his attention being given to the ship. I lost the greatest part of my baggage.

At half past twelve, P.M. I left this scene of distress, confusion, riot, and drunkenness; but though many behaved ill, a great proportion were well conducted, particularly the marines\*. The fort filled with all sorts of things, sheep and pigs that were thrown overboard, and swam on shore, and with spars and sailors; some were stripping off their wet clothes, and others lying drunk, which formed such a picture as I had never before seen. I offered to stay with M'Kinley, if I could be of any use; but as I could not, we set out for Valetta, eight miles, over the most extraordinary country in the world. It appears like one stratum of white rock, with scarcely any soil; but in parts they reap abundant crops of cotton and grapes. The oranges are very fine.

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\* The Marine sentry at the cabin door would not quit his post till ordered, long after the ship struck.

I arrived at Florian at three o'clock, with only the cloaths I had on, as the few I saved had been all under water ; but the excellent and hospitable General Oakes supplied me with what I wanted, and received me with every possible mark of attention and kindness. He ordered me apartments in the palace, at Valetta, gave me and my aid-de-camp an invitation to breakfast and dinner while we might be detained. He was this day engaged to dine with General M'Kenzie, but he took us with him. At nine, I went to my apartments in the palace of the Grand Master.

Saturday, 11th.—The heat here, at this time of the year, is intense ; and among General Oakes's other attentions, there was a carriage ready to bring us up to Florian, to breakfast and dinner, and to take us back.

12th.—This morning, the Major drove out to the wreck, and did not return till late. I walked about the town. A packet arrived from England, and the 2nd batt. 10th regiment, which sailed from Gibraltar five days after we did. In the evening we went to the opera.

13th.—The bells never cease ringing here, night nor day ; the deep full sound of St. John's, is very fine. There are more saint days observed

here than any where in Europe. I went to some shops to repair my losses, but as it was a *Fiesta*, (holiday) they were all shut: indeed, the Maltese all shut their shops during the heat of the day, from noon till three o'clock, during which time they dine and sleep,

14th.—This morning, the Admiral and I set off in a calash for St. Paul's Bay, to visit the wreck. We found poor M'Kinley in great affliction for the loss of the ship. The officers and crew are living in tents made out of the sails, and in the fort. The marines keep guard: Some men have deserted, but they cannot escape from Malta. Many articles have been got out of the hull, but damaged.

Boats were sent out from Malta, and all the assistance the dock-yard afforded, to save such articles and stores as could be got out of the wreck, and they were deposited on board the *Trident*. (I there found a few articles of mine.) Lieut. B. and the Master of the *Lively*, were sent on board that ship in arrest, as to their neglect the loss of the frigate was attributed.

15th.—This being another holiday, I went into the great church of St. John's; it is 80 paces long, by 20 wide: the centre is orna-

sented with Mosaic tombstones of the Knights, which form the pavement, and is most beautiful. This church was very rich, particularly in gold and silver lamps; but the French plundered it of every thing moveable, except the fine silver gates, which was painted black, to conceal it; and as no one informed them, it escaped their rapacity.

The officers of the Staff are magnificently lodged in Malta, and many, particularly the Generals, have country houses also; the reason is obvious; the Knights had only a life interest; as they died off, and as the Order has been in fact abolished, and all its estates on the continent confiscated, these houses became, by degrees, the property of the government in possession of the island; and, as almost all the old Knights have paid the debt of nature, the fine palaces they inhabited are now turned into officers' quarters, having, in fact, no claimants.

There is a sort of promenade opposite the palace on the parade, where a military band plays every evening till midnight. There are a number of coffee houses near, where excellent ice may be had, and very cheap.

Givita Vecchia is about seven miles from Valletta; the great church there, St. Paul's, is

magnificent, and is finely ornamented with the richest marble. They shew the skeletons of three monks, who went into a vault to hide themselves, at the time the French came. They shut the door, forgetting it could not be opened from the inside, and perished. Civita Vecchia is fortified, but the works are quite out of repair. I went into the catacombs, but was disappointed, being the worst I have seen. Under the convent, near these catacombs, the ground has the same property of preserving the bodies of those who are buried there, as at Toulouse. They made great objection to shew any of these bodies, as some English officers carried away a hand from one; however, a fee at last opened the door. It was a nasty sight: several dried bodies were thrown together in a corner. I lifted a friar, who was very perfect; it is wonderful how light the body has become, being not above fourteen pounds weight. In the outside room, there was a coffin, which I thought one of the old ones; the lid was off, and a sheet over it, the man uncovered it, and I saw a very pretty woman dressed, and lying there as if asleep; but it seems she only died last night. According to the Maltese custom, the dead are all dressed in their best clothes, and put into their coffin, and then carried to the

church, where they remain twenty-four hours, after which the coffin is nailed down and buried.

The town is small, but the houses are well built. I took another look at St. Paul's ; it is built much on the model of St. Paul's, in London. The marble in it is exquisite ; the gilding in the vaulted ceiling is executed in a superior manner, and though one would not suppose it, is in perfect accordance with the graver part of the architecture, which is not easily accomplished ; much gilding and flowery decoration, not in general coalescing with either Gothic or Grecian architecture.

There is great cultivation all about Civita Vecchia, of cotton in particular. It is wonderful how they collect the earth, and fertilize these rocks. They all irrigate, and have water conduits ; the appearance is singular, as the whole country is in terraces : walls being built to keep up the earth, which otherwise would be carried away in the wet season, at which time the rain comes down in torrents. They keep the ground remarkably clean from weeds. After taking out the cotton, the remainder of the plant serves to feed the cattle, and has the effect of fattening them to a great degree. The Maltese language



is derived from the Arabic, and has no similarity to any other spoken in Europe.

The evening of the 18th I went with the General about four miles, to what they call a Fiesta. We first attended mass in a very handsome church, then took ice, wine, and refreshment, with the chief civil officers of the town; afterwards were present at the Maltese races, which we saw from a prepared terrace: many people there were well dressed, and all appearing contented and happy; we returned to Valetta just as it was dark.

At the Capuchin convent they preserve the bodies of the deceased brethren. Numbers of them are placed in a large vault, and in niches, dressed in their costume, as when alive. The monks illuminated the vaults on the occasion, after which I went over the convent: the view from it is very fine.

The heat is so great, that it is necessary to change our linen two or three times a day. The greatest luxury here is the ice, and iced water. Many of the people at present sleep in the air, or in the passages of the different palaces. Some lay their beds regularly on the flags, and strip. It appears strange to see them dispersed in pas-

pages and courts, as if in the ward of a large hospital.

20th.—By this time I replaced such lost articles as were of prime necessity ; but as no opportunity offered of getting to Messina, I was able to see much of this singular spot. I went round the fortifications near the sea, with the town-major, and saw Sir R. Abercrombie's grave in one bastion, and Sir A. Ball's in another. The 14th regiment occupies a very fine barrack near this spot. The heat of the sun, and the reflection from the rocks, white buildings, and white ground, are intolerable. I was obliged to retire at twelve o'clock, and go to bed till two. We dined at three, which I think a bad arrangement ; it is the hottest time of the day, and with the heat of the dinner and company, is overpowering ; and if it were not for the iced wine and water, would be intolerable. Selling iced water is a regular business all day in the streets.

23rd.—I went out early this morning to Kaura Point. The hull of the *Lively* still keeps together ; she must have been wonderfully built, to stand such thumping so long on such a sharp ridge of rock. The weather is now moderate, and great exertions are making to get out her guns and heavy stores. I went on board : what

a contrast to her proud appearance a few weeks ago! Now all devastation, and half full of water, which, being bilged, has turned every thing black, and stinks so much, that they can scarcely work. Lieut. Lechmere was, as usual, active, and doing all in his power. How much in this world often depends on the slightest chance! If Lechmere had fortunately had the watch at the time of the accident, I think the Lively would have been now at Messina.\*

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\* If a landsman may presume to give an opinion on naval affairs, I would advise a much more serious examination for the rank of Lieutenant than I believe is required: and accompanied with certificates from the Captains the person served under. When we consider the great value of a man of war, the lives of the crew, and the service she may be going on; and that all is, and must be, for many hours of the twenty-four, in charge and under the direction of a Lieutenant, the importance of his being in all respects competent, must strike every one. I have been told, that it is difficult to get good Masters for the Royal Navy, the pay being so low. This is a point in which economy may occasion great injury to the service; but, considering the attention paid by the Admiralty to this important national object, I trust I shall not give offence, by suggesting the propriety of not only greatly increasing the pay of the Masters, so as to ensure candidates, but also to require a most rigid examination; and, in time of peace, I think a frigate or two could not be better employed, than in the training of fifty or sixty such officers, and sailing with them to various parts of the world. Many are excellent Masters in the Channel, who know nothing of the navigation of the Baltic or the Mediterranean, &c. If such a regulation were adopted, they might take plans of harbours, soundings, &c. which are in too many instances imperfectly laid down in the charts hitherto published.

The evening of the 24th I accompanied the General to Girgar, five miles from Florian. It is only a village, but has a magnificent church, dedicated to St. Bartholomew. As civil commissioner, the General is expected to attend the Fiesta: this was in honor of the above saint. There was a grand mass, and excellent music, after which the saint was carried round the town in great procession, and in which the General, myself, and the Staff took our part, each carrying a huge wax candle; after this, we had, as usual, a discharge of petereros, and a collation, ice, wine, &c. in the open air, in the garden of the chief man of the village. They seem much gratified at our assisting on these occasions. They are the most strange dressed people I ever saw: the French certainly left them neither milliners nor tailors.

A singular event has happened, no less than the arrival of Lucien Bonaparte and family: he had embarked in an American ship, but was detained by the Pomone, Captain Barry, and brought to Valetta.

26th.—The Martha transport is ordered to Messina, so that at last we shall get to our destination. I bought three good horses here,

which, with my baggage, I sent on board the above ship this afternoon.

L. Bonaparte and his suite are to be lodged at Fort Biczoli, until the palace at St. Antonio is prepared for them. This palace, which was the country residence of the Grand Masters, is six miles from Valetta; but General Oakes has so much to do between the military and civil business, that he thinks it too distant, and therefore resides during the summer months at Floriana. The palace of St. Antonio is an extraordinary patched range of convenient and inconvenient rooms. The gardens are, however, very pretty. The orange trees large and beautiful; fine myrtles, geraniums, and shrubs: the walks all flagged. The garden contains about twelve acres. From the top of the tower there is a very fine view, and the cultivation of every spot where there is the least earth, proves the industry of the Maltese. Water is most carefully preserved in tanks and reservoirs, so that they water the grounds every evening, and with comparatively few hands. They have a tank in every garden and field, and the rains in the season soon fill them. There are fine water-works in this garden.

Most persons who come from England at this time of the year, are attacked by either flux or

fever ; I have not entirely escaped, but considering how much I have gone about, and the great heat, I am not surprised at it. This day I was obliged to send my servant, Upton, to the hospital.

All the houses are well built, with every contrivance against the heat. The fortifications are very strong, and mostly cut out of the solid rock ; they are very extensive, and would require a great garrison to defend them. The French, indeed, were starved out after a blockade of sixteen months. It is true, the forts were thought too strong to be attacked, and our investing force was but small. I could not go over all the works minutely, the heat was so very great ; I contented myself with a general view. The two ports are very fine, but the entrance narrow, and the light-house but indifferent. Several batteries, some a *fleur d'eaux*, command the harbour. The North is the quarantine harbour. Every article of foreign produce can be had here, and in abundance, many much cheaper than in England, particularly tea and sugar. The inhabitants are almost all ugly ; but the men are robust and handy, very abstemious, and very poor : the clergy take all. They have improved much since we have had the island. It is not a climate for women or invalids ; the heat and consequent perspiration it occasions, requires great strength to support.

I had apartments in the Grand Master's Palace. The rooms are magnificent, and well furnished, and the galleries of communication all on a grand scale. Various paintings, representing sea fights, which took place during the existence of this extraordinary Order, are placed on all the walls of the galleries. The stairs are the easiest I ever saw; one might ride up or down: this is well contrived in so hot a climate. There is a tower in one angle of the palace, to which I went up twice. From it is a most complete bird's eye view of the port, the fortifications, the town, and the surrounding country. The armory is also in the palace; it is large and very well distributed, in point of effect, as good as that at the Tower of London, or any I have seen. A variety of ancient armour and weapons of destruction are preserved in it.

I forgot to mention St. Paul's celebrated grotto, which is near the church at Civita Vecchia. They say the saint lived here some time after his shipwreck; it is a damp cavern, excavated out of the white stone, of which the island is composed, and of course has many charms for the superstitious. The island is full of small inclosures made with the white stone, and reflects light and heat, so as to be painful to the eyes; and it gives the country a very barren

aspect. At first one would suppose it an entire mass of white rock ; though there are some orange groves and single orange trees here and there, I never saw any country so apparently destitute of wood. Cotton is their great crop : here they raise it by plants, it is sown and gathered in about five months, and then follows some other crop, so that the ground is never idle. The vegetables and fruit are excellent ; there are also several vineyards.

Numbers assemble every day on the parade before the palace, which has the appearance of a continual masquerade. Here you see Turks, Greeks, Algerines, Jews, Germans, Maltese, Spaniards, Swiss, Morocco men, English, Italians, Albanians, &c. in short persons from almost every nation on earth, and all dressed in their proper costume. The market is excellent, though not over clean ; fruit, and every thing beside in abundance, and I think reasonable. On the whole, Malta is a most singular place, well worth seeing. The hospitality and kindness of the present Governor is beyond any I ever experienced, and he is universally beloved by natives and strangers. Between the civil and military business, he is constantly employed.

In a military and naval point of view, Malta is of great consequence to England, and its acqui-



sition most fortunate: whether we consider its fine harbour, impregnable fortifications, or its commercial advantage, (being a depôt for the Levant) or the necessity of a safe port for our men of war in that part of the Mediterranean, all prove its great importance. On my return from Sicily, I had an opportunity of inspecting the fortifications, and other parts of the island, which I had not sufficient leisure to visit before, an account of which will be found in the succeeding volume. The appearance of Malta at present, contrasted with its former condition under the Knights, naturally called to mind the revolutions which are taking place in the world, and the important changes which time and circumstances produce in opinions, as well as in governments.

When we consider the origin, growth, and extent of the Order of St. John,—the immense estates it possessed, in every Catholic country in Europe,—its power and respectability,—its high estimation, and its fall. When we see the island now in the hands of an English garrison, and in fact an English colony,—the magnificent palaces of the different tongues and of individual Knights inhabited by British officers, or converted into barracks,—the ports, formerly filled with armed vessels and gallies,—now occupied by the ships

of English merchants, carrying on a brisk trade here ;—it is impossible not to reflect on the instability of political institutions, and the short duration of the proudest monuments of human glory.

The French revolution overthrew this extraordinary Order, born and fostered under superstition and religious madness. The estates it had all over Europe, have been confiscated ; from this, and the capture of the island in 1798, by the French, the Order has become completely extinct. The Knights are almost all dead ; I believe only two remain in the island ; and as they had but a life interest, all the property remaining, namely the palaces, fell to England when she captured the island from France. Great numbers were killed in various actions with the French ; for though they obtained *Valetta* from the Grand Master, by asking for it, the inhabitants made great resistance in the rest of the island.

During the time of the Order, the population of Malta was about two hundred thousand : I believe it is not far short of that number at present. And the island certainly does not produce food sufficient to supply that population for more than three months in the year. They depend entirely on Sicily. Barbary, however,

could supply provisions, if by any accident the Sicilian ports were closed.

The Knights were, indeed, magnificently lodged.—Chaste and poor by their vow; but rich and libertines in reality.

I never saw any spot in which there was less female attraction. I speak of the Maltese women; but they say there was a very beautiful race of women during the time of the Order, but that they all emigrated with the French. It is certain that every Knight, being bound to celibacy, had his mistress; and I cannot believe they would have been chosen from a race with so little beauty or attraction as the Maltese women now on the island.

But what astonishes me most is, that this island of rocks should be covered with inhabitants, while the fertile and beautiful Sicily (where nature seems so prodigal) is comparatively a desert. This difference, in the present instance, cannot entirely arise from a difference of government; for the inhabitants of both countries taste of the bitter cup of despotism.\*

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\* I do not mean by this, that the inhabitants of Malta have suffered by being under English government,—for that would be untrue! But

Though those of Malta are not subjected to any feudal system ;—so far there is a great difference.

As every reader may not know the history of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, it will not be amiss to state, that this famous Order was founded, in the year 1099, by Gerard, a Frenchman, taking the title “Hospitaliers of St. John of Jerusalem.” About twenty years after it became a military society, and Raymond Dupuy was the first Grand Master.

In 1291, the Knights were driven out of Palestine, and went to Cyprus, where they were received. They then called themselves Knights of Rhodes. The Order was established in that island above two hundred years, during which time they were almost continually at war with

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the island fell to England by conquest ;—taken, not from the Knights, but from the French, without any capitulation for the inhabitants. Of course the laws remain as before. England has left them all they had, and given them *many advantages they had not* ; but the power of the clergy remains, and the Maltese have, in fact, only changed to better masters, and have nothing of what we call a constitution. The King’s commissioner, with the civil authorities and magistrates carry on the civil government : and, I must add, my conviction, that so long as that high situation is filled by General Oakes, no Maltese will ever have to complain of injustice, severity, or oppression.

the Turks, who finally drove them out, after a most obstinate resistance, in the year 1522. Villiers De Lisle, Grand Master, the Knights and inhabitants then went to Malta, which was given them by the Emperor Charles V.

In 1798, the French, under Buonaparte, got possession of the island. This must have happened by an understanding between them and the Grand Master; for the place is so strongly fortified by nature and art, that it might have sustained a siege of any duration. The French held the island for about a year and a half, when the inhabitants, wearied by their plunder and oppression, rose upon them, and massacred the garrison of Civita Vecchia; those that escaped took refuge within the town and fortifications of La Valette. Here they were blockaded by an English squadron and three English battalions for nearly two years; their provisions being then out, they were obliged to surrender to the British forces. The French were commanded by General Vaubois. By the ninth article of capitulation,—“ All Maltese, of what-  
“ ever state they may be, who wish to follow  
“ the French army, and to go into France with  
“ their property, shall be at liberty to do so.” Under this article, I am told, great numbers of the women accompanied the French. Malta

was always considered as a fief to Sicily, and the Knights paid the King of Sicily a hawk every year as the consideration; and his approbation to the nomination of the Bishop of Malta was necessary.

The Order consisted of a Grand Master, and two thousand Knights from the different Roman Catholic states of Europe. They were divided into *langues* or tongues, nine in number, viz. three in France; two in Spain; two in Germany; one in Portugal; and one in Italy. These were again sub-divided into commanderies, from which the Order received its annual revenues. There was formerly an English tongue, which ceased many years ago. They had estates in almost every other country in Europe, which, with the private fortunes of individuals, occasioned a great expenditure in this small island, as well as what was spent on the magnificent palaces, churches, and fortifications. It being, in fact, a religious military Order, their power was very great; and while the church plundered the inhabitants, the military made slaves of their Turkish prisoners; so that, with the aid of money and many hands employed, the wonderful excavations, ramparts, and ditches, cut out of the solid rock, were accomplished.

Nearly a thousand Knights resided here; others were employed in the land or sea service of the nations to which they belonged,—subject however to reside, in their turn, at Malta. No person could be admitted as a Knight, without being able to trace a noble ancestry for seven hundred years; and serving a certain number of campaigns against the Turks. It was also requisite to make a vow of chastity, and swear never to be at peace or in amity with the Turks, or other Infidels; and, of course, to be of the Roman Catholic religion.

In the year 1565, the Turks attacked Malta with forty thousand men, and took Fort St. Elmo, after killing or wounding every man of that garrison. But the brave La Valette, then Grand Master, continued a most obstinate resistance; and, at length, obliged the Turks to raise the siege, and retire, having lost thirty thousand men. After this La Valette laid the first stone (in the year 1566) of the beautiful town called after him: it was finished in 1571: the different Catholic Kings of Europe contributed large sums towards its expence. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and are all paved, or rather flagged. The Knights (at least the principal ones) had all country houses.

It may not be amiss to add, that, as we took the island from the French, though assisted by the inhabitants, still our sovereignty rests on conquest: the Order being, *de facto*, abolished. The English landed, it is true, as allies to the people; still, what remained, were mere subjects to the Order, and no treaty was made with them; probably the first intention of the British government was not to keep the island, but to act with it according to circumstances at a general peace; but finding the very great importance of Malta, they most wisely determined to retain possession of it. The inhabitants are undoubtedly benefited by that determination; but still, as there was no treaty with them, and as it has changed from a post purely military, to one partaking also of commerce, many difficulties have arisen; and, as too often happens in such cases, and I believe with every government, matters are left to find their own level, and a portion of discontent is the consequence. The late remonstrance from some persons, cannot be accounted for otherways. I can bear testimony to the ability of General Oakes, and his fitness, in every respect, for the situation of civil commissioner, and commander of the forces in the island,—offices of importance, and no doubt attended with difficulty, and requiring, what he possesses, a good heart and a sound head. The duty of



civil commissioner will ever be most arduous and troublesome, until a reformation of the Maltese code of law takes place,—a code no longer applicable to its situation ; but of which the numerous English merchants, settled in the island, have more reason to complain than the people ; as the latter have, at all events, what they always had ; and, I believe, no person will attempt to maintain, that they are in any respect worse off, than in the time of the Order.

It is no easy matter to change or amend long established laws and customs, however necessary it may be ; but the entire system of government in Malta certainly requires revision.

## CHAP. III.

*Departure from Malta—Arrival at Messina—View of Murat's camp on the opposite coast—Occupation of the Messinese—Naval skirmishes—Descent of a brigade of Murat's army at St. Stephano—Capture of the Corsican battalion—Murat breaks up his camp, and retires from the coast—Reflections on his late conduct—Wretched state of the Carrere, or Great Prison—Dried specimens of Monks in the Franciscan Convent—Initiation of a Nun—Convent of St. Gregorio.*

AUGUST, Wednesday 29th, I embarked at ten o'clock, A.M. on board the Martha transport, Lieutenant Cole, of the R.N. as agent, being on board, likewise an officer and a party of Watteville's regiment; we sailed immediately.

The entrance of the harbour, as I observed, is narrow; and, as the wind failed us just as we were at the mouth of it, we were nearly on the

rocks under the battery near St. Elmo; but, by great exertion, we cleared when just touching. After we got out, the current was in our favour! The two next days we made little way till the evening of the 31st, when we came in sight of Sicily.

SEPT. 1st.—I was called up at day-light to look at Mount Ætna, which we saw very plainly, being off Catania. At noon, we passed Taorminum with a fine breeze; it is curiously situated on a mountain. The water is very deep close to the shore, and we coasted along very near it. Sicily appears to be a most picturesque country. At 5 P.M. came in sight of Messina, and anchored in its beautiful harbour before dark, and I announced my arrival.

2nd.—This morning early our horses were landed; I was very unwell, and could not go on shore before noon. There are no quarters assigned for the staff at Messina. We receive an allowance, and are to provide as in England, which is frequently very difficult. Our horses had to stand on the Marino the whole day.—The heat very great. Lieutenant Cole civilly walked with me to several hotels, but all were full; just as we decided to return on board the Martha, I got quarters at the Lion

**D'Oro.** The rooms were good, but dirty; and such a filthy passage to get to them as was highly disgusting. I dined with Sir J. Stuart, commander of the forces. There has been smart firing all day between our batteries and the enemy's. Their camp is perfectly visible without a glass; and Calabria appears very close.

**4th.**—This morning we perceived the enemy's flotilla in motion; our's got under weigh, and stood over towards Calabria. An action took place, which lasted two hours: several of Murat's boats were damaged. In the evening there was heavy firing between the batteries.

**5th.**—Early this morning several movements were perceived in Murat's camp. At 9 A. M. our flotilla got under weigh, and stood across. The French army came down to the shore, as if to embark; but, at the approach of our gunboats, marched up again to the heights. About 10 o'clock, A. M. a tremendous cannonade took place;—well supported on both sides. One of our frigates and two men of war brigs weighed, and stood over, and attacked the enemy's batteries. For nearly three hours a continual fire, from at least 200 pieces of cannon, was kept up. The effect was beautiful beyond description.

Neither side, after all, appear to have suffered much; and about one o'clock, P. M. the affair ended.\* We had half a dozen men killed or wounded. Murat is supposed to have, in all, 500 boats of transport, which, on an average, would carry about 50 men each: they appear like a *wood of masts*: We can count above 400. Many think he has thirty thousand men; this I do not believe. He may have twenty thousand; and, in my private opinion, it is all a diversion to keep this army in check, and prevent any part of it from being sent to Spain. Our effective force, fourteen thousand men, occupy a line close to the sea, with the strongest country in the world behind them, having many *fumaras*,† leading from the sea to the mountains. We occupy a strong post on Cucuraci heights, and also at St. Placido. The army is under arms every morning an hour before day-light. The greater part is concentrated between Messina and the Faro, opposite Murat's

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\* It was afterwards ascertained that the French lost several men, both of their flotilla and army. They had a Lieutenant de Vaisseau, and an officer, and seven soldiers of the 101st regiment killed; and several of the boats were sunk in this action.

† A Fiumara is a mountain torrent course. In Sicily they are dry the greatest part of the year, and many of the communications with the country are through them.

camp. The entire line extends to Taormina forty miles; but, beyond St. Placido there are only small detachments.

The following are the regiments and the distribution of the Anglo-Sicilian army, Sept. 1810:

Sir J. STEWART, Commander of the Forces;  
Lieutenant-General Lord FORBES;  
Adjutant-General, Major-General CAMPBELL;  
Quarter-Master General, Colonel DONKIN;  
Commanding Engineer, Lieut.-Col. BRICE;  
Chief of the Medical Staff, Dr. FRANKLIN;  
Commissary-General, Mr. BERGMAN.

#### CAVALRY.

Major-General SPENCER.

20th Light Dragoons.....	Quarters, Messina.
Foreign Troop.....	Ditto.
Sicilian Cavalry, Val de Noto.....	Melazzo.

#### ROYAL ARTILLERY.\*

Colonel LEMOINE.....Messina & detachments.

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\* The military reader will perceive by the above distribution, that the army was not brigaded, as is usual, on service. Possibly, being at that time one of garrison and defence, it might not be necessary to put it into regular brigades; in my humble opinion, however, it would have been a better arrangement, particularly as it might have been obliged suddenly to take the field: moreover, it is the practice in all armies.

Quarters.

FIRST OR SOUTHERN DIVISION.....  
 Major-General COCKBURN.—Colonel AIREY.....  
 2nd Light Infantry..... *St. Placido.*  
 Two Rifle Companies..... *Meli.*  
 44th Regiment, 1st Battalion,.....  
 Watteviles..... } *Messina.*  
 Chasseurs Britanniques.....  
 21st Regiment, 1st Battalion..... *Contessa,*  
 3rd Battalion, German Legion..... *Tormestieri.*  
 Dillon's..... *Taorminum.*

Major-General WHITE.

1st Battalion, 27th Regiment.....  
 1st Ditto 31st Ditto..... } *Citadel Messina.*  
 Detachment 35th Ditto.....

SECOND OR NORTHERN DIVISION.

Major-General M'FARLANE.

Brig.-Gen. BINGHAM—Brig.-Gen. HENUBER.  
 Lieut.-Col. SMITH, Staff.  
 Grenadier Battalion.....  
 1st Light Infantry.....  
 10th, 1st Battalion..... } *Salvador de Goscini*  
 39th, ditto..... } *to Faro.*  
 58th, ditto.....  
 62nd, ditto.....  
 81st, ditto.....

Many thought (but how far they were correct, I cannot say) that these minor arrangements were left to the Adjutant-General Campbell. Certain it is, the Commander of the Forces had a variety of other official business on his hands, and his time was fully employed.

## Quarters.

Rolle's.....*Heights of Cucurati.*

Calabrese.....*Faro.*

Colonel HULL.

2nd Battalion 27th Regiment....*Melazzo.*

Major-General DU PLATT.

3th Batt. of German Legion....*Syracuse.*

Colonel DU PLATT.

4th Batt. of German Legion....*Augusta.*

Major-General HONSDERT.

6th Batt. of German Legion....*Trassani.\**

The Sicilian army, which consists of 12,000 men, including Germans and Neapolitans, is all at Palermo, the Val de Noto cavalry excepted; but I am told only part of them are clothed: the German and Neapolitan regiments are very good. It must appear strange, that at such a moment, no part of that infantry is at the threatened point; and, considering the sums we lavish on this government, such conduct surely justifies the opinion which many express, namely: that the Sicilian Court is at present more in the

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\* For the state of the British and French regiments, see Appendix.



French interest than in ours. There are a great number of volunteers enrolled, but they are without organization or proper arms.

6th.—Nothing extraordinary occurred this day. In the cool of evening I walked up the main and other streets; all were, like the people, shockingly dirty. The people are busily engaged in lousing themselves,—all ages, sexes, and almost conditions, are without the least shame, hard at work at this occupation; and men, women, and children squat down in the streets, for certain occasions, without ceremony. The under part, or street story, of almost every house is a shop, either for sale or work, with a large gate like that of a coach house, and this they throw open for air, so that all operations are going on in the open street. Shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, sale shops, &c.

7th.—There was a small affair with the gun-boats this morning, and an alarm at night, on which I rode out to Contessa; Major Scitter, 3d German Legion, reported to me, that some boats passed near our picquets, and gave the proper counter-sign; they afterwards fired at the picquet, but got off from the darkness of the night: this occasioned the alarm, which, however, was not general.

11th.—This morning, at nine A.M. the *Warrior* and *Victorious*, of 74 guns, Captains Spranger and Talbot, with two frigates, and three gun brigs, got under weigh, and stood down to the Bay of Pentemele, near Reggio. A number of our gun-boats also went down. About half past ten, they attacked the French division of transports and boats at anchor there, and as the French batteries opened on the men of war, a heavy fire was kept up for nearly two hours. It was a beautiful sight; the Calabrian mountains, and the French camp, formed; with Messina, a beautiful panorama. I inspected the 44th this morning on the Terra Nuova, near the Citadel, from the ramparts, off which we could see this action very distinctly. Our ships were managed with great dexterity; and, from the depth of water, were able to go very close to the batteries. About two o'clock, P.M. the ships returned into harbour. The French had several boats sunk, and other damage done to their works, and to the town of Reggio. Our loss in killed and wounded is trifling; but a 32-pound shot went through the *Warrior's* main-mast: \* this is a heavy loss. They have spliced it up for present use; but she must

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\* A mainmast is worth £400.

get a new one. We may well say "*Que le jeu ne vallut pas la chandella*" in this case. It is indeed most absurd, to send line of battle ships on this service ; small craft and gun brigs are the proper class for such business,

The 12th, I rode, with Lord Forbes to the Faro, and saw all our line of defence northward of Messina. I visited the top of the Faro Tower : from hence, the Castle of Scilla, the entire Straights, the town of Messina, the Calabrian Mountains, the French and English camps, and the shipping and flotillas, presented as beautiful a view as can be imagined. The Faro is about eight Irish miles from Messina ; the road to it is excellent. Several military roads of communication have been made from the coast to the mountains. We went round by the lakes up to the New Redoubt, and on the hill near the Faro Superior. Stromboli looked very well from the heights. As the evening sun struck on the French camp in this clear atmosphere, every object, even to Murat himself, can be distinctly seen. The French have some heavy guns, and throw shot across into the camp of the 58th, which is on the other side of the Faro. The hills are covered with the prickley pear or with vines ; and, on one I went through, a brush-wood of *Arbutus* ; but,

though so fine a climate, they were miserable compared with ours in Ireland.

From the 12th to the 17th, nothing extraordinary took place. The forenoon of the 17th several French boats came out, our's got under way, and soon after a smart action commenced, I got a boat at the Marino, and went out to see it. The fire was heavy ; but it is astonishing how little damage was done to either party. Our flotilla, which consists of more than 100 gun-boats, is manned by Sicilian sailors, each boat carries one 18 or 24 pounder, and has also about six English soldiers ; part are commanded by Sicilian, and part by British officers. There are nearly 2000 Sicilian sailors employed. Every one allows that both officers and men have uniformly behaved well before the enemy. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful than these actions ; the scene formed by the two armies, and the picturesque country on both sides of the streights, with the smoke, the noise, and echo of the cannon, under a serene sky and in full sunshine, are altogether fine beyond description. This day the flotilla manœuvred more than usual, and the effect was accordingly most interesting ; after about three hours action and a great expenditure of powder,

both flotillas retired with very little damage. This afternoon the gun-brigs, cruising off Reggio, were called in; nearly the whole of the fleet are in harbour.

Tuesday 18th.—Every thing appeared perfectly quiet last night. I was out just before midnight, with little apprehension of what was to happen a few hours after. At 5 A.M. my orderly serjeant came to my room, and informed me, the French had landed south of Contessa, and that my Messina brigade were getting under arms. I immediately got up, and rode towards Contessa. I found the 44th regiment, with Colonel Brooke at their parade, near S. Magdalene. I fortunately had my horses and an orderly dragoon (for which I was indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker) at the inn, so that I had no delay. My Aid-de-Camp, Major Coghlan, was confined to his bed, in consequence of a severe accident; notwithstanding which, he got his horse as soon as he could, and followed me. I moved on with the 44th; no people ever advanced in greater silence, order, and spirits, than this regiment; almost all were my countrymen. We marched to San Stephano, full seven miles, in two hours; and, considering the heat of the morning, and how the men were loaded, according to the standing order, viz:

peaks, sixty-four rounds, canteens, great coat, &c. it was a wonderful exertion. And, I must also mention it as a singular fact, which will scarcely be believed, that, when halted near San Stephano, not one division had lost its distance. The line of defence was under the direction and command of Lieut.-General Lord Forbes: His Lordship was out visiting some part of the line almost every night; but, on this occasion, he did not receive a report of the landing, until after I did. I should certainly have considered it my duty to have apprized him the moment I heard of it; but I did not conceive it possible there could have been such neglect, as not to report to him from our outposts in the first instance; and I was assured, at the gates of Matina, that his Lordship had gone on. This, however, was not the case, as he only came up with us just before we arrived at San Stephano, having, like myself, set out the moment he heard what happened. It is a singular fact, that, on this occasion, when the French actually landed, the alarm guns were not fired, though, so often, at other times, when there was no attack whatever.

Near Mili we saw forty-five French boats, standing across towards Reggio; and, soon after, we met an officer, who informed us the greater

part of the force landed had re-embarked in those boats, and that the remainder had surrendered. Whatever was the object of this expedition *sans exemple*, (as the French officers called it,) it entirely failed.

Although Contessa is three miles nearer the point of landing than Messina, still, from the nature of the ground, the flash of fire-arms at St. Stephano could be seen from the Citadel, though not from Contessa: and so little idea had my brigade, at Contessa, of any landing, that Colonel Adam was on the point of dismissing the 21st regiment from their usual parade, of an hour before day-light; when an orderly dragoon rode up, and brought him the information. He immediately marched on, and found Major-General Campbell, our Adjutant-General, before him.

It seems, the field officer of the day (Lieut.-Colonel Warren, of the 27th regiment,) at the citadel, in going his rounds, long before day-light, saw flashes of fire arms towards St. Stephano;—this he properly reported to his commanding officer, Major-General White, who, conceiving that if any thing serious had happened, the alarm guns would be fired, thought it sufficient to report the circumstance to General

Campbell, the Adjutant-General; and, I believe, the Adjutant-General soon after received a report from Captain Jarvis, commanding a troop of twenty dragoons at Mili, as his cavalry picquet had been fired at; and, it is to be presumed, rode out himself to ascertain the facts; for, he certainly sent no notice whatever to me, or to the Deputy Adjutant-General and Commandant of the Town; and, I understand, made no report to Lieutenant-General Lord Forbes, till he arrived near Mili. He had gone by the coast road, and not by the high road, which accounts for his not passing through Contessa; and afterwards meeting Colonel Adam, being senior officer on the spot, the Major-General, of course, took the command. The country people all turned out against these invaders; and, being all armed and good marksmen, were of great use. The enemy landed on the fine beach at St. Stephano long before day-light, under General Cavagniac, a force of 3000 men. Colonel Ambrosio and all their officers agreed as to the numbers: they had not any field pieces: they were in four battalions, and some detachments of artillery men and others. The Corsican light battalion took possession of a very strong hill, two battalions went on another hill, and one remained at the beach; a detachment went up the fiumara, and *plundered* some cottages,



tore the ear-rings out of the women's ears, and even carried away peasants to their boats, and took them with them on their return. The peasantry, in the vicinity, turned out and attacked them before day-light, which occasioned the fire perceived by Colonel Warren from the citadel : after this, some of the French fell in with our cavalry patrol, one of whom, as before observed, arrived at Contessa just as the 21st were dismissed. The 3rd regiment German Legion also advanced with the 21st, and two German rifle companies from Mili ; Lieut.-Col. Fischer, of the 2nd light infantry, was stationed at the Convent of St. Placido three miles south of San Stéphano ; but, situated on a high commanding hill, from which every thing can be seen, even to the Faro, along both coasts ; perceiving the French position, and the advance of our troops, he judiciously sent half his battalion by the beach, and the other half by the mountains, so as to turn the enemy, and they arrived nearly at the same time. It is impossible to know what Murat's intention was : I shall hazard an opinion hereafter ; though I may not be correct, neither can we know the instructions of General Cavagniac, who escaped : but, certain it is, all his actions could be seen by his master (when once it was day-light) from the camp at Piale ; and, there is no doubt, Cavagniac was telegraphed off,

and immediately began to embark again. The last of his main body were in the boats just as the 21st regiment came up, and only their advance fired; two 6-pounders, all we had on the line, also arrived in time to fire a few shot at the boats, as they took their departure. About one hundred men were made prisoners on the beach. The Corsican light regiment was attacked in its strong position by the 2nd German rifle companies and the peasantry; and finding themselves abandoned, and our force so superior, they held out a white handkerchief, and surrendered to Major-General Campbell, being about 40 officers and 700 men. The above rifle companies were commanded by Lieutenant Heise, of the 4th battalion German Legion, a young man, who, though not mentioned in the orders issued afterwards, was certainly entitled to the highest praise for his conduct, but which, of course, was not reported to Sir J. Stuart at the time, or, no doubt, he would have noticed him.

Some of our gun-boats stood after the French, came up with them near Reggio, and cut off two boats, so that the entire prisoners made, and embarked for Malta, were 41 officers and 900 men. Although the Corsicans surrendered before I arrived with the 44th regiment, still, as they could see us on the march from their posi-

tion, no doubt it contributed to their giving up without any resistance. The French officers said "*a quoi se battre, contre toute l'Armée Anglaise!*" Had Cavagniac moved towards Messina, he would have met every difficulty,—an armed peasantry on his flanks; and no man knew the *local* advantages of the ground better than Lieut.-Colonel Adam, or would have made a more obstinate defence till we arrived to his support; but Cavagniac certainly might have fought in his position, and it would have cost us some lives to take him, but taken he must have been.

The French had only a drummer and one private killed (close to the sea), and two officers and four men wounded. On our side, one rank and file of the rifles were slightly wounded, two of the peasants killed and six wounded, three of whom afterwards died in the hospital.

The arms of the Corsican light regiment were the best I ever saw. The peasantry were very anxious to get them, and helped themselves to great numbers after they were laid down. All the prisoners had a quantity of ammunition; we took, at least, 120 rounds from each man, they had it in their pockets, and even in their caps. The Corsicans were a very fine corps;

the others the most wretched banditti I ever saw. Thus ended this affair of St. Stephano, which, at least, proves not only the possibility of landing, but of even returning in sight of a fleet also, at least with *small numbers*.\*

Many persons (I think unreasonably) blamed the navy, for not taking all these boats: The answer is,—“Why were not the alarm guns fired as they should have been; there being positive orders to do so on the least appearance of an enemy?” If they had, not a boat could have escaped. Cavagniac, and all, must have been taken; there would have been ample time for the men of war to get out; but, as to cutting cables and losing anchors for such a trifling object, it would be downright folly. The prisoners were marched to the citadel, and on to the Lazaretto and Fort Salvador; and, in the evening embarked for Malta. Sir J. Stuart and staff rode out to St. Stephano soon after the surrender of the Corsicans.

It will appear extraordinary; but no less true, most of the inhabitants of Messina, and many

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\* Large numbers would require many boats. For a *coup de main*, a small force may effect what a large one could not, as it would be discovered.

of our officers knew nothing of this affair, till they saw the prisoners marching into the town, I met Colonel Ambrosio and four other French officers, at Mili, in charge of two men; and, as the Colonel requested to have an officer with him to prevent insult from the people, I sent Capt. Ballard, of the 44th regiment. I merely mention this circumstance, because it was confidently reported that Colonel Ambrosio was up to his neck in the sea when taken prisoner; and, as he afterwards told me, at Malta, that he felt hurt at the idea of being taken in such a manner: all I can say is, that, when I met him, his clothes were perfectly dry, and even his boots highly polished, which Captain Dudie, of the 44th regiment, then in the Quarter-Masters's general department, (but who joined me in the morning,) observed as well as Captain Ballard.

Wednesday 19th.—Firing between our batteries at the Faro, and the enemy's opposite; but this is nothing extraordinary. At night, I visited all my posts as far as Mili, and the regiments of my command stationed in Messina; here the regiments take it wing about to parade before day-light, whereas, out of town, the entire regiments are under arms.

Saturday 22nd.—Nothing extraordinary this

day, but, at 10 o'clock at night, an alarm. I rode off to Contessa, visited the posts, very dark, remained till 2 o'clock in the morning, when all being quiet, I returned to Messina; I was not five minutes there, before the alarm guns fired again along the whole line, so I rode back again to Contessa: I went by the low road or beach. The peasantry turned out in great numbers, all armed and determined; and I posted several parties of them in the vineyards, and on the hills: I visited the line of picquets and remained till an hour after day-light; when, all being quiet, and no appearance of an enemy, I returned to Messina. It is very singular that we should be so tormented with false alarms; and that the night the French actually did land there was no alarm given.

23rd.—The heat very oppressive, and the lightning great. Two divisions of the enemy's boats sailed this morning to Scilla and Bagnara. There appears to be other movements in the enemy's camp. Every week deserters come over to us; and yet scarcely an instance occurs of desertion from our flotilla, and none from the army.

Monday 24th.—At midnight the alarm guns were fired along the whole line, taken up from

the South : I rode immediately to Contessa, got the troops under arms, and remained there all night ; it was another false alarm ; very heavy rain, and great lightning : returned to Messina about 8 o'clock, A.M.

27th.—The enemy shewed dispositions to break up and retire ; some flags of truce have passed these last three days : very hot weather.

28th.—Rode, with Lord Forbes, to Cucuruci heights, and afterwards, across the mountains, by the new *Horse and Mule* road, to the Melazzo road, and returned by the Cork-screw hill, which takes that name from its steepness and winding. This was an interesting and beautiful ride, through a romantic and curious country ; several antient water-pipes of tile are to be seen ; and they have found several old coins and medals, in digging to raise redoubts at Cucuruci : Melazzo, Stromboli, and all the Lipari Islands are seen very plainly ; indeed, the bird's eye view, in all directions, from the heights, including Messina, Calabria, and the French camp, is magnificent beyond description. Some regiments marched from the enemy's camp this day : every one is in astonishment, as most persons still expected a general attack. It may be some manœuvre to deceive us.

I have frequently been surprised at the great number of guards we have in the British army. In this respect the soldiers are often tormented.\* As we marched from Messina to St. Stephano, on the 18th, it was provoking to see so many able men on guard all along the road, at a moment when the force of the enemy had landed was not correctly known: I, therefore, took upon me to send back the Major of the 44th regiment, with orders to collect and bring forward every man.

29th.—The enemy are certainly breaking up; a large vessel, laden with brass cannon, got away this morning, and a division of their boats sailed last night to Bagnares: Murat's flag was struck this day, and they are dismantling some of the lower batteries. I went over the citadel this forenoon: the works are all of stone, and on the old construction, more to keep the town in order than an enemy; it, however, commands the harbour. There are scarcely any guns mounted, and the few that are, have such

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\* I may be blamed for the remark; but there positively is a mania in the British army for numerous guards, and, in my opinion, the soldiers are often harassed with them.



rotten carriages, that it is dangerous to fire them.

30th.—Took a boat and sailed as far as the Grotto, and afterwards dined with General Bingham at Salvadore de Greci. The enemy are breaking up fast, and, what is most extraordinary, are not in the least annoyed by us. Another division of boats went off this day, without any opposition from our fleet or flotilla.

An artist is, at present, employed in taking a view of Messina from the light house: he could not have chosen a more favourable point; for there is a natural panorama from it, taking in the whole of Messina, the Streights from St. Placido to the Faro, and the Calabrian coast. This view is as fine as can be conceived.\* Indeed, the beauty of the view is equal, I believe, to any in the world.

All is uncertainty in a military life! Having got a quarter at Contessa, I moved there the 2nd of October; but, on the 4th, was ordered to Melazzo to take the command. The

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\* I afterwards saw this in London, in Leicester Square: it does great credit to the artist. It is impossible to convey a more accurate representation of any place.

enemy's camp having entirely broken up; and most of the troops gone; in consequence of which we were also to break up from our present encampments, and a new distribution was directed. Melazzo and other points are now to be garrisoned as before Murat's appearance; for it was then necessary to concentrate the troops on the point threatened. Murat first went to Reggio and then back to Piale, and embarked at Bagnares for Naples: he carried on appearances to the last; for, in a letter to Sir J. Stuart, a day or two before he went off, he asked particularly for the exchange of Colonel Ambrosio, which favour, he said, should not be forgot in "*La campagne qui enfin alloit à com-  
" mencer !*" His flotilla and boats all gone, and not the smallest attempt by either the army or the navy to impede them. This appears inexplicable, considering the fleet and number of gun-boats we have: many of them went off in the day before our eyes, yet not a shot was fired at them. We have also thousands of Congreve rockets here; they surely might as well have been expended on this occasion, as allowed to spoil in store.

How changed is the scene on the opposite coast; a few days ago covered by a moving and active multitude, now desert mountains, and a

few troops merely to protect the battery near the shore.

6th.—The porter's work (except moving very heavy loads) is done by Calabrese women. It is astonishing how hard they work, and how strong they are: hundreds ply on the Marino, waiting to be called to any job, from sun-rise to sun-set; they are most industrious, and while waiting they are all employed with a distaff, and wind flax into threads. Considering their industry, it is astonishing how poor they are;—bare footed, yet always at hard work or spinning: they carry great loads, work with the shipping, &c. and are dirty and filthy beyond belief. The male Calabrese also do all the hard and all the dirty and menial labour of Messina. This day I gave up my quarter at Contessa, which I had only furnished three days before; a number of Calabrese women carried my baggage to a transport ordered to Melazzo. Next morning I rode out again to Contessa, and breakfasted with Colonel Adam; afterwards rode with him to Mili and St. Stephano, to look, at our leisure, over the ground the French occupied the 18th. The Mili telegraph is on a very commanding hill; indeed all the surrounding country affords the strongest posts: and though the hill the Corsican regiment was on

afforded a fine position for their numbers, still I think, had Murat been serious in his attack, they would have had orders to push for Scaletta, St. Alepio, or Rometta.

What could be Murat's object in sending 3000 men over on the 18th? This is a question which every body asks, but which no two persons agree in answering. The French officers certainly were not in the secret; for, long after, when there could be no use in mystery or secrecy, I met these officers at Malta, and they could only surmise. My decided opinion is, that Murat's object was a mere demonstration of force, to keep our army locked up in Sicily, and prevent reinforcements being sent to Spain. It is true, he had a large army; and it may be said, if such was the motive, would not a smaller have sufficed? but the answer is,—*certainly not*: had he appeared with a smaller force, his object would have been evident; and, as before, we might have invaded Calabria. The same reasoning accounts for the number of boats he had. To assemble an army under the idea of passing it over to Sicily, and not to have boats sufficient, would have been a contradiction.

Suppose Murat had 25,000 men; we know the exact number of his boats; he had 400 of mere

passage unarmed: his flotilla consisted of 60 gun-boats: to oppose this, we had fourteen thousand as fine troops as any in the world, concentrated opposite his camp, and under arms every night. We had three sail of the line, and eight frigates and gun-brigs, all stationed at the points where the enemy might attempt to pass, and also a flotilla of gun-boats. It is natural to ask, how could Murat possibly pass an army over, in face of such a naval force? Supposing all embarked together, and pushed off from Calabria, no one will believe that our men of war would quietly look on and allow them to pass; it is surely not too much to assume, that one-third must have perished in the attempt. Supposing, for argument sake, that he had thirty thousand, and that twenty thousand reached the Sicilian shore;—it was lined with batteries, and, therefore, a further loss of two or three thousand must have attended their landing.

I think fourteen thousand British troops, such as we had, would have made light of seventeen thousand French and Neapolitans; for it would have come to the bayonet at once. At all events, whatever any officers might think, the men were anxious for the trial, and had no doubts on their minds of the issue. Besides, the

armed peasantry from Faro to St. Placido may be estimated at three or four thousand, and they were at this time certainly in our interest.

Had Murat really wished to try his force in Sicily, he had a much wiser mode of acting, than attempting to pass over\* thirty thousand men, at one time, in open boats, opposite the force I have described. Had he been serious, situated as our army was, he should have suddenly marched five thousand men to Reggio, and pushed for Catania, where we had no troops; at the same time a division should have landed at and seized Scaletta, which was weekly garrisoned; he might also have secured the pass of St. Allepio; another five thousand, at least, might have landed at St. Stephano, and pushed immediately on to Rometta: he should have covered this by every *appearance* of attack opposite the Faro, though any real attempt there would, I think, have been madness; perhaps a division might have been sent from Bagnares, and landed in rear of the Faro, and pushed for the heights between that and Melazzo. It is possible that *such landings* might have suc-

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\* I say thirty thousand, for argument; but I do not admit that he had any such force. Those who gave him twenty-five thousand are bountiful.

ceded, and, if they had, the British army must have broke up from the Faro line ; and it would have cost many lives and much trouble before they could have been reduced. Murat might have taken advantage of the then circumstances ; but still, I think, our navy was so stationed that he could not have passed any troops between the Faro and Contessa. But, what puts it out of all doubt, that it never was his intention, when his troops first assembled opposite the Faro, we were totally unprepared ; then it was that he neglected an opportunity not to be recovered. In short, at that time, there was neither fleet, gun-boats, batteries, nor troops sufficient to have given him any opposition.

The rapidity with which Sir John assembled the troops, is much to his credit ; and, in a short time, batteries were erected on the line of defence, roads of communication made, and every preparation for resistance. But the flotilla, which was of Sir John's creation, was most important ; and to it (if Murat really was serious) we are, in a great degree at least, indebted for keeping the war out of Sicily.

It must be obvious to every reader, that an army of twenty-five thousand men require certain stores, some provision, cannon, &c. before

they can attempt to act ; and I think it must be equally obvious, that such a body of troops and such supplies, without one frigate to cover their landing, could not be passed over in face of eleven English men of war. To reason more on this point, would be superfluous. In my opinion, Murat's object was (as I said before) to prevent any force being detached to Spain ; and, if so, he certainly gained his point. He could not winter in Calabria ; and, consequently, he broke up before November.\*

A small force may, as was the case, be passed over, when a large one could not ; the former requiring little preparation. I, therefore, conceive Murat had never any serious intention of invading Sicily ; and, as the time arrived when he was to break up, this expedition of the 18th, was a mere cover to preserve appearances, while he took his measures. The place where he passed over was to the south of Messina, and

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\* It is but justice to add, that Captain Robinson, of the Marine Artillery, superintended the Flotilla Dock-yard with a zeal, activity, and ability, seldom equalled, which rendered his services highly important. This branch of the service was, in all respects, of the greatest utility. It might be much improved, and save the wear and tear of men of war, should the defence of Sicily be hereafter an object.



he could not have done even that any other night; for, by some fatality, the gun-brigs, which were cruizing on the station, were called into Messina that very afternoon,

Some persons thought Murat made a more than usual display of embarkation opposite the Faro on the morning of the 18th, while others *denied* it; but, as I was at this time sixteen miles to the south, all I can say is, that a number of officers, and General M'Farlane also, came in that morning from the Faro to Messina, who certainly would not have done so, had there been any *serious* appearances in that quarter.

Although this campaign afforded no opportunity to the officers and soldiers of the Anglo-Sicilian army of achieving any brilliant action, or of reaping such laurels as have been so deservedly gained by our brethren in other parts; still the excellence of the regiments composing it, and its high state of discipline, leaves no room to doubt what their conduct would have been, had there been a trial. The situation of the commander of the forces was certainly one of difficulty; for he did not meet that assistance or cordiality from the Court of Palermo, which he had a right to expect. Not even one regiment of infantry did the king contribute to the

defence of this his last stake: a regiment of cavalry (the Val de Noto) and a division of Sicilian gun-boats (but rationed by England) was all the aid we could obtain. The repairs of the fortifications at Syracuse, Augusta, Melazzo, and Trapani, were defrayed by England. Every remonstrance from our minister Lord Amherst, or from Sir John Stuart, was useless. Considering the limited powers of the latter, his being able to conduct matters so as to effectually provide for the defence of Sicily, and, at the same time, keep up any friendly intercourse with the Sicilian Court, which shewed such shameful apathy, proves Sir John to possess no inconsiderable share of diplomatic talent; and there can be no doubt, that without his professional exertions, and the creation of the flotilla, what was intended by Murat as a feint, might have been a real, and possibly a successful attack.

8th.—I went to the parade early this morning, and afterwards rode up the hills with Captain Styger to Fort Gonzago, and from thence to Fort Castellacio, both strong, and lately repaired by us. The great fumara under and near Gonzago is most beautiful, being, not like most of them, covered with huge rocks or stones, but,

with a rough gravel, it looks from the fort like a fine road: the curious hills, the houses scattered about, the villages, gardens, and orange trees all contribute to enliven the scenery; but a thunder storm came on and produced a fine contrast, changing the different tints of the mountains from black to dark and light blue, with the distant thunder clouds, affording one of the finest subjects imaginable for a painter; indeed, this is the country for an artist who paints from nature. Near this place are some fine *Arbutus* trees, the berries so red and ripe as to be almost as good as our strawberries. The soil is grateful and good, but is never assisted; neither do they ever change their seeds. The gardens are also all full of orange trees, which shade and stop the air from the vegetables. The people are three hundred years behind even the Irish peasantry. The vegetables all bad, small, and insipid, being produced by heat and water; the ground, naturally good, gets no manure, neither do they take pains about their seed: I have seen some large cauli-flowers, but with no flavour: asparagus about as thick as a bodkin, and as bitter as gall: peas very bad and insipid: potatoes (only known since the English came) indifferent: hundreds of goats, about the hills, supply Messina with milk, and very bad butter:

meat very bad : fruit the worst I ever met with, oranges excepted.

9th.—A transport from Melazzo, in coming through the Faro drifted over near the Calabrian shore, and was very nearly taken. The enemy fired a great deal at her : Admiral Boyles arrived from Malta.

10th.—This morning the Leyden, of sixty-four guns, arrived from Portsmouth, after a remarkably quick passage, only twenty-three days : she had a smart action with the enemy coming through the Faro ; she brings above four hundred recruits, and we hear there has been a brevet. I took a boat, and called on Admiral Boyles on board the Canopus : I also went on board the Martha, and got my baggage embarked in a transport for Melazzo.

On the 11th, I walked in the evening, with a party of ladies and officers along the Marino : the ruins of the houses destroyed by the great earthquake, the harbour full of ships, a perfect quietness, only interrupted by the Convent bells, with a bright moon light, and smooth sea, the Calabrian mountains opposite,

and the Sicilian in the back ground of Messina; all contributed to form a fine and interesting scene. As the troops, ordered to Melazzo, will not arrive there before the 24th, I make use of the interval in seeing all I can of Messina; though the weather is so extremely hot, that, from eleven till three o'clock, I do not go out if I can avoid it.

14th.—Went to the top of the Capuchin tower (formerly Fort Mutagriffone) on which the telegraph is placed; there is a fine view of the town, harbour, and streights from the Faro to the end of Calabria. The Convent, which is large, is now used as a military hospital: walked afterwards on the Marino and examined the fine old gate at the arsenal. Dined this day with Sir J. Stuart, which, indeed, I do very frequently, and after went to the opera; at present, there is an excellent company of performers, and very good dancers. Sunday, as in all Catholic countries, is the grand night: the ballet is this evening full as good as I have seen in London or Paris.

16th.—Went on board the *Canopus* this morning at 8 o'clock, to breakfast with Admiral Boyles, and, after that, called on board the

Warrior, and, on my return, went to Fort St. Andria, and the Bastion Reale, at the end of the Marino: the latter has some large casemates and bomb proofs into which I went: I also visited some of the smaller churches. In the afternoon I rode to the Convent of Monte Santo and Carabara Hospital, most beautifully situated and commanding fine views: the Convent (Carmelite order) is almost in ruins; the Monks reduced to six, and very poor: the streets of Messina are all flagged with Lava; and this day, with much to do, for the first time, the Corso, or main street was swept by the Galley slaves. It certainly is an improvement as to appearance, but not much as to riding, the streets being, in consequence, very slippery. In the evening at the opera.

17th.—Took a ride this morning up the great Piamara, beyond the Porte Magdalene: a beautiful country, but a dirty people; still they do not get drunk, and all have comfortable beds, though ever so poor. The views of the hills in ridges, behind each other, and the different lights and shades, have a fine effect,—what a country for a landscape painter. In the afternoon, went with Dr. Mosely to see the Carcere, or great prison. The dungeons are very dirty: none are under ground, but are formed round a vaulted

room on the ground floor, quite dark ; they are built like dog boxes ; into these persons are put and closed up, with merely an air-hole, but no light, and no room to stand up. They give the prisoners food once a day, and here wretches have been confined for months, on suspicion ; fortunately, they are now empty. There is a large room with an apparatus for giving the cords to criminals, as at Rome, and in Italy ; but it is inflicted in private. I saw a great number of cells, with hundreds of fine seals on the doors, and on inquiring from the jailor, who appeared a humane man, I found that when people are taken up here, for any political crime, or on suspicion, the Government will not even trust the jailor ; but the Senate and certain officers come and absolutely seal them up. They take away the keys, and then seal the door ; and as they must open it once in two days, to give the unfortunate inhabitant food, the doors are in consequence all covered with fine sealing wax. These dungeons are in the upper story, and are almost dark, but dry. We afterwards went to see the palace, near St. John's, a wretched building. Here a wretch, who came last year from Palermo, caused some shocking dungeons to be built, which he filled, being a perfect Robespierre ; but in consequence of a tumult, Lord Forbes and Dr. Moseley were ordered to examine into it, and their interference put an end to this tyranny and oppression.

The Chasseurs Britanniques embarked this afternoon, in the Leyden and two transports, and sailed immediately for Spain.

18th.—In St. John's church, I saw the bones of certain saints, deposited there some centuries. They are most carefully locked up, and an application to the Senate was necessary to see them. In the Franciscan convent, near the town on the Faro road, we saw a room with a number of bodies of monks dried, and in niches, like those at Malta, but not so well preserved: a nasty sight, but which shews the vanity of this world. These bodies were once alive, and like the fine healthy young men I saw on coming out, (one of our regiments being quartered in this convent) I could not help moralizing, and thinking that I and all these men now so gay and thoughtless, shall in a few years, or perhaps months, be no better than these dried monks; and yet we all go on as if we were to live for ever. The packet telegraphed.

22nd.—All the gun-boats went out this morning, and after an action of two hours, returned. I must observe, that though the greater part of Murat's gun-boats, and all his transport flotilla, have left Calabria, they still have a division of gun-boats; but the actions of late have been



chiefly between our gun-boats and the French batteries.

My promotion to Lieutenant-General was this day in orders, and my consequent removal from the Staff after the 24th inst. Generals M'Kenzie and Skerret are also promoted, and off the Staff; and some of the Captains of the smaller men of war here, lose their ships by their *promotion*. I had no idea of a brevet taking place so soon, when I left England: it will leave me master of my time, however, while I remain here, and enable me to make the tour of the island. The season is now so far advanced, that I am determined to sail in a gun-boat to-morrow, which Sir J. Stewart has ordered for me, to Catania. It is rather late for Etna; but, if possible, I will get to its summit. Dined with Sir J. S. who gave me some letters of introduction.

24th.—I could not sail this day, as I was obliged to disembark my baggage from the Chatham transport, which sails this evening for Melazzo; and, as the winter is now coming on, I have determined to stay in Sicily till Spring. Made preparations for sailing to-morrow; I shall leave my two English servants at Messina, and take my Sicilian Pascall, (a first-rate cook) with me, Major Coghan, my *aid-de-camp*, and Lieut

R. Sweeny, of the 62nd, accompany me; and I have also got an orderly dragoon to attend us.

25th.—In this country, it is necessary to carry bedding, a canteen, and some wine and provision, which, with our travelling baggage, was put on board the gun-boat early this morning; just as we were going out of harbour, the wind chopped round south, which being quite contrary for us, we could not proceed.

I cannot too often repeat the beauty of the country round Messina, which is never better enjoyed than from on board a man of war, one mile from shore. To behold this city from the sea, its beautiful harbour, the winding Straights extending for miles from the Faro to St. Placido, its several capes and promontories; the chains of mountains behind Messina, of most irregular forms; forts Gonzago and Castellacia, with Antena Mara, (next in height to *Ætna*) crowning the whole: in short, an assemblage of mountains, water, and orange groves, with a fine city, convents, and villages, all comprised in one view, that cannot be surpassed; but, as the sun declines, and strikes on Calabria, new and rich tints with different shades appear. The wild sublimity of those mountains, the light which at this time displays the distant forests, with range

behind range of all forms and shapes, constitute a scene at once magnificent, beautiful, and sublime.

A frigate passed the Faro this evening, and was not fired at. Great thunder and lightning in the night : my room illuminated by the flashes.

26th.—Wind continues contrary, and the rain falls in torrents ; but very warm. Thermometer in shade at two o'clock, P.M. 70. The thunder, lightning, and rain continued with great violence all day.

30th.—Wind contrary : I therefore went at ten o'clock this morning to the convent of St. Gregorio, to see a young lady take the veil ; a ceremony worth seeing ; had high mass, and very fine music. On such occasions, the friends invite the principal nobility and gentry to the ceremony, and I had my invitation : We all first assembled in a room, where the Novice conversed with every one ; chocolate, coffee, and cakes, were handed about ; after spending a full hour we went into church,—the ladies and gentlemen all in full dress ; the church illuminated : the lady, to take the veil, sat behind the grating ; which was now open, so that she appeared in front very

close, like a singer in front of an orchestra. After high mass, she and her sisters (for she has two in the Convent, but who will not become Nuns,) sang; she then took up the scissors, and made the signal of cutting to her acquaintance, laughing and seeming very gay: she is certainly either very superstitious, or she acted her part admirably: her mother assured me she did all she could to prevent her becoming a Nun, but to no purpose: she was most splendidly dressed as if for Court, and a profusion of diamonds; for, on these occasions, they are lent by all the relations and friends. After the blasphemous song of *Oh! Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ, come and marry me!* a priest got into the pulpit and preached a sermon: a grand concert of Church music succeeded, during which she was taking up the scissors, and making significant signs, when the Chief Priest and Lady Abbess came and cut off her fine hair: she then began to undress, throwing into a large dish the worldly follies of dress; the diamonds, ear-rings, bracelets, &c. &c. all were tossed away with disdain, after which she went out, and returned in ten minutes, completely metamorphosed, in the dress of the order,—a gloomy black, and very badly made: the company withdrew to the room we first assembled in; her friends and the ladies were all presented, and kissed her; strangers bowed.

I conversed with her, and advised her to repent.

The rule is this :—After the noviciate, they take the white veil as above ; and this day she spends with her family : at night she returns to the convent, and no one can see her for a month, after which she may come to the grate like the others : at the end of one year she may take the black veil, which is a fatal vow never to be reversed, or rather she then takes the vows ; but, if she chuses, she may ask another year, and even a third, at the end of which she must declare her intention finally. They say there is no force ; but there is the same thing. These poor girls are educated for it, and their minds warped, and perverted for the purpose. I advised her to renounce at the end of the year, she however smiled, and said her resolution was taken. These ceremonies, when public like this, are expensive, and defrayed by the family. Every person of any distinction, in Messina, attended on the occasion, as this lady was the daughter of the Grand Judge. The ceremony ended with a discharge of guns and paterros.

The black veil is a more singular ceremony, as I am told, and more expensive. On this occasion the Nun, being married to Jesus Christ,

renounces the world for ever, and, in testimony thereof, is put into a coffin, surrounded with candles, and ends with the three vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity : to such a pitch can the human mind be worked up : however, these institutions are now fortunately on the decline.

This Church of St. Gregorio is very pretty, and has most beautiful marble work, also some pictures. The batteries kept up a smart fire (though certainly a very distant one) for above an hour this afternoon. The effect is, however, very fine to the lookers on. The shot go quite over the Streights ; the shells above half way.

Nov. 1st.—I visited the Madre Chressa, or Cathedral, in which are twenty-two columns of granite, formerly belonging to a temple of Neptune at the Faro, two of them appear entire pieces. The order I am unacquainted with, the capitals being unlike any I have seen elsewhere. There are, in twelve niches, colossal statues of the Apostles ; but, so much covered with dust, it was impossible to say whether they were formed of stone or marble.

## CHAP. IV.

*Scylla and Charybdis—Arrival at Catania—  
Ascent of Mount Ætna.*

- " Dextrum Scylla latus, lævum implacata Charybdis  
 " Obsidet : atque imo barathri ter gurgite vastos  
 " Sorbet in abruptum fluctus, rursusque sub auras  
 " Erigit alternos et sidera verberat unda.  
 " At Scyllam cæcis cohibet spelunca latebris,  
 " Ora exsertantem, et naves in saxa trahentem.  
 " Prima hominis facies, et pulchro pectore virgo  
 " Pube tenus : postrema immani corpore pristis,  
 " Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum."

ÆNEIDOS, lib. iii.

The classical reader, whose imagination has been exalted by the descriptions of the antient poets, might be greatly disappointed at the first sight of the "*implacable Charybdis lashing the stars with its waves,*"\* as pictured by

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\* Or, as Dryden, with inimitable Bathos translates it, "*Washes the face of Heaven.*"

Virgil. The present Charybdis generally appears to be little more than a tumultuous agitation of the sea at a small distance from the shore, which would scarcely excite notice, were it not from the celebrity it has acquired in poetry.

Scylla is, indeed, a most interesting object, of which I have given a correct sketch, taken at a distance; but that side of the Straights, being in possession of the French, I had not an opportunity of inspecting it more nearly. Since my return, I have perused the description of Scylla and Charybdis, given by Spellanzani, who had an opportunity of examining them when these Straights were not occupied by contending flotillas. I shall subjoin his account to the short notice which I have taken of Charybdis in my journal. The reader may observe, that, in both accounts, Charybdis is considered not as a real gulph or whirlpool, but an eddy, occasioned by *opposing currents*.

“ Charybdis, (says Spellanzani,) is distant  
 “ from the shore of Messina, about 750 feet,  
 “ and is called, by the country people, Calofaro,  
 “ not from the agitation of the waves, as some  
 “ have supposed, but from the Greek words  
 “ *Kalos* and *Pharos*,—that is, the beautiful



“ tower from the light-house, erected near it  
“ for the guidance of the vessels. The phe-  
“ nomenon of the Calofaro, is observable when  
“ the current is descending; for, when the  
“ current sets in from the north, the pilots call  
“ it the descending rema, or current; and,  
“ when it runs from the south, the ascending  
“ rema, the current ascends or descends at the  
“ rising or setting of the moon, and continues  
“ for six hours. In the interval, between each  
“ ascent or descent, there is a calm, which lasts,  
“ at least, a quarter of an hour, but not longer  
“ than an hour; afterwards, at the rising or  
“ setting of the moon, the current enters  
“ from the north, making various angles of in-  
“ cidences with the shore, and, at length, enters  
“ the Calofaro. This delay sometimes continues  
“ two hours; sometimes it immediately falls into  
“ the Calofaro; and then experience has taught,  
“ that it is a certain token of bad weather.”

Spellanzeni also inform us, that he passed over the Calofaro, in a boat, which rocked very much, and obliged the men to make use of their oars to prevent them being driven out of it. He threw different substances into it, those which swam were soon driven out of the revolving circle by the agitation of the waters; those which sunk were not thrown up again. He also

sounded the bottom with a line and plummet, and found its greatest depth did not exceed 500 feet; but, beyond it, in the middle of the streight, he was informed the depth was double.

When the current and the wind are contrary to each other, and both in great violence, especially when the sirocco or south wind blows, the swelling and dashing of the waves in Charybdis is more impetuous and extensive; it then contains three or four eddies, or even more, according to its extent and violence. If, at this time, vessels are driven into it, they are seen to whirl round, rock, and change, but are never drawn into the vortex; they only sink when filled with water by the waves beating over them: when vessels of a larger size are forced into it, whatever wind they have they cannot extricate themselves; their sails are useless; and, after having been for some time tossed about by the waves, if they are not assisted by the pilots of the country, who know how to bring them out of the course of the current, they are furiously driven upon the neighbouring shore of the Laterna, where they are wrecked, and the greater part of their crews perish in the waves.

From these facts, the classical reader will perceive that the ancient descriptions of the Charybdis are by no means so accurate as those of Scylla. The saying, however, which became proverbial among the ancients, viz. that he who endeavours to avoid Charybdis, dashes upon Scylla, is in a great measure true. If a ship be extricated from the fury of Charybdis, and carried by a strong southerly wind along the streight towards the northern entrance, it will, indeed, pass out safely ; but, should it meet with a wind in a nearly opposite direction, it would become the sport of both these winds, and unable to advance or recede, being driven, in a middle course, between their two directions, would run full upon the rock of Scylla, if it be not immediately assisted by the pilots. It is likewise observed, that, in these hurricanes, a land wind frequently rises, which descends from a narrow pass in Calabria, and increases the force with which the ship is impelled towards the rock.

Scylla is a lofty rock, distant twelve miles from Messina, which rises almost perpendicularly from the sea on the shore of Calabria, and beyond which is the small city of the same name. Though there was scarcely any wind, I began to hear, two miles before I came to the rock,

a murmur and noise like a confused barking of dogs, and, on a nearer approach, readily discovered the cause. This rock, in its lower parts, contains a number of caverns; one of the largest of which is called by the people there, Dragara. The waves, when in the least agitated, rushing into these caverns; break, dash, throw up frothy bubbles, and thus occasion these various and multiplied sounds. I then perceived with how much truth and resemblance of nature, Homer and Virgil, in their personifications of Scylla, had portrayed this scene, by describing the monster they drew, as lurking in the darkness of a vast cavern, surrounded by ravenous barking mastiffs, together with wolves, to increase the horror.

Such is the situation and appearance of Scylla. Let us now consider the danger it occasions to mariners. Though the tide is almost imperceptible in the open parts of the Mediterranean, it is very strong in the streight of Messina, in consequence of the narrowness of the channel, and is regulated, as in other places, by the periodical elevation and depression of the water. Where the flow or current is accompanied by a wind blowing the same way, vessels have nothing to fear, since they either do not enter the streight, both the wind and the stream opposing

them, but cast anchor at the entrance; or, if both are favourable, enter on full sail, and pass through with such rapidity, that they seem to fly over the water: but, when the current runs from south to north, and the north wind blows hard at the same time, the ship, which expected easily to pass the streight with the wind in its stern, on its entering the channel, is resisted by the opposite current, and, impelled by two forces in contrary directions, is, at length, dashed on the rock of Scylla, or driven on the neighbouring sands, unless the pilot shall apply for the succour necessary for his preservation; for, to give assistance in case of such accidents, twenty-four of the strongest, boldest, and most experienced sailors, well acquainted with the place, are stationed, day and night, along the shore of Messina, who, at the report of guns fired, as signals of distress, from any vessel, hasten to its assistance, and tow it with one of their light boats. The current, where it is strongest, does not extend over the whole streight, but winds through it in intricate meanders, with the course of which these men are perfectly acquainted, and are thus able to guide the ship in such a manner as to avoid it: should the pilot, however, confiding in his own skill, condemn or neglect this assistance, however great his ability or experience, he would run the

most imminent risk of being shipwrecked. In this agitation and conflict of the waters, forced one way by the current, and driven in a contrary direction by the wind, it is useless to throw the line to discover the depth of the bottom, the violence of the current frequently carrying the lead almost on the surface of the water. The strongest cables, though some feet in circumference, break like small cords : should two or three anchors be thrown out, the bottom is so rocky that they either take no hold, or, if they should, are soon loosened by the violence of the waves. Every expedient afforded by the art of navigation, though it might succeed in saving a ship in other parts of the Mediterranean, or even the tremendous ocean, is useless here. The only means to avoid being dashed against the rocks, or driven upon the sands in the midst of this furious contest of the winds and waves, is to have recourse to the skill and courage of these Messinese seamen.

Nov. 2nd.—People differ much about the real situation of the Charybdis, which evidently arises from the cross currents in the Straights ; it probably was a more permanent or stationary phenomenon in former times : the convulsions of nature in Sicily and Calabria, must have occasioned many changes. At present, what is called

the Charybdis, evidently shifts by currents coming in contact during particular winds. I saw these currents plainly this day, in the greatest violence, and almost across the Streights from Salvador de Grecci to San Geovani in Calabria. I have seen them at times opposite the citadel of Messina, and so violent as even to whirl a frigate quite round; I have also seen the same effect at the Faro Point; but most frequently this agitation of the sea takes place opposite the citadel. The ancients had great terror of these Streights, and some say, would not pass them. Lord Nelson was certainly the first who sailed through in modern times with a large fleet.\*

5th.—This being the anniversary of gunpowder plot, the British men of war fired. In the afternoon, the enemy fired a feu de joie from their batteries along the whole line from Scilla to Reggio, and the towns were illuminated at night: we fear they may have gained a victory in Spain or Portugal.

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\* From the Faro Tower, the shortest line across to Calabria, is 10,731 feet; 3,573 yards; or two miles. To the Torre di Cavallo 18,720 feet. From Messina to Calabria, directly across is six miles and a half. From Reggio to Catania, 32 miles. From the French Batteries to our Batteries near Gonzari, 10,956 feet.

6th.—The wind being fair, I breakfasted, and got every thing on board; but when just ready to sail, the wind changed, and became contrary; I was obliged to disembark. At three P.M. we had a storm of thunder and lightning, and a tremendous hail shower. The hail-stones were as large as pistol balls, and almost as hard. In the afternoon, the wind came about, but too late to embark; for these small coasting gun-boats do not like to keep the sea at night in winter.

7th.—At last the wind was fair, and we sailed in the gun-boat, at nine o'clock A.M. Myself, Major Coghlan, and Lieut. Sweeney, of the 62nd regiment, with an orderly dragoon, and Pascall, my cook. We had a good run as far as Scalletta, which is curiously situated on a high rocky hill, over the sea: in fact, there are two towns, one on a hill, and one at the beach, and two strong forts, one above the other. At one o'clock, P.M. it fell calm; but as we were close to the coast, we got a drag rope, and ten men ashore, and between rowing and hauling, and with the current, we got on. We landed, and walked along the coast a mile or two, and then hired four bullocks to tow us, which they did within a few miles of Taorminum, by nine P.M. As the wind rose again, and we had a fine moonlight night, the



Captain Padrone proposed to stand on for Catania, which I readily consented to, and then lay down in the small cabin in my clothes, and never slept better.

At six o'clock A.M. Thursday the 8th, I found we were in sight of Catania. Mount Etna looked most sublime from the sea, and was very clear. We passed close to the famous Basaltic Isles\* of the Cyclops, of which I had a distinct view. We saw several old towers and castles on the coast, with high mountains in the back ground. The wind always most uncertain in the Mediterranean, now changed round: these lateen vessels lie very close; we were obliged, however, to make several tacks, and got into the Mole at nine; just twenty-four hours passage.

Catania is a beautiful city, and its situation close to the sea, under Father Etna, with his numerous progeny, (as Mr. P. Breydone calls all the minor volcanic hills depending on him,) forms a beautiful *coup d'œil*. I was recommended to go to

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\* These Basaltic Islands near Trizza are very like the Giant's causeway, on the top of one of them are the ruins of an old Castle. They find puzzolana and a red scoria on them, with strata of clay and lava, partly columnar and partly amorphous.

the Elephant Inn, and was told the landlord of it, was an excellent guide ; but we could not get accommodation there, so went to the Lion d'Oro, which is kept by an old mountain guide, a very civil obliging fellow.\* Everything, however, appeared so dirty : the stairs (more properly a sort of ladder) to the rooms in such a tottering state, and all bore such an air of wretchedness, that we went to the Benedictine convent. I had a letter to Don Veto ; and as I thought these rich convents generally accommodated travellers, (particularly English officers) when the inns are full, a convenience seldom refused at the poorer ones, I had no doubt of meeting a hospitable reception. The English Guards had been a long time quartered in this magnificent convent, and were so much liked, that I hoped that circumstance would assist in getting us rooms there. Don Veto, however, had gone to Augusta, and after dancing us about for near an hour, the Superior ordered us apartments, but with only bare walls, not even a stool or table in them : these we did not accept, and were going to the Senate to request quarters, which, indeed, I should have been entitled to, under the passports and letters I had

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\* Though the Houses are in general badly finished and dirty inside, outside they have a fine appearance, being almost all of good and splendid architecture.

from the worthy Governor of Messina, General Danero, when the master of the *Lion d'Oro* came with his book of certificates, in which I saw the recommendation of many persons that I knew, so I went to his house rather than trouble the Senate; and as we had our own bedding, and were pretty well accustomed to dirty rooms, we thought we should be more our own masters at an inn, than at a private house.

Sir J. Stuart gave me a letter to the Chevalier Paterno, a most civil, obliging, and well-informed man: I walked about the town with him this day. It was almost entirely destroyed by the great earthquake, in the year 1693; but has been rebuilt. There is a curious elephant of lava, in the great square, with an obelisk on his back of Egyptian granite, an antique. I made all my arrangements for going up Etna to-morrow, and then went to the play with Paterno. It is a poor house: in fact, a private one in Prince Bascarris's palace, lent while the public one is building.

9th.—It was a very fine day, when we set out on our expedition to Etna, at nine o'clock A.M. We arrived at the convent at Nicolosi, at one P.M. just four hours. Such a road or rather mountain path all over high rocks of lava, I be-

like, can scarcely be found in any other part of the world.

We had mules and horses (I found one for my orderly dragoon, as of course he could not bring his from the regiment) to carry our provision, bedding, &c. It is most wonderful how these animals climb up and down and over rocks, with their load, without stumbling. The innkeeper, Lorenzo Abati, and his son, accompanied us as guides, and my cook, Pascall, a necessary person on a Sicilian journey. The distance to Nicolosi is called twelve miles, but I doubt if it is more than ten. The convent at Nicolosi affords good and hospitable accommodation to strangers visiting the mountain; but a letter from that at Catania, (the Benedictines) is necessary, and between the provisions I brought up, and the convenience at Nicolosi, we fared very well. It is absolutely necessary in Sicily to carry a mattress, pillow, blanket, and sheets, and a small canteen, all which they pack on a mule. We passed the village of Nicolosi, which is a very tolerable one; and near it for about two miles, the road is good, compared to the rocks we climbed over before. The country here is more level for a mile, and through small cinders or ashes, and black sand. On the rocks of lava through which the road or path runs from Catania, we saw the finest roses

and carnations growing wild, and in flower. The poor children along the sandy part of the road, came following us, begging, and tumbling, just as they do in Wales, and many parts of England.

While dinner was preparing, I walked with Sweeney, up a very steep mountain, at the back of the convent. The soil is entirely of black and fine ashes and cinders, like coal dust, but covered with vines. The ascent was difficult; from the top I counted twenty-five volcanic mountains and extinguished craters, all the children of Etna, and many of them covered with wood: we had a fine view as far as Syracuse. The height of Etna appears very great; but from some points, particularly at sea, I never saw two mountains so perfectly similar in shape, and so like in appearance, with the mere difference of size, as Etna and our conical mountain, called the Sugar-loaf, near Bray; but it is comparing a Giant to a Dwarf. All round the convent, and on the adjoining hills, though the soil appears to be mere coal-dust, there are fine vine-yards, and fig-trees growing wild, with many other plants.

The woody region begins about three miles from Nicolosi; but from the hill at the back

of the convent, has no appearance of forest, as travellers describe ; on the contrary, it looks like brushwood, and not of any great extent.

Sweeney and I, next ascended Monte Rosso, so called from its red and fiery appearance, in reality it forms two mountains, from whence came the torrent of lava, that almost overwhelmed Catania in 1669 ; and the course of which can be still traced from these mountains to the sea, full fourteen miles. This Bocca has never been in activity since ; indeed, the mischief it then occasioned with that, from a terrible earthquake twenty-four years afterwards, which destroyed the town, made it a matter of astonishment, that Catania should be rebuilt at all, much less in so magnificent and splendid a manner. Few of the great eruptions have been from the crater at the top of Etna for many centuries ; but from various parts of this immense mountain, and at thirty and fifty miles distance,

That eruptions have formerly issued from the great crater is certain, but none of any extent in modern times. Humboldt makes the same observation on the Peak of Teneriffe. We passed two tolerable villages on our way to Nicolosi, and I observed in them, as every where in Sicily, more than one apothecary's shop, and

one or two notaries and smiths. The Benedictine monks formerly were established at Nicolosi; but, after the great eruption in 1669, removed to Catania, where, being very rich, they built a magnificent convent and church, and got leave to abandon Nicolosi, merely keeping a priest at it, and one or two lay-brothers, with one old monk, as they say, to accomodate travellers to the mountain; but, in fact, to be stewards to their immense estates in these parts, the vineyards of which they manage themselves. The good old Padre ——— now in charge, and their chief manager, came and drank a glass of wine with us after dinner: gave us some fruit, and a brazier of charcoal, not unpleasant; he also gave me a brace of very fine red-legged partridges, and a hare killed on the mountain this day; and as we brought fish from Catania, sufficient for two days, he has promised to sup with me, to-morrow, (Saturday); for our dinner hour will certainly be that of his supper. We have ordered an additional guide, as usual, from Nicolosi. They say we are late, and that it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to get to the top of Etna, at this season, however we shall try. Paterno, and those I spoke to at Catania, all declared it impossible; and yet they allowed, that officers of the guards got beyond the Grotta del Cabre, in December and January. Just before I went to

bed, a Mr. Jemelara, who lives in the village of Nicolosi, (the convent is at some distance from it) sent me the key of a hut he has built very high up on the mountain, indeed beyond the philosopher's tower, where the curious traveller may partake of such refreshment as he chuses to bring with him. I have got the Superior's rooms, and as the church is under, by opening a window looking down into it, the Superior could see into the church, and hear mass, without leaving his apartments, when the Order resided here. This convent is called St. Nicola dell Arena.

Saturday, Nov. 10th.—This morning we set out before sun-rise; by my watch 5 o'clock: we passed several miles over a mule track of volcanic rocks, to appearance impracticable. At the entrance of the woody region we met a most complete banditti armed and dressed as a Salvator Rosa, or the wildest Romance writer could wish. I began to repent coming from the Convent without arms, and leaving the dragoon there; but it turned out to be a guard of Prince Paternos, the owner of this part of the woody region, who obtains some revenue from the timber, and the charcoal; and these men are to guard what would otherwise be stolen. I was greatly disappointed in the Woody



**Region**, or **Forest**, as it is called. The trees are mostly too old to be worth cutting down, except to burn; they are mere stumps: here are no new plantations, and nothing like the forests I have seen in Germany and France. The path through *this* region is very good for riding, though always ascending: next is the **Regione Deserta**. I think, from Nicolosi to the **Woody Region** is about five miles, the breadth of that region four, and thence to the top six: the total distance is known to be fifteen miles. At 9 o'clock, we halted to feed the mules near a small old crater still smoking: we have a remarkable fine day, and clear sunshine. The prospect from hence very fine, though the low country was, in some places, obscured by vapour. I could see Syracuse, Cape Passaro, Malta, and had a bird's eye view of almost all the plain of Catania, and most of the lower regions of Etna; the mountain, town, and situation of Castle Scavani\* was also seen distinctly. In summer, it is usual to sleep at the Goat's Cavern, in order to get to the top of the mountain, to see the sun-rise, and some even set out at night-fall from Nicolosi for that purpose: in summer, it is better to go to Jemelara's house, at the

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\* The ancient Enna.

bottom of the cone ; but, in winter, this is too serious an undertaking.

The point I was at this morning, when the sun rose, being so very high above the sea,—I am convinced I saw it just as well as if on the top ;—seeing the sun rise from the top, is very uncertain at any time, as this mountain, like all others, is so frequently enveloped in clouds. I proposed (as is usual when people go up in winter) to breakfast at Jemelara's house. The object, which has induced so many persons, from the Emperor Adrian's visit to the present time, to encounter a night's journey up the mountain, is to see the effect of its shade on one-half of the island. At this season no one attempts to go up in the night ; and the optical effect, produced by the shadow over the island at sun rise, is, in fact, not to be seen one day out of twenty.

The ascent of Etna, is, at this time of the year, difficult and hazardous ; and our Nicolosi guide was even doubtful, if we could get to the top in day-light, and much less would he attempt it in this season at night. Mr. Jemelara, in his letter to me, expressed his opinion, that it would be extremely difficult : I am, however, certain, that, by waiting for a favourable day, it may,

by great exertions, be accomplished in the beginning of December. It is true several parties attempted it, and failed last month; but the weather was very bad: the high winds on Etna, even in summer, also increase the difficulty. The fact is, no one should set out from Catania, or particularly from Nicolosi in winter, but in settled fine weather; and certainly, it may be set down as impracticable from the 1st of November to the 1st of May, in nine years out of ten, except for very strong, robust, persevering men. On arriving at the foot of the cone of the great crater, having rode the last three miles through snow, we found Jemelara's house buried in it, just enough of the top visible to shew there was a house there; breakfast was therefore out of the question: It was impossible to ride farther, so here we left the mules, and proceeded on foot for a mile through snow and over slippery rocks of lava. There are enormous masses of lava, and the space between them, in many parts, so deep that, summer or winter, you must make a long step from one to the other; in other parts we often sunk to our middles in snow. My perseverance was almost conquered: the Major, at the outset from Jemelara's, said he would not attempt it; but we persuaded him to come on, and, with the assistance of the

guide, and his own strength, he gained the top. It would be utterly impossible for a lady to accomplish this at the present time of the year; and, if any accident should befall a traveller, such as breaking a leg or arm, which, from the deceitful path over the snow and through rocks of lava, is not impossible, I really think he must perish; for how could he be moved? We, at last, got over this terrible passage, and arrived at the bottom of the steep cone. This part is all covered with loose ashes and cinders, but, from the *heat* of the volcano, there is no snow at present, though, in December and January, it is covered to within a yard or two of the mouth of the crater. Here the difficulty of ascending, and the labour and fatigue are very great. The air is so pure and rarefied that it affects the lungs, and we lost our breath every five minutes. We were obliged often to scramble on all fours, slipping down frequently many feet in the loose ashes, so very steep is the latter part. The old Nicolosi guide, who shewed the way, was first up; and, as there is a point a little higher, I did not know we had got to the principal summit, till I heard him cry out, "O Que Bella Vista!" this he did by design, bringing us suddenly in view of the crater at a moment we thought we had at least ten minutes more labour to undergo: I was the

first of our party up, and gave three cheers. The sudden view of this immense gulph is terrific at first, and really past description. The day was most favourable, except rather too much wind, which, however, blew from the crater. We were now amply repaid for the labour and the delays of bad weather, and saw most distinctly to the bottom of this wonderful and immense crater, which contains several minor mountains, and their craters within it; some smoking like the most violent glass-house, or steam-works. The ground was here very hot: I had heard much of the coldness of the air, but thought nothing of it, though possibly a person below in the snow, if not in exercise, might be frozen; only my hands were cold, and, except for the wind, I should certainly have found it warm enough; violent as the exercise was, I did not suffer from heat or perspiration, which, with the state of the thermometer, proves the coldness of the air: I was obliged to leave my great coat at Jemelara's,

I went to the top of the highest pinnacle.—A descent into the crater, if the ground is as hard as it appears to be, would have been this day perfectly practicable; the crater often changes its form: on the side which we first approached, the descent was perpendicular;

but, the opposite side, went down by a gradual slope. Our time, in these short days, did not admit of the experiment, or I should have made it.

I sat down at the top, to date three or four letters, which I promised some particular friends, they should receive from this elevated and extraordinary spot: I brought ink and paper for this purpose, as well as to note the degrees at which the thermometer stood at different heights as we ascended. I only wrote a line or two of my letters, which I finished at Nicolosi; but, while thus employed, we had a violent shock of an earthquake: I cannot describe the sensation, particularly at the mouth of such a volcano. However, I dated my letters, and wrote part of them, sanding them with the ashes, but not without feeling a little nervous. After this I took up various specimens of the volcanic matter, our excellent guide assisting: on stirring the loose ashes, the smoke comes out, and the ground feels very hot, if scraped a little, so much so as to burn. On this steep part, I lay flat, and put my head over the precipice, and took some hot minerals out of the crater. After spending nearly an hour on the top of Etna, our guide urged the advanced state of the day for our return,

With difficulty tearing myself away, I remained till my companions had got to the bottom of the cone, I then took a farewell of this great volcano. I can only guess at its size;

think its crater is nearly two miles in circumference; I could see the bottom most distinctly. The descent on the ashes of cone was rapid and agreeable; we soon came to our difficulty,—the *snow*; getting over it as before, from the base of the cone to Jemelara's house, we walked on (still through snow) to the Torre del Filosofo.

Spallanzani states, that the Abaté Ferrara assured him there were no fragments of brick to be found in the Torre del Filosofo, as some travellers assert; but the Abaté is wrong; I have a piece of brick, which I took out of the ruins of that edifice, and which was built with a strong cement of lime. Very little of this ancient fabrick remains above the foundation. There are various opinions respecting it; but, whether built by Empedocles for an observatory, or as a tomb, which many imagine, or on the occasion of the Emperor Adrian's visit, or as a temple to some deity, is uncertain. Its real use and origin is quite lost in its antiquity, and the obscurity of time.

The prospect from this, and from the top of Etna, is magnificent. All Sicily like a map being under us, and across to Calabria: From the top the eye at once beholds all the regions of the mountain; and the rich country about Catania, bounded by the sea. We could see the mountain Pelegrino over Palermo, Melazzo, and the Lipari Islands; and, in very clear weather, Malta is seen in the distant horizon.

Though so little remains of this ancient building, I could not help remaining till the guide reminded me again that 2 o'clock, in the afternoon of November, and on such an elevated spot, admitted no further delay.

From this point, riding down was so difficult, that we went on foot as far as the Grotta del Cabre, where our Catanian guide had gone on before us; he made a fire under an old oak, (for here are the bounds of the Woody Region,) and we had a sort of luncheon of bread and onion; and fed the mules.\*

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\* Great droves of pigs are fed, in this wood, on the acorns and chestnuts. There are plenty of partridges and hares: there are also large wolves and foxes. I got the skin of a very large wolf, which is stuffed, and now in the Museum of the Dublin Society.



No one attempts to go up during the night at this season of the year ; it is therefore usual to set out as we did very early from the Convent, and to take a tea-kettle, and breakfast either at the Grotto, or at Jemelara's ; this we intended, but forgot our tea-kettle ; so had it been possible to get into the house, we could not have had breakfast ; except the above luncheon, we eat nothing from dinner yesterday till our dinner at 8 o'clock this night.

I have before mentioned my disappointment in the woody region ; but from this spot, where we resumed the mules, being much above it, and the sun setting, the light reflected on the autumnal tint, which the leaves had now taken : Etna's family, consisting of numerous small mountains, many of them covered with young oak, their leaves also on the turn : several old volcanos, their craters covered with ashes, and the immense mass of black lava, to the left as we descended, from the eruption of 1766,—altogether presented a grand and magnificent natural panorama of scenery on this great mountain, which I could not behold without sensations of both delight and awe. The difficulty of respiration in the upper parts, from the rarity of the air, adds much to the fatigue of attaining the summit. We were all affected by it, even Lieut. Sweeney,

who is a very strong young man. As we descended, I was more struck with the prodigious and extensive courses of lava, from different eruptions. The chief that now appear in the upper regions, are those of the years 1689, 1766, and 1787. That of 1669, one of the greatest broke out lower down, at Monte Rosso. I could see no marks of the dreadful torrent of boiling water, which came from the great crater in 1755; but a very few years occasion great changes in the appearance of the surface, above the woody region.

The lava of 1787 is above three miles in length, very broad, and is hard and black, and a mass of near twenty feet in height. The naturalist or philosopher should stay at least a week at Nicolosi: he would then be able (particularly in summer) to study the various phenomena of this wonderful mountain. I cannot pretend to do more than excite the curiosity of those who may be able to visit it in a better season, and without limitation of time. A month might be spent on Etna, and something new seen every day. Towards evening, the sulphureous vapour seemed to me much thicker, from several half-extinguished small cones, than in the morning; but I did not perceive the least fire: from one there was a very thick smoke. It is certain that a va-

riety of sublimed and mineral substances, are thrown out of Etna, in a state of vapour, and are dispersed by the winds: these rest on parts of the mountain, and in time accumulate. Many kinds of salts, formed of sulphureous acid with alkaline or metallic bases, are found christallized, which were certainly prepared in the laboratory of the great crater.

Just as we got out of the woody region, night came on, and as the moon was obscured by clouds, we had a most disagreeable ride of two hours, nearly in darkness, over such a path as is incredible; and if the mules and horses we had, were not accustomed to it, and sure footed, they must have broken their legs and our necks. Often we lost the way, and had to scramble over and amidst such masses of lava as is inconceivable to any one who has not had the same experience: it was equally wonderful how the guide could make out the track again. This lava is in blocks of various dimensions; by day-light, it looks (to use Dolomieu's expression) like the chaos of hell; and one can hardly conceive how such enormous pieces of lava could have been ever suspended in the air, for here it is all in detached pieces, from one to twenty feet high, and consequently must have been thrown up in different eruptions, in the same forms and sizes in which they now ap-

pear: whereas, what is called the regular courses of lava, such as that from the Monte Rosso, came like a torrent of matter, nearly liquid, but which, when exhausted, stopped and cooled, and became a solid block of stone, extending for miles. I may as well mention here, that the lava differs extremely in its consistency; some is as hard as granite, takes a fine polish, and displays a variety of colours: I have thirty different specimens of that kind, polished. Some is very porous and drossy, like the dregs from a furnace, and some like huge cinders. There is also another kind, not solid enough to take a polish, but extremely useful and durable as building stone, or flagging for pavement. I must repeat, that it was really matter of surprise to me, (considering the great darkness of the night, and made more so by these huge blocks of lava) that the guide could possibly make his way, or the mules keep their feet; and we often thought we should have been obliged to remain in this dreary region till day-light: for though not included in the desert of the mountain, it is as much so for three miles between Nicolosi and the wood, as that part which is in eternal snow. Often I took a large block of lava, at a little distance, for the convent. It was after many such disappointments, and fifteen hours of extreme toil, (and without refreshment) that we

completed our expedition, and arrived at St. Nicola, nearly exhausted with hunger and fatigue ; at the same time highly gratified with our expedition, and our good fortune, in not only fully accomplishing what every body said was impossible, but having had almost as fine and clear a day as in summer. The good Padre and his brother monk supped with us.

11th.—After breakfast, which was not early, I looked over the Convent ; it is a poor building, and quite out of the world : its few inhabitants are to be pitied in the winter : however, the inside has its conveniences, and also good furniture ; a great number of fine framed prints, but all going to destruction from damp ; for here, in winter, they have as much rain, snow, damp, and cold, as with us ; and no fires. Our accommodation was excellent ; and there is a kitchen, with convenience for a nobleman's cook. I left Pascall at the Convent, who, though as fat as an Alderman, was active and useful, and had a good dinner ready for us last night on our return,—a pleasant thing at all times, but particularly after fatigue. This being Sunday I went to mass, as the old Padre wished it. The altar of the Convent Chapel is very beautifully ornamented with marble ; and

there are some tolerable pictures. I went into their garden and terrace, from which there is a fine prospect down to Catania. All this side of the mountain is highly cultivated, except where it is interrupted by courses of lava; not yet fit for vegetation; and is thickly inhabited. It is wonderful how men differ in their opinions. One would imagine their optic nerves must be very differently constructed. Brydone describes the people in these parts, as the ugliest of the human race; while the celebrated Dolomieu describes them as having Greek features, fine forms, and as a handsome race.

I confess I am rather inclined to side with Brydone, though by no means to his extreme. Near the garden is a very large water tank, (common in Sicily) and some very fine pine trees, and an old burying place of Saints. They shew one tomb in particular; and the Priest, rather unwillingly, gave me one of the bones, saying,—the urbanity, &c. &c. of my Eccellenza was such that he could not refuse; and it is to preserve me against all misfortune and ills for the rest of my life; but, if I had not gone to Mass, and knelt at the elevation of the host, such a favour could not have been granted

After this we went into the Convent cellar. The Benedictine Monks farm a large tract of land here, and make a quantity of wine from their own vineyards; and I never saw such a stocked cellar in Frankfort or anywhere; the casks are immense; I am certain each will hold six pipes, and I think I counted fifty or sixty: of course, it is not *all* for their own consumption. They sell the greater part. After arranging, noting, and packing up my collection from Etna, I took leave of the Convent, and set out at 2 o'clock, P.M. It took us the same time (four hours) to go down as it did to get up, and the same from the top of Etna to Nicolosi, except that, in coming down, I came great part of the way on foot, and stopped frequently to observe different courses of lava of old eruptions, and to take up specimens of volcanic matter. The road from Nicolosi to Catania is, for its badness, past description: on this road are the ruins of an old aqueduct, and much of it remains, part indeed is at present in use.—Brydone denies it; but, I suppose, he did not see it: I perceived that great part of it was built with lava;—another proof, if any, were wanting, of the great antiquity of the eruptions of this mountain.

Near Catania, are a few arches of another aqueduct, which has been considered as the most considerable monument of antiquity near the city : for ages, it resisted earthquakes, eruptions, and the other devastations of time ; and, what is most extraordinary, what time or physical revolutions could not affect, the inhabitants of Catania did themselves : It will scarcely be believed, that they pulled the greater part down in the sixteenth century, as is said, to get stones for building the walls of the town. Of this aqueduct, properly speaking, a very small part remains ; but, although the other, which I examined as I came down from Nicolosi, has suffered much by time and depredations, a great part of it still conveys water.

The Prince of Biscaris, in his account of Catania, says, that, in the time of Fazello, two hundred years ago, forty-two arches of the Great Aqueduct (now so nearly destroyed) existed ; and Fazello says, it was destroyed in order to rebuild the walls of the city.

In all this excursion, I observed great poverty, and yet never met a drunken person, or one in rags ; but their dirt is beyond all belief. We meet women very tolerably dressed, except with bare legs, and those legs and feet



as black as a Negro's, and all from dirt, which forms a hard coat on them.

How fortunate that I went up the mountain yesterday: this day it is obscured, almost from Nicolosi, all in fog, thick clouds, and, no doubt, snowing hard; it also blows a gale, indeed so violent, that, once or twice, I thought it would have carried us away, and it would be impossible in such high wind to go up the mountain; neither do I think any guide could make out the way from the fog, if even no wind; at all events nothing could be seen. I took a thermometer up, (one of Dollond's.) The following heights, at which it stood, are very correct.

They do not agree with those of St. Non, or Brydone; the latter, indeed, went up in summer, and yet, according to him, the thermometer was much lower the 27th of May, on the summit of Etna, than I found it in winter. We differ by eleven degrees. I fastened my thermometer at the end of a stick, to prevent any heat from my hands.

1810.

Degrees.

Friday, 9th Nov. at Catania, in shade in my room,

9 o'clock, A.M. .... 70

At the Convent of Nicolosi same day, at 4 P.M.

and felt cold when not in exercise ..... 65

	Degrees.
At 10 o'clock at night, at ditto.....	56
Saturday, 10th, at the Convent, 5 o'clock, A.M....	55
In the Woody Region of Ætna, half past 8, A.M....	60
Higher up, where we stopped to feed the Mules, at 9 A.M. ....	43
At Jemelara's house, at 11 o'clock, A.M. ground covered with snow.....	45
At the top of Mount Etna, at half past noon.....	38

## DESCENDING.

At the Philosopher's Tower, 2 o'clock, P.M.....	40
At the Grotta del Cabre, 4 P.M.....	57
Convent, at our return past 7, P.M.....	55
Sunday, 11th, when I got up at Nicolosi, past 8 o'clock. ....	55
At Ditto, at noon.....	60
On our arrival at Catania, 6 P.M. ....	70
Monday, 12th, at Catania at noon*.....	68

\* There are, in truth, four regions on Etna: — 1st. The cultivated (Regione Piemontese), which extends from Catania to Montpelieri and Nicolosi. 2nd. The woody (Regione Sylvosa), which extends from near Nicolosi to the Grotta delle Capriole. 3rd. The desert, or snow, (Regione Scoperta), which begins at the Grotto, and extends over the Piano del Frumento to the foot of the Cone, which is the 4th, or Region of Fire.

## ACCORDING TO BRYDONE.

Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Catania, 26th of May, at Mid-day, .....	76
Ditto, 27th 5 A.M.....	72
Nicolosi, 12 miles up, Mid-day, .....	73
Spelonca del Capriole, 7 P.M.....	61
Ditto, Mid-night,.....	52
Torre del Filosofo, 8 A.M.....	34½
On the Summit, before Sun-rise,.....	27

## DISTANCES AND TIME.

There is no measurement, as in other countries; and as to time required, it varies.

I think that marked for ascending is correct

### Fahrenheit's Barometer, in Inches and Lines.

At sea, at Catania,.....	29	84
Piemontese, first Village on Etna, .....	27	8
Nicolosi,.....	27	14
At the Cento Cavalli, in the second region,.....	26	54
Speleosa del Capriolo, .....	24	2
Torre del Filosofo, third region,.....	20	5
Foot of the Crater,.....	20	4½
At the Summit, .....	19	4

### ACCORDING TO Sr. NON.

#### Barometer, in Inches and Lines.

Dec. 12. Sea-shore,.....	27	6
12. Catania,.....	27	0
Nicolosi,.....	26	1
Ditto Convent,.....	26	1
Speleosa Capriolo,.....	24	6
Philosopher's Tower,.....	18	2
Foot of the Cone,.....	18	1
On the Summit,.....	17	1
Descent of Mercury,.....	10	7

Which he calls equal to 9190 feet perpendicular.

### Thermometer, Fahrenheit.

Dec. 22. Sea-shore,.....	57	0½
12. Catania,.....	56	0½
Nicolosi, at noon,.....	63	2½

for any one, as it is impossible to go out of the path; but, in descending it is different: I found it took full as much time, (indeed pretty nearly the same;) but, in descending, I walked half the way; and, when on the mule, only went at a foot's pace, and made many stops, which I include. No doubt those who do not mind their necks, or riding over rocks and down precipices,

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Benedict, 3 o'clock, afternoon,.....	61	6
Spelonca Capriole, 5 o'clock, P.M.....	49	1½
Ditto, at 6 o'clock, P.M.....	43	6½
Ditto, Mid-night,.....	36	2½
Ditto, 4 o'clock, A.M.....	40	2½
Philosopher's Tower,.....	27	1½
Foot of the Crater,.....	27	0½
On the Top,.....	21	6½

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Brydone was at the top at sun-rise in Summer; my observation was made at noon in Winter: still eleven degrees is a wonderful difference.

Authors differ as to the height of Etna:

Brydone says, ..... 12,000 Feet perpendicular.

St. Non, ..... 1,500 Toises.

De Saussure, ..... 10,700 Feet.

Dutens, ..... 10,954 Ditto.

By the Map of Relative heights, ... 11,000 Ditto.

Recupero states the circumference, at the base, to be 180 miles, and the height three times that of Vesuvius.

According to Justin.—(Etnæ) Mons est Siciliæ maximus, propter Cataniam, altitude octo passuum millia: circuitus vero sexaginta continet.

I believe this famous Mountain has never been accurately measured.

may do it much sooner than I did ; and yet, on comparing notes with many, I find very little difference.

Annexed is our exact time, and the distances, as I suppose them, in which I certainly am not much (if at all) out of my reckoning.

	Time to go.	Supposed distance.
From Catania to the Convent at Nicolosi.....	4 hours.	10 miles.
From Catania to the top of Etna....	6	15

#### RETURNING,

From the top to the Grotta del Cabre,

I walked on foot all the way, including many halts, and a quarter of an hour at the Philosopher's

Tower.....	2½	15
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From thence to the Convent.....	3	
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Total up the mountain from the Convent.....	6	
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Ditto to return.....	5½	
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From the Convent to Catania.....	4	10
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Though I estimate the above as a fair average, that is, from the Convent to the top of Etna and back twelve hours, it took us fifteen ; but I must observe, that, on our return for the two last hours, we were in total darkness.

## CHAP. V.

*Catania—Museum of Prince Biscaris—Castle  
—Course of the Lava in 1669—Plains of  
Catania—Silk Manufactory—Remarkable  
effects of the Prickly Pear—Inside of a  
Sicilian House—Sicilian cleanliness and de-  
licacy—Magnificent Convent of the Benedic-  
tines.*

Monday 12th. — Being fatigued, I did not breakfast till 10 o'clock, and then walked out with Paterno. We first went to the famous Museum of Prince Biscaris, which is well worth seeing, being a collection of antiques of all sorts, and arranged with taste, in rooms built for the purpose: There are various Mosaic ancient pavements, a remarkable fine torso, statues, busts, alto-reliefs, and old inscriptions and columns; a fine collection of Etruscan vases. Amongst other curiosities he has a collection of ancient dresses of all countries; some very elegant,

that a lady might now wear : the shoes, indeed, though fine, very Antideluvian ; but, on recollection, not much more so than a pair I have of my great grandmother's.

There is a room with old armour, various bronzes, lamps, volcanic productions, &c. The late Prince, who formed the collection, had also a fine set of coins and medals ; but they are not now shewn. Some persons say they have been sold.

We next went to the old Castle, a very ancient building ; it was formerly washed by the sea ; but, in the great eruption of 1669, from Monte Rosso, the current of lava, which made its way into the sea, and now helps to form the harbour, went quite round it in a most wonderful manner, without doing it any injury, though red hot, and now close to its walls : it looks like an original rock, and has made it an inland building, though formerly more than half washed by the sea. There are several old towers in this Castle, which is now used as a sort of prison, and a barrack for invalids. Near it is a great curiosity, viz.—Where this same torrent of lava, being then in a liquid state, passed over the ancient wall of the city, which still remains perfect to the sea, except where the current of

lava passed over it. An old picture, in the Cathedral fully shews the position before; and any one may have ocular demonstration of its present state, by going down a dozen steps to a fine spring, the sinking for which discovered the junction of the wall through the mass of lava. I went down, and broke off a piece of this lava; but, indeed, there was no discovery necessary; for the thing is so evident, that if the people had used their eyes, they must have seen it before they sunk for the well.

Brydone calls this wall sixty feet in height: This I deny; I certainly did not measure it; but, comparing its height with that of the houses I should call it, at most, thirty feet. It is of prodigious strength, and is built of large blocks of stone and lava. Near this I killed a serpent of a most venomous kind.

I rode out towards Leontini, to see the famous plains of Catania,\* the soil of which appears black, and as fine as that in Essex. They cul-

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\* The Plains of Catania extend twenty-five miles, and twelve broad. The Leontini Fields have been long proverbial for their fertility. I have heard (but I do not answer for it) that, in some parts of this district, corn grows naturally,—like grass with us. Certainly, however, it is a most luxuriant soil.



tivate hemp, and might do so to almost any extent: This is an additional reason for our keeping the island, if possible, by any arrangement.

I did not go as far as Leontini,—the ancient and famous Leontinum; for Paterno described it to me as a most wretched place not worth seeing. In summer, the Mal aria is very destructive to strangers all round Leontini. Soda appears to be a principle article of trade. Next to silk, snow is a chief export from Catania. The Bishop derives a great revenue from the snow of Etna. Drovers of mules, with panniers, comes down every day in Winter, loaded with it: this is compressed hard, and sent, in ship loads, to Malta; and, by mules, all the Eastern coast and inland parts of Sicily is supplied with that article. The ice-houses are all filled at this season. Every man can afford a glass of iced water: Indeed, Paterno observed, that, without the snow of Etna, and oranges, they could not exist in the hot weather. Iced water and oranges are regularly laid on the table every morning. In summer, the mules are employed in bringing down wine from the mountain; which is put into skins. Great droves of swine are fed on Etna on the acorns and chestnuts. In short, though this mountain so

often inflicts calamity on the inhabitants, it seems fully made up to them by its benefits. In every large town there is an ice-house sufficient for a year's supply.

The English guards were stationed a long time in Catania, and were greatly liked by the people. I am told the officers gave large sums in charity, and the poor regret their departure. The higher classes speak of them with respect and affection; and take every opportunity to praise them for their affability and good conduct.

In the afternoon, we walked about the magnificent streets of this beautiful town. All the buildings, ancient and modern, are of lava, and the streets are finely paved with it, and in a most superior manner. The old castle, which is of great antiquity, is entirely built of lava.

The ruins of the old theatre, (but partly built up and inhabited like that of Marcellus at Rome) was the next object of our curiosity. Here, indeed, is an interesting antiquity, though it is only in part cleared from rubbish; but the outside walls are nearly perfect, and the entire easily traced, particularly from the top; and is a proof of the former population and magni-

ficence of Catania: it was as large as our Opera House, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden Theatres together.

Chevalier Paterno was so kind as to attend us every day: he introduced me to several agreeable families; and, from his long residence here, his acquirements and obliging civility, we could not have had a better Cicerone, or more agreeable companion. Prince Manganelli was also very attentive to us, and had the further civility to send us his carriage every morning. This enabled us to make some excursions round Catania, as there are not any carriages for hire in the city. Indeed, the Nobles keep such equipages; but, as there is not much trade or thoroughfare, it would not answer for any person to keep four wheeled carriages for hire, as is the case at Palermo; and though Messina is so large and rich, and with the encouragement of a large British garrison, and many ladies, still there are but three miserable four wheeled carriages there for hire.

The silk manufacture employs thirty thousand people; several have looms at their own houses, and on their own account; but there is one large building for it, and well managed: the silks are beautiful, and appear to me to be good.

I know I never could wear an English black silk handkerchief two days without my beard destroying it, and I have worn one two months which I bought at Malta, and it is as good as ever. The silk stockings, like all made abroad, are very indifferent, without shape, and much dearer than in England: but the silks which they make for ladies gowns, are not only strong and beautiful, but very cheap. The principal manufactory is about a mile out of town.—Nothing of the machinery is done by water or by steam, but by human beings acting on the great wheel like turnspits; in other respects, it is on an excellent system, and flourishes. I went all over it;—a great number of little children (chiefly females) are employed. Near this is a modern aqueduct on the Syphon system, having two pipes within. Opposite is a large Franciscan Convent, and in front of it, an uncommonly large Cypress tree. The Convent is a good building; but the Monks appear to live in misery. We concluded this day by a drive along the Corso, and to the building and new walk at the end of it, close to the sea.

As the wind is fair for Syracuse, I have determined to go there in the gun-boat, and see the remainder of Catania on my return.

13th.—We embarked at 7 o'clock this morning; but, just as we were getting out of the harbour, the wind came contrary, and we were obliged to return: We, however, spent a most interesting day at Catania; Paterno politely attending us as usual. We first went through the Cathedral, and into the old Roman baths under it: and then visited the museum of Baron and Mr. Recupero, brothers and heirs of the late Canonico of that name. They live in a large palace, like all Italian buildings, of superior masonry; but the carpenter's work, is inconceivably bad. They are of different tastes:—the Baron confines himself chiefly to medals and antiquities; the other, to mineralogy and natural history: They have separate apartments. The Baron shewed us an extensive collection of medals in his library, and made me a present of some few bronze antiques. The other also shewed his museum of natural history. They have a few tolerable pictures, and some daubs. Paterno generally dines with us, and we have derived great pleasure and information by his acquaintance.

14th.—All ready for sea this morning, but the wind being contrary, I went to see the Villa, as it is called, but, in fact, the pleasure

ground of Prince Biscaris, formed on the lava, and close to the sea. The lava here has the appearance of an immense bog. The late Prince Biscaris, who had a very large fortune, expended much money and labour in forming walks and terraces (for there is little more) over these rocks of lava: he thought it a useful way of giving charity, to employ numbers of poor people, otherwise it was an absurd undertaking. This garden is half a mile from Catania, which looks beautiful from it, and the view of Etna, now covered with snow from Nicolosi to the top, is very fine.

The present Prince has allowed these walks and gardens to go nearly to ruin, but still much remains.\* There were grottoes, fish ponds,

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\* It is a singular fact, that, in many places, the Mal aria is confined almost to particular spots. I am told, that the guards had an out-post in this Lava Garden at Catania, if a sentinel was advanced beyond a particular spot, he was sure to be taken ill; when another, within perhaps, two yards of the place would not. They even tell you, one side of a house will be infected with the Mal aria, and the other not. I am certain it arises from different causes; for, in some places, it extends over a large tract; in others is found in particular spots: At St. Alessio, I am of opinion it arises from the stench of the flax in that neighbourhood,

temples, and seats: one would imagine it impossible to turn these heaps of rude lava into any form. There is a sort of covered way, and a road near the sea broad enough for a carriage, paved with lava, in large squares, like the streets of Catania; and some even placed and set in octagon, like our Portland flagged halls; and all of the coarse lava. Beyond this, towards the plains of Catania, the coast is sandy, with sand-hills, like Holland or Flanders.

The Prickly Pear has a peculiar quality; it absolutely changes the lava, in a manner, breaks it up, and, in process of time, pulverises it, though ever so hard; and then it forms the most luxuriant soil. They bring a little earth to any crevice of lava, and plant a prickly pear tree, it spreads, and splits the rocks in about seven years; a thick plantation is formed, and a very little earth being added, in about ten years more it is nearly pulverised for some inches, so as to give a soil,

In the afternoon paid some visits, and delivered letters, which I did not intend doing till my return from Syracuse; but, as I am detained by the winds, shall make the shorter stay when

I return. Went again to the miserable play, which seems the only amusement for the Catanese; how they pass their time is wonderful; no dinners, suppers, or conversationes at present. The town is beautiful, and if clean would be charming. Catania was nearly destroyed by the last great earthquake, a similar fate has frequently happened to it before; it has been almost rebuilt in the last sixty years.—St. Agatha is to preserve it in future from all calamities. The huge blocks of lava, with which it is paved, will long resist any wear and tear of weight: Indeed, the whole town is built of lava, as hard as iron, with now and then some of the Syracuse white free-stone, mixed in the ornamental parts. The oldest ruins, theatre, amphitheatre, &c. are all of lava. A singular curiosity appears in the ruins of the amphitheatre; it is now under ground, but cleared so as to allow one to descend and walk about, a torrent of lava, has filled up two of the vomitories completely, passing the others. This proves, as Recupero observes, how ignorant we still are of the history of the eruptions of Etna and its antiquity; for it seems there is no record of this amphitheatre, nor was this eruption known till accidentally discovered.



At the University,\* I saw the ceremony of conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws, and also calling a young lawyer to the bar.

The Italians count their time to 24 hours, beginning at sun-set, so that they vary, in fact, every day; it is very absurd and inconvenient.

I saw one clean house at last, viz. that of the Marquis St. Julian. The floors were of red tiles, but were swept: the looking glasses and lamps clean: the stairs perfectly so: and the doors not all black. In the hotel, where I lodge (as at those of Messina) there are magnificent plates of looking glass, framed; in one room eleven large ones, but quite useless, being black, and an inch thick with dust, now grown hard, and forming a crust over the glass, from the dirt of flies, and not having been wiped these twenty years as I suppose. The rooms all open one into another through the houses, and are very uncomfortable, as they have mostly large fold-

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\* There are twenty-eight Professors' Chairs in this University.

ing doors ; the carpenters' work being very bad, and the doors and windows never close, the people live, in a manner, in public. The heat is still so great, that the use of cold water, and partial bathing, is indispensably necessary ; and, as no person likes to exhibit himself absolutely naked, I am obliged to hang up coats and cloths, without being able to close the doors between my room and the next, so as to prevent any one, who chuses to look in, from seeing all my operations. Custom reconciles us to every thing ; but there is no privacy in an Italian house. This is singular in a country where the women are so given to intrigue ; and if half what is reported of them be true, they must be very liable to detection : few doors have locks or bolts. The windows also are large and open from the floor, with balconies in front ; and, in consequence of the heat of the climate, are open all day in Summer, or rather nine months of the year, so that the opposite neighbours may see every thing done.

Here they have no other conveniences for certain uses, but a thing like a flower-pot, and they empty it, without ceremony, into the street. I am every day more astonished at their dirt and total want of delicacy. It is

very seldom one meets a house-maid in any house, and the few women servants they have appear the dirtiest and most wretched beings of the creation, and always very old. Speaking to Paterno and Prince Manganelli on the subject, and explaining to them the comfort and cleanliness found in every house in England, and the tidiness of our women servants, they candidly told me,—“ The reason you see such miserable  
“ old beings, as female servants, with us, is this:  
“ We never wash linen at home ; our kitchens  
“ are all managed by men ; men sweep the  
“ large rooms and stairs ; and, as to making  
“ beds and emptying certain utensils, and such  
“ work, how could it be expected that any  
“ decent woman would submit to such drudgery ;  
“ they therefore have no candidates for the  
“ station of house-maid, and are obliged to  
“ have one old hag, in every house for the  
“ above purpose.” They also confessed, that the middle and lower orders were all naturally dirty and indolent, and had no idea of the comfort of cleanliness.

I asked, why not have a certain place?—  
They answer, “ Few houses have gardens.”

Then why not a water-closet?—“ Not the

custom: no one understood them; and too great an expence."

In respect to personal cleanliness, all the upper classes of ladies appear as sensible of its attractions as in any other country, and are as clean and well dressed as any I have seen; indeed, in the palaces they always have baths; but I doubt if the men make use of this luxury, or rather, in a hot climate, article of necessity. What would be considered the class of gentry in England, or on the continent, *Petite Noblesse*, almost always have a dirty appearance;—for, if a man has a clean shirt on, he certainly will not be shaved; if his hands are washed, it is evident there is no such thing as a nail-brush in the country, as he will have a black circle at the extremity of his fingers; his teeth, though sound, will be dirty; if he has a well brushed coat, he is certain to have dirty boots. They are in the utmost astonishment at the cleanliness of the British troops; but do not follow the example. It is wonderful how people of all ranks spit on the floors, and to such a degree that one would imagine they were under salivation. This filthy custom is universal.

The noise of an Italian inn, particularly from sun-rise till noon, and also in the streets, is

equal to that in a man of war, even with the *holy stone*: The bawlings and clatter in the house never cease, as if all were fighting and disputing; (but it is only from a certain animation when they speak:) the cries in the streets are loud and discrepant: Lord have mercy on bad sleepers!

“ Eripiunt somnum Druse, vitalisque marinis.”

JUV. SAT. III. 233.

All the women, even the highest, have loud shrill voices.

15th.—I walked out before breakfast to look at Etna; there is a long and magnificent street, west from the Cathedral, at the end of which this mountain appears to great advantage. The wind is still contrary for Syracuse. After breakfast we went to the Benedictine Convent again; and to hear its fine organ, I appointed the organist to be there an hour before mass. If the Haarlem Organ be the first in the world, this is certainly the second. There are three sets of double keys, like three distinct organs; but so arranged that one man can play them all by touching the centre keys: and they have also, like the Haarlem Organ, several stops and keys for the feet: But it is only for easy music

without much accompaniment, that one person can play the three sets; in general there are (as to day) three organists who play together on each set, and there are four large bellows requiring four men to serve them: in the centre there are more keys for the feet, than in the side sets. This organ is, indeed, a superior instrument, and more like a full orchestra than a mere organ; it imitates violins admirably, and changes to that of wind instruments like a regimental band, and has a large bass drum. They played a fine overture, and then changed to the imitation of wind instruments, giving an exact regimental troop and march. After a piece purely of the organ, which they let out to its fullest sound, I went up and examined it. After this, mass commenced, and I was again gratified with hearing this very superior instrument. To my surprise they introduced, in the *Church music*, a piece of Pleyel's.

After mass, we went through the large Museum, which consists of a cabinet of natural history, minerals, medals, and the like. There are two curious, and indeed magnificent tables of ivory, inlaid with ebony, and by pictures so worked, representing the entire Roman history. There is also a good picture by Raphael. The

galleries of this magnificent Convent, lead to some noble apartments, and from them are the entrances to the different rooms of the Monks; the longest gallery is two hundred and fifty yards in length, and twelve feet wide: There are two large squares in this Convent, with galleries or corridors all through, and two stories high. The marble stairs of this Convent are large, magnificent, and of exquisite workmanship. The Museum is in a detached building; the Church is likewise detached: there is a good pleasure garden, and three fine terraces commanding extensive prospects.

This immense fabric is built on an old torrent of lava, and the garden has the same foundation; it takes in a view of the town, the sea, and Etna: the walks are flagged, and have borders of yew and box: Orange trees, cypress, and many other beautiful plants flourish here. These Benedictine Monks were formerly established at Nicolosi, which accounts for the accommodation there, and the pictures and prints.

From the increased value of land here, as well as in other countries, and various donations from the pious, they have now an immense income, and have been able, in less than a century, to build

this magnificent Convent and Church. Their revenue is said to be twenty thousand pounds sterling per year. The Monks must be all of noble families, and are about fifty in number, besides servants.

The Refectory is a very large hall ; but, from want of air, which the Sicilians have a great objection to in the Winter months ; and, from dirt, it stunk terribly. These Monks, though so rich, and of noble families, enjoy all the dirt they can wish for : The table-cloths laid out (as in our colleges) for dinner, were as filthy as possible.

The Church is a very fine one : From the great entrance to the steps of the choir seventy-six paces, the choir thirty-eight paces, and eighty paces broad ; so that it is nearly three hundred and fifty feet long by two hundred and forty feet wide : It is paved with marble. The different altars very magnificent, and with large columns of the finest marbles, and many good modern pictures done at Rome. Most of the marble was also worked at Rome : The cornice, which, from the good proportions of this Church, to a casual observer, appears nothing of extraordinary size, is still broad enough for four men to walk abreast on.



As it was now the dinner hour of the Monks, we could see no more of the Convent, but went into the Church, which, indeed, cannot be seen too often: And when the Monks had finished their dinner, we returned to the Convent, took another walk in their garden, and got some flower roots from them, then returned into the Library and Museum. Although the façade and front, as you enter the great gate, has a grand appearance: the architecture is loaded and heavy. In bad weather, which seldom happens in this climate, the galleries afford a good walk. It seems, women are never admitted on any account into this Convent, not even just within the door, to see the fine marble stairs and stair-case, which begin at the great entrance; but, of course, they may go into the Church: The superior has a very fine suite of apartments. Notwithstanding all the money laid out here, still it is unfinished: it appears as if they had a plan beyond their means.—Many parts of the convent are still imperfect.

Before our dinner we went a little way into the country, with our friend Paterno, to see another garden made by the late Prince Biscaris: It stands on a hill a little out of town, and on the other side of it from his lava garden:

It consists of orange trees, with walks cut out in the oldest stile, intermixed with vines and lattice-work for their support; also some fountains.

The late Prince, who was always doing something useful, began a house here, which will never be finished: The present proprietor, like many of our Noblemen, has an immense fortune,—“ *but no money;*” of course robbed and cheated by servants.

16th.—The wind being fair, we sailed this morning, at 9 o'clock, in the gun-boat, for Syracuse. A fine clear day; and Etna covered with snow to the Woody Region, looked most sublime and beautiful from the sea, whence we could take him from his base to the top, and now indeed his magnitude is very apparent.

Etna is said to be seventy miles in circumference, about half way up; and, at his base, they say one hundred and fifty miles; but I doubt this: if it be so, the topography, as laid down in all the maps, must be incorrect; for he certainly does not occupy that space in any map I have seen, ancient or modern.

Justin says, (book iv. chap. I.)—" Indè denique Ætnæ montis per tot sæcula durat incendium." And " Ætnæ montis perpetuos ignes facit."

Now, as it is 1600 years since Justin wrote, and he describes Etna as then a volcano of great antiquity, (tot sæcula,) I think it not surprising that the Canonico Recupero should find evidence, in his researches, to make him believe this mountain proved the globe to be older than it is generally admitted; at least better than from the strata of lava and earth at Jaci.

## CHAP. VI.

*Arrival at Syracuse—Fountain of Arethusa—  
Ear of Dionysius—Ancient Theatre of Syra-  
cuse—Convent of the Capuchins—Grecian  
Aqueduct—Excavations and Antiquities in  
the Vicinity—Singular Effects of the Mal  
aria, or Noxious vapours of Sicily.*

Nov. 16.—About 3 o'clock, P.M. came opposite Augusta, which appears but a poor place: The wind here failed; but we kept on with the oars, and did not reach Syracuse till 11 o'clock at night. On landing, and enquiring for an inn, no such thing to be found: At last, after traversing empty streets for half an hour, we met the first drunken Sicilian I have seen; but still he was able to conduct us to a wretched Posada, said, however, to be the best inn: with some difficulty they opened the door: The only room in the house, worthy of such a name, was occu-

pied by two English gentlemen, who asked us in. The holes shewn us, as the only remaining accommodation, were like some of Gil Blas's apartments in his travels. I should prefer the street, and determined to return to the gun-boat for the night; but the two English gentlemen told us they heard by accident of another inn in the town, kept by a Frenchman; after some difficulty, (the German soldiers on guard at the gates not knowing it,) we found it out, and got excellent apartments, clean beds, and a tolerable supper: we had dined in the gun-boat: The landlord is a famous cook; but that we can dispense with, having Pascall: In short, it is the best inn I have seen since I left England; so here again our information was, as usual, incorrect; for we were told that there was only one miserable inn at Syracuse, which we first went to; and, indeed, several said there was not any.

17th.—The Brigade Major brought an Antiquarian to me, viz: M. Capodoci, a good sort of man; but too much learning had made him mad: As a proof of it, he has written fifty folio volumes on Syracuse. In ancient times, it consisted of four towns, or districts, as London, Westminster, Southwark, &c. At present we

only see their situation, there being but little remains of the ancient parts of this once powerful city. The old towns were Ortigia, Tichia, Acradina, and Neapoli.

We first went to the Fountain of Arethusa, which, though once so celebrated, is now a mere washing place: a number of women stand in it up to their knees, and are washing linen from sun-rise till sun-set.

*A poet, who lately visited Sicily, and can discern charms and graces in the Sicilian women, unseen by common mortals, will be shocked at the account of vulgar Sicilian washer-women polluting this classic stream. Most gladly would I oblige the said poet and the lovers of poetry (did truth permit) by describing these women as the Sicilian Muses, steeping their garments in the sacred fount. One, more conspicuous than the rest, when she cast her last vestment into the water, should invoke the purifying aid of Arethusa in the language of Virgil:*

“Extremum hunc Arethusa mihi concede laborem.”

But, alas! Sicilian washer-women are much the same animals as those of London or Dublin,

with more dirt, but with less inspiration from gin or whiskey; and I therefore am compelled to

“ ———— paint the spot,

“ As truth would paint it, but as bards will not.”

The Cathedral was formerly the Temple of Minerva; the old rude columns of which, partly built into the modern walls, are very visible. The front of this Church is modern and handsome, with large statues: The Museum is opposite the side door of the Cathedral; it is in its infancy, but has a few old busts, and a sarcophagus, and many lamps and heads in Terra Cota. The library is in the same building. It is strange how little thought or sense some persons have in this world; though they saw we were rather hurried, they tormented us with shewing English books: I tried all civil means, hints, &c. to no purpose; and, at last, was obliged to tell them plainly that I really did not come to Syracuse to see English books, and that they must permit me to retire, having other views for the employment of the day. From this we rode about a mile into the country to see Dionysius's Ear, as it is called. I was

drawn up to the chamber, at the top, by a rope, foolishly enough, had I then known the slender hold of the rope, or, in other words, the danger: Mr. Sweeney went first; the Major wisely declined.

This famous Ear, of which the Antiquarians say so much, and tell so many fairy tales, is nothing more than a large excavation in the rock or quarry, from whence stones, for the different buildings, were taken; but its situation is romantic and pretty: The echo is very great when they fire a small paterero: Near this is a very great quarry, with a fine fountain in it: They call it Dionysius's Hall: there is also a cave, where they make salt-petre, and a rope-walk: Several orange trees are interspersed about; and the harmless lizard sports and basks in the sun every pace we go. Near this is the theatre, but little remains of it: The Greek names on the several *Cunei* have puzzled the antiquarians much; but I think Colonel Donkin, our Quarter-Master-General, has explained them: He thinks these inscriptions were probably the names of the several *Cunei*; for the ancients named all their apartments; and, in fact, in our own theatres we say, the King's Side, the Prince's Side, the Side Boxes, the Front Boxes, the Lattices,



the Stage Boxes, &c. &c. These Greek names cannot be those of Kings or Queens who built the theatre, nor of the proprietors of boxes, as many have thought: No author tells that Olympian Jove either built or frequented a theatre. These remarks, the result of Colonel Donkin's consideration, appear to me, so clear and correct, that I note them. He is an excellent Greek scholar, and he spent an entire day in examining the ruins of the theatre: There are steps between the *Cunei*, which, as well as the seats, are all cut out of the rock: no part or trace remains of the walls.

The Greek inscription runs thus, beginning on the right of the theatre:

1st *Cuneo*. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ. ΝΗΡΗΙΔΟΣ.

2nd *Cuneo*. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΣ. ΦΙΛΙΣ ΤΙΔΟΣ.

3rd *Cuneo*. - - - - ΑΣ. - - - - ΝΟΣ.

4th *Central*. ΔΙΟΣ ΟΛΥΜΠΙΟΥ.

5th *Cuneo*. ΠΑΝ :: Δ :: :: :: ΑΝ.

6th *Cuneo*. Η :: ΑΚΑΕΟΣ : Ε :: ΦΡΟΝΤΙΟΥ.

7th *Cuneo*. Δ :: :: Α - - - - Ρ :: :: :: ::

We walked on to the amphitheatre: A good deal of the rubbish has been lately cleared away,

and yet the greater part remains under ground; still, enough is to be seen to shew that here a large amphitheatre once stood: Many of the lower arches perfect.

On my return to Syracuse, I rode entirely round the ramparts, and examined the fortifications: It is very strong, particularly to the land side, and is mostly surrounded by the sea: indeed, the cut, made by the Spaniards, between the two harbours, makes Syracuse an island.

18th.—Sunday.—We heard high mass in a very handsome Church near our inn; and looked into several other churches, in some of which are tolerable pictures; but all represent the murdering of Saints, and such disgusting subjects. The Esperito Santo is a very pretty Church. After breakfast, we went a second time to Dionysius's Ear, having got a party of soldiers to fire, that we might hear the effect of the echo: we fired in all ways, single shots, volleys, &c. but the peasant's little patero made as great a report; the slightest whisper is heard from one end of the Ear to the other: a bugle horn was tried, but had no effect.

We rode to St. John's Church, a little way out of town, supposed the eldest in the world, and where St. Paul preached; under it is a chapel, with several fresco paintings on the walls, but nearly destroyed by damp and time; in this under-ground chapel, are some very old and rude granite columns: close to this is the entrance to the famous catacombs of Syracuse: I went all through them, and confess I was much disappointed; very inferior to those of Naples: they are, however, cut out in streets, with excavations on each side, and in double rows, or rather two stories, and each cell containing about six excavations out of the rock, like stone coffins. Whether the ancient Syracusans were of smaller stature than the moderns, or whether they cut off their heads before burial I cannot say; but few of these places for the dead are above five feet in length, many not three, and so narrow that the body could not be bent: In many of them I found human bones, and therefore they must have been receptacles for the dead: There are several round chambers with the like catacombs, and a small aperture at the top for light. In many parts of the streets leading to these chambers, it is impossible to stand upright, so that, owing to the closeness of the place, and the heat of our

torches, I was wet through, and glad to get out.

At a little distance is the Church of St. Lucia, like the former, two miles from Modern Syracuse. There is a handsome colonade attached, and it has much the appearance of an unfinished temple; but I could not learn if that was the case, or if the modern Church was begun on a scale which they had not means to finish:— There is an old picture of a Fitzgibbon family, who are buried here: the husband, wife, and three children died the same day: Under the picture is written, that this happened about one hundred years ago, that he was a Lieutenant-Colonel; it does not say in what service, (probably Austrian or Spanish;) and, I suppose, came to Sicily in the war between these powers in 1718: it is further said, that he was from the county of Cork in Ireland, and married to the daughter of Florence M'Carty, also of Cork. We went by a subteraneous passage and stairs, into an octagon building, where they shew the tomb of St. Lucia, the patron Saint of Syracuse: Her Ladyship is kept in the Cathedral most of the year, but always comes to spend a few weeks, in Summer, in this, her country house, and is carried there and back in great form and procession.

We rode on over the remains of the ancient Syracuse, and through fields, where once stood houses and temples, to the Capuchin Convent and Great Latomy: The situation is most picturesque. The Latomy is an immense quarry many feet below the ground the Convent stands on; and here the Capuchins have a garden and many fine orange trees. Nature gets no assistance in Sicily: The garden is in bad order and very slovenly.

The heat was so oppressive that the oranges we helped ourselves to, were most refreshing. There is an extensive walk through this Latomy, and it might be made a most beautiful place; from one part, the view of the Convent peeping over the rocks, is very striking: I recollect there is an exact representation of it in St. Non.

These Capuchins have a large room, with a good light in it, (though under the Church,) in which they deposit bodies of the dead, having a mode of drying them much superior to those of Messina, or Malta. It is opened every Sunday, and was as full of visitors as any show in London.\* Any one, by a fee, may

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\* The dead Capuchins are in niches; but the bodies of such other

have his body deposited here; and the people walk out on Sundays to see their deceased friends and relations, who are all full dressed. They certainly have a beautiful walk near the sea from Syracuse to this Convent; but arrived here, it is a disgusting sight.—Alas! what a miserable appearance we make after death!

Cicero, in his oration against Verres, mentions these quarries as prisons:—"The Latomix, a prison at Syracuse, contrived by that inhuman tyrant Dionysius, was, in the prætorship of C. Verres, a residence for Roman citizens. Whoever, by his principles, or even by his aspect, had the misfortune to offend the Governor, was instantly sent to the Latomix. Roman citizens were harried, by squadrons, to the dungeons of the Latomix: multitudes were heaped together in that dreadful habitation; most, or all, of whom were executed."

Surely the recital of such horrors ought to make us prize the blessings of liberty, and wish

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persons as have their remains deposited here, are in a sort of coffins like trunks: the nearest relation living keeps the key.

to see equitable and just governments established all over the world! But, though I advocate this, I do not mean, or ever wish, to have the lower, or any, order of society freed from proper restraint. Let loose the mob of any country, and you have tyranny and plunder in perfection. What I desire for the many nations suffering under despotism, is not a wild democracy; but a wise system of laws honestly executed, where all persons and ranks are checked, and none have the power left to injure or oppress.

In all ages we find cruel tyrants: Verres adopted the flogging system and torture to gratify his revenge, or extort money. In our days, we have seen the same practices in use to extort evidence; and, in many instances, as cruelly and wantonly inflicted, as in the times of the Tyrant of Syracuse. What oppression and injustice does the page of history unfold: The passions of men remain the same during the change of empires; and surely no one should be trusted with too much power.

It has often been a question what these Latomies, near Syracuse, were: antiquarians have disputed whether they were artificial excavations,

or whether they have always existed in their present form from nature. I am greatly surprised how any doubt could exist, for one moment, in the mind of any man who has seen them; for, without recurrence to the derivation of their name, (the Greek,) it must evidently appear to any curious and attentive observer, that they are works of art, and have supplied Syracuse with building stones. That they might afterwards serve as prisons, particularly Dionysius's Ear, is very possible: but how far they were made subservient to the tyranny of Dionysius, and whether all the accompanying stories are true, must ever remain doubtful: Marks of irons and rings for chains exist in this cavern; but they might have been placed there for many other purposes; and if one was to judge from the size, I should rather suppose them fixed for holding the cable of a small vessel, than the leg or arm of a human being, except that it is too distant from the sea.

The Ear is gloomy, yet romantically situated, which, with the received history or opinion of it, inspires a kind of awful pleasure to those who visit it, bordering, perhaps, on the sublime.

The great Latomy, at the Capuchin's Con-



vent, would certainly answer very well for the confinement of a large body of prisoners of war; a use to which no doubt it has been frequently applied. History informs us, that eight thousand Athenians were confined here, and perished through misery and want. St. Non quotes it from Plutarch, viz.—“ *Perpessi ibidem sitim fuere, atque famem, neque enim singuli in die plus accipiebant quam duas hordei cotylas, unam vero aquæ, quæ sane nimis iniqua mensura victus erat.*” (Plutarchi Nicieæ vita.)

In a part of this extensive Latomy is a quarry, or excavation, nearly resembling Dionysius's Ear, and the mark of the chisel is very evident on it. As the descent into it is very considerable, it is relatively to the Convent, subterranean. The appearance is romantic. Immense rocks are formed by the excavations, and of all shapes, some of them eighty feet high. The bottom of these excavations is laid out in walks, and, as I before observed, planted. There cannot be a happier situation for seclusion and retirement. Some individuals have ordered themselves to be buried here, which, for a fee, is readily granted; and their tombs and monuments, close to which the Cypress and Willow have been planted, make an extraordinary contrast

with the Orange, Bergamot, Pomegranate, and Mulberry Trees, and form a mixture of solemn gloom ; at the same time the Latomix exhibits a variety of uncommon delight : It is a spot not easy to describe ; besides its singularity, it combines the terrible and the agreeable. I staid near two hours here, and then returned to Syracuse to review the 8th battalion King's German Legion, an excellent corps, and from whom I received every attention : I dined with them afterwards. They occupy part of the Bishop's Palace : The band is very fine, and we had a good concert after dinner.

19th.—Baron Walthousen, who is a Lieutenant in the above regiment, was so good as to bring me his drawings and plans this morning, and to attend me in my progress : he has been indefatigable in his researches here, and has a plan of the Catacombs, with their exact measurement, which he took himself. We set out early, and went to St. Philip's Church, under which there is an ancient well and bath, or reservoir, with steps to the bottom : From this to an antique bath, discovered under a merchant's house, which is very perfect : Then called on Capodoci, who has a little Museum of Antiques and curiosities, of his own collecting :

From this to Mr. Landolini's, to see a very fine statue of a Venus, *à belles fesses*, rather larger than life, which he found in a vineyard near the town, and which, no doubt, is antique and very valuable : no cast has been yet taken, or any good drawing of her. Mr. Fagan had leave to dig in the vineyards, but, I hear, was not very successful.

Baron Bosco's house is magnificent ; there is a beautiful stair-case and steps ten feet long, of red marble, highly polished, ascending to the top of the house, most beautiful : This Palace, the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, and Senate House, are all near, and in a sort of open place ; but I know not what name to give the situation they stand in, being neither street, square, circus, nor octagon : they are all good buildings.

Baron Walthousen having offered to go with me into the Great Catacombs, as he was certain the old Friar, who shewed them to me, had not done so accurately : I accepted his offer, as well as that of shewing me several other antiquities in the country. All these excursions, from the modern to the ancient cities, have been on horseback. It is very lucky that I got

acquainted with the Baron, as otherwise I should have missed many things. We went again to Dionysius's Ear, near which is a very curious bath, not long discovered under a little chapel.\* We then visited several Latomies, which I had not seen before, and in which there are many odd excavations in streets, being, in fact, small rooms cut out of the solid rock, and evidently regular door cases and windows: There are several rude pillars of stone in the bath above mentioned. We looked again at the theatre, and at the fine fountain just above it, which is supplied by an aqueduct partly modern, but mostly very ancient. The old Grecian channel, for the water, is in many parts cut in the solid rock, and under ground; and, where necessary, over a valley or ravine, continued by arches, like all other aqueducts. This water is so conducted above thirty miles, and all near this spot, through a hard rock: The Grecian Channel, or Conduit, as it is called, is only seen where there are openings, being under ground, but still conducts the water. We looked over Dionysius's Ear, and saw the very slender holding

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\* From the number of human bones found here, it must have been used also as a burying place.

the rope has, by which they haul up those who wish to go into the chamber of the Ear: behind this is a mill, and there is another below the theatre. When the King was here, he ordered it to be removed and paid for; but, in Sicily, it is easier to order than to execute: nothing was done, and the mill, though much in the way, remains. From hence is a sort of street, with the marks of heavy carts and rude wheels; the habitations are wretched. We passed on to the other side of a great Latomy, where the sepulchres are; that this was a burying place, is evident: some had stone coffins, and others recesses for urns: They could not be put to any other use, and are very extensive. I rambled about amongst these tombs, which, in their turn, are now going fast to ruin;—the rock, in which they are cut, being of a soft mouldering quality. There is one tomb in particular, with a sort of fluted column, or rather pilaster, cut in the rock: It makes a much better figure in the drawings I have seen of it, than in reality; There is a print of it in *St. Non*. We next visited another ancient bath, lately discovered in a vineyard, near which the *Venus, à belles fesses*, was found; and then went on to *St. John's*, to see the Catacombs again, with my

friend the Baron, as my Cicerone : The Friar, however, had not proved so bad a one as I suspected ; but the Baron is much better. I went again through these Catacombs with him ; and, as I said before, they are very inferior to those of Naples : Various stories are told of their extent, which is the case at all I have seen. On our way home, we went into another bath under ground, very perfect and with good stairs to it, said to be that of King Agathocles, in the time of the Greeks ; for Sicily has had many masters. There are no remains of the house of Archimedes, nor can any reasonable conjecture be formed respecting the place where it stood.

Modern Syracuse has one good, and several very narrow bad streets. There is scarcely any vestige of the old cities : but every field, for many miles, is covered with lime rubbish, intermixed with pieces of glass, urns, tiles, bricks, bits of broken marble, and the like : It is evident there must have once been a great city here ; but, as Brydone observes, " How are the mighty fallen !" Little, indeed, remains of the once great, rich, and powerful Syracuse.

From the theatre is a fine view of the Plain, still, as formerly, very productive ; but most

of the year an unhealthy marsh, like Walcheren\*.

It is very singular, but no less true, that the people, who are born in this Mal aria, are not affected by it; but if they move, and change to a place with good air, they certainly die, as our soldiers do by merely mounting guard and picquet a few times, during Summer, *near* the Mal aria country, as we call it. This is a very singular fact, and has been ascertained beyond doubt.

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\* On this Plain was the Athenian camp, and here too the greater part of the army was destroyed, as ours at Walcheren. The same happened also to the Carthaginian army, in consequence of its almost perpetual pestilential air. Syracuse, however, had its advantage by it, as Imilcon, having come with a thousand vessels and three hundred thousand soldiers to Syracuse, was obliged to raise the seige, and return to Carthage, leaving more than fifty thousand dead on this Plain, without having time to bury them.

## CHAP. VII.

*College of Syracuse—Temple and Statue of Jupiter—Arrival at Augusta—Return to Catania—Itinerant Sicilian Preachers—Ancient Amphitheatre—Town of Jaci—Volcanic Strata in its Vicinity—Reflection on their supposed Antiquity.*

Nov. 20th.—This day the wind was perfectly fair for Augusta ; but I had not seen enough of Syracuse. We visited several Churches, Santa Lucia, Espirito Santo, and went again to the Cathedral, to admire the fine old Grecian urn, now used as the Baptismal Font ; and also to the Bishop's Palace and College, where four hundred students (*Aspirant Priests*,) are preparing imposition for the world. The Bishop's garden (in the old style) is neat. In the prison of the Palace, a Priest was confined : I saw the villain : he had murdered a woman whom he wanted to debauch, but who resisted him :—



though fully convicted, yet being a Priest, he was, by this strange government, and infamous system of Sicilian law, only sentenced to two years imprisonment: He, however, stoutly denied his guilt, and said he was there, *Pet Niente*. Such is the wretchedly superstitious state of this people, that the country men and women, who come into Syracuse to market, all go to pity this rascal, and to kiss his hand through the iron grate.

The Church, formerly of the Jesuits, is a very fine one, with some tolerable pictures, and beautiful marble altars. St. Lucia is a female Convent; there are many in Syracuse. The spring in the sea, said to be opposite Arethusa's fountain, I believe is fabulous. We rode out to see the two columns, all that remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, full four miles from Syracuse, and by no means worth the time or trouble. These two columns, though very large, were fluted, but the flutes are nearly obliterated.

According to Cicero, there was one of the most renowned statues of Jupiter, in the world, in the Temple:—"Jovem Imperatorem quanto honore in suo Templo fuisse arbitramini? Hinc colligere potestis, si recordari volueritis,

“ quanta religione fuerit eadem specie, atque  
“ forma Signum illud, quod ex Macedonia cap-  
“ tum in Capitolio posuerat Flamminius.—  
“ Etenim tria ferebantur in Orbe terrarum  
“ Signa Jovis Imperatoris uno in genere pul-  
“ cherrime facta, unum illud Macedonicum,  
“ quod in Capitolio videmus: alterum in Ponti  
“ ore, angustius: tertium quod Syracusis ante  
“ Verrem prætorem fuit.”

The statue is said to have been of solid gold, and, moreover, was ornamented with a cloak of gold and precious stones, a present from Hiero. Dionysius, the tyrant, took this cloak, which was of great value, substituting one of woollen cloth instead, and, as we are told, laughing at the Syracusans, said, that it was out of regard to the God, that he made the exchange, as the golden cloak was too heavy in Summer, and too cold in Winter.

“ Detracto Jovi Olympio magni ponderis  
“ aureo Amiculo, quo eum Tyrannus Hiero  
“ è Manubiis Carthaginiensium ornaverāt, in-  
“ jectoque ei laneo pallio, dixit, Estate gravem  
“ esse aureum amiculum, hieme frigidum, lane-  
“ um autem ad utrumque tempus anni aptius ”

VALERIUS MAX. l. i. c. ii.

Verres went a step farther :—He, with his other plunder, took this statue. Cicero, speaking of it, says, “ *Id Verres ex templo Jovis sustulit.*”

It is certain, that, about one hundred and fifty years ago, six columns of this Temple remained perfect.

I have before mentioned the indications which I observed of buildings having once extended far round Modern Syracuse, but particularly in the field where these columns stand; from this to Syracuse all is rubbish, pieces of marble, tiles, bricks, &c. whereas, in the very next field, which was on the outside of the old city, (this Temple standing at one extremity); the ground, lately ploughed up, was covered with round natural pebble-stones, like our Irish fields, mixed with black earth, and no appearance of lime rubbish, bricks, or building stuff. I examined the grounds very minutely, and think this circumstance good evidence of the city's extent. There are scarcely any remains of the wall, not so much as of Trajan's near Newcastle, which is scarcely any, though some pretend to trace it entirely. At six miles distance, are the ruins of an old Grecian Castle, where the Romans afterwards kept their trea-

sure. The road to it is bad towards the Scala Græca; it is called Castello Labdalo, and was the principal fortress of Syracuse: It is built on a rock, stands high, and is situated near the junctions of Neapolis, Tyche, and Epipolis. The stones, of which it was built, were taken from the rocks on which it stands, by which a wide and deep ditch was formed. There are very fine vaults still perfect; but very little else remains of this Castle.

On my return to Syracuse, I went to the Castle, or Citadel, which was built by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, or rather repaired by him. The view of the town and ports, and surrounding country, from the top of this Castle, will reward any one for the trouble of going up. Near this, is a very good barrack for eight hundred men; and, at a little distance, a cavalry barrack, with excellent stables.

In Syracuse, as at Rome and at other Italian towns, the entrance, passages, and marble stairs of the palaces are ingeniously destined to answer two purposes,—first, to afford a road to the different apartments; and, secondly, to afford a retreat to those who are disposed to pay their offering Diva Cloacina. The dirt and stench, is intolerable; but what is to be done,

as there are no temples built to the Goddess;— a corner on the Palace stairs is more secluded from observation than the streets. The lower or ground stories, like those in Malta and at Cadiz, are all iron barred at the windows, like a prison.

Having now seen every thing in or near Syracuse, I hope to reach Augusta to-morrow.

Syracuse is, on the whole, a very poor town ; but has many fine Churches, and is well fortified. It presents some splendour, mixed with the greatest misery : the situation is very fine : the two ports, being joined by a cut, it stands on an island : many of the streets are well paved ; all but one are narrow and filthy. The Government House was formerly a College, and the different classes are still noted over the doors. There is very little trade : cultivation and gardening receive scarcely any assistance from art in this vicinity ; and, therefore, in a fine climate, and generally rich soil, they have the worst fruit and vegetables. The Plain produces flax and hemp ; but the Mal aria, in it, is very noxious. The meat is bad ; the bread dear, and indifferent : but they have excellent butter ; Mr. Leckie, who lived here some time, having shewn them the advantage of dairy

farms : They have some trade in wine. In short, wretchedness prevails where there ought to be plenty and comfort ; but the people are far from being so *weak and starved*, as I have heard : they certainly are strong and active ; but, in other points, exhibit marks of misery. Thermometer this day was sixty-five.

There is scarcely a vestige remaining of the Temples of Diana, nor of the Temple erected by Hiero, from the ruins of which the fine granite columns of the Pantheon at Rome are said to have been taken. Strictly speaking, Ortigia is the only part of Syracuse that remains.

I before mentioned that the fortifications are very strong, and in good order. There are two harbours ; the great one as fine as any in the world, about seven miles round. There is no dock-yard here ; but I see no reason why there might not be one for the largest men of war : any supply of timber can be had from Calabria, and floated over. Naval stores can be had in abundance from neighbouring countries.

In the last century, many noble families resided at Syracuse ; but their descendants now live at Palermo : and, though Syracuse has such

a fine bay, with every advantage from nature, it is without commerce.

De Non certainly either copied from St. Non, or the latter from the former,—speaking of Syracuse :

St. Non says,— “ Enfin apres avoir été les  
 “ victimes de l'avarice, et de toute la rapacité  
 “ de ces Malheureux Commis, apres avoir essuyé  
 “ vingt huit mortels jours de quarantaine, couché  
 “ tout ce temps entassés avec nos Matelots,  
 “ baignés chaque nuit par l'excessive humidité  
 “ de la saison, et du lieu, brûlés à midi par  
 “ l'ardeur du soliel, et exposés tous les soirs à  
 “ un vent de mer, qui nous laissoit la courba-  
 “ ture de la fièvre, notre liberté nous fut rendue,  
 “ et nous fîmes notre entrée à *Syracuse*, dans  
 “ un état à faire pitié. Encore nous en eûmes  
 “ l'obligation à *Monsignor Gargallo*, Vicaire-  
 “ Général, qui en l'absence de l'Evêque auquel  
 “ nous avions été recommandés, prit sur lui de  
 “ soulager nos misères.”

De Non says,—“ After being subject to all  
 “ the mean rapacity of this class of the Sicilian  
 “ nation ; and having suffered martyrdom for  
 “ eight and twenty long days, in a quarantine  
 “ unjustly imposed on us ; sleeping all this time,

“ without distinction, among the sailors,—  
“ drenched every night by the excessive rains  
“ of the season,—scorched by the heat of the  
“ sun at noon,—and exposed every evening to  
“ a wind, that made our bones ache, as in a  
“ fever; we, at length, got out of this infected  
“ hole, covered with vermin and sores, and  
“ with our clothes so torn, from not having  
“ been off our backs a whole month, that they  
“ would scarcely hang on any longer. In this  
“ situation, a blessed Vicar-General, (in the  
“ absence of the Bishop, to whom we were  
“ recommended,) alleviated our miseries as  
“ much as he could.”\*

21st.—This morning, before taking my departure from Syracuse, I went to see the silver statue of St. Lucia, and the famous Cameo, and other valuables kept in an iron closet at the Cathedral, and to which there are three keys kept, one by the Senate, one by the Bishop, and one by the Great Judge. The Senate politely ordered these things to be shewn to me. At noon, I sailed in the gun-boat.

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\* The reader will perceive one of these gentlemen must have copied from the other.



I again tried, but could not discover the spring in the sea, called Occhi de Zilica, said to be opposite the Fountain of Arethusa.

Arrived at Augusta at 4 o'clock, P.M. Major Brady had prepared good quarters for us at the Senate House; we had our own bedding, and we met a most hospitable reception from the 4th battalion of the German Legion. Before dinner, I went on the top of the Citadel with Major Brady, from whence there is a most complete bird's eye view of all the works. The town is very dirty: the weather hot and close. Thermometer seventy degrees.

22nd.—Before breakfast went in a scampavia, to see the Forts of Garcia and Vittoria, which are built on a rock in the sea, and defend the harbour: the works are perfect, and in good order; but, like all our Sicilian forts, have no garrison. The light-house is, in a circular and strong fort, built on a rock.

I landed, with Major Brady, on the Isthmus, and went round all the town fortifications, and looked into the Dominican Church, which is a good one. The Convent is occupied as a barrack and store-house: There is a good barrack for nine hundred men, which was formerly a

Malta store-house. The Cathedral here has a façade, which is not to be found fault with; and some modern pictures and good marble alto-relievos at the altar. The Citadel, or Castle, and its works, are in perfect order, and very strong, but would require 2000 men, at least, for the defence. I examined the works most minutely: there are not any mines or bomb-proofs. A hill so far commands it, that a battery there would greatly annoy, though not breach it; and though strong, I think it might be improved particularly by a cavalier on one of the bastions towards that hill, having a traversing gun. The fort is a quadrangle of two stories, with four lower and four upper bastions: the out-works new. The repairing of this Castle-fort, done by the British, was an enormous expence.

23rd.—Augusta\* runs in three long parallel

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\* In the year 1800, an officer and three hundred sick French troops arrived at Augusta, from Alexandria; many of them were blind. They got leave to land, and were hutted on the beach. A few days after, the people of Augusta, and the vicinity, as appears from mere hatred to the French name, (for they had received no injury from them,) rose on these unfortunate and unarmed men: They absolutely massacred every one of them, and buried them in the sands. I believe no notice was taken of this abominable act;—enough to excite all civilized

streets: the houses are low; few have more than one story: It is full as dirty as any town in Sicily: No inn, or any apparent comfort for the people, except having good beds; in this respect the poorest Sicilian is well accommodated. I cannot describe the filth of the market: I saw a fox exposed there; but in such demand, that he was soon sold in pieces of one or two pounds. The lower Sicilians eat almost any thing,—a dead jack-ass, dog, cat, or any animals' intestines, &c.

I went to breakfast with Major Smenstein, and afterwards embarked in a scampavia from the north side of the Peninsula, on which Augusta is built; having ordered the gun-boat round early this morning from the harbour on

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powers to demand the punishment of those concerned: Turks or Algerines could not be guilty of greater atrocity. It is the worst trait I have heard of the Sicilians.

It was near Augusta that the famous sea-fight took place in the year 1676, between the French, commanded by Marquis Almeras, and the Combined Spanish and Dutch fleet, under the great De Raiter, who was mortally wounded, and died a few days after at Syracuse. Marquis Almeras, who commanded the French, was also killed in this battle.

It is singular that Burchett does not notice this battle, or that which took place soon after at Palermo.

the south side. We had a pleasant passage, mostly by the oars, (there being little wind,) to Catania, and arrived there about 9 o'clock, P.M.\* The Sicilian mariners always sing a hymn to some saint, while rowing; I have heard them sing that which we call the Sicilian *Mariners' Hymn*, and therefore I rather think it is a true Sicilian tune, though it has been denied. Most of these sailors are employed merely for coast, and would be frightened at a gale of wind, though some make voyages across to Malta: They are an innocent, harmless, hard-working people, and never get drunk, make difficulties, nor ask for money;—how different from the Irish or English. The thermometer this day (at sea) sixty-seven degrees, and very hot. On the coast, between Augusta and Catania, is a large castle and tower of great anti-

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\* The road from the Faro Point to Syracuse, a distance of one hundred miles, is so close to the sea, all along the coast, that the view of the country, is just as well seen, or perhaps better, from a boat. The roads are, in general, so bad, that, from Taorminum to Syracuse, it is preferable to go by water. We frequently landed; indeed did so whenever there appeared to be any thing worth notice. The same observation will apply to the coast-road from Melazzo to Tormini. All the good towns of Sicily are built close to the sea. Bedding, and the various articles which a man must carry with him in Sicily, are more easily conveyed by water, than on mules.

quity: We landed to see it, and went to our old quarters at the Lion d'Oro at Catania.

24th.—When I got up this morning, I found a budget of English newspapers on my table,—a most agreeable surprise. Sir J. Dalrymple, who passed through this place yesterday, on duty, hearing I was expected, politely left them for me, the packet having arrived at Messina a few days before. The thermometer, in the shade, was seventy-five degrees this day, and the heat oppressive. Intending to return to Catania by land, and visit some places in the interior, I dismissed the gun-boat: the crew, all Sicilians, were well conducted, quiet, and obliging.

We remained a week in Catania this second visit; and, as before, received every attention from M. Paterno: We dined one day with him, and he gave us a very splendid entertainment. The Sicilians, in general, dine at two o'clock, which, being in the greatest heat of the day, is very disagreeable; but ice, and iced water keep people alive.

In Paterno's Palace are some good paintings on the ceilings and walls, in fresco; and it is, in

some respects, magnificently furnished. I have already mentioned the affability and politeness of M. Paterno: he is an excellent man, and has read and reflected much. If we descend to minor particulars, I could perceive, even here, a great appearance of what we call, in Ireland, *castle rack rent*. Paterno, like other gentlemen, had a regiment of servants attending at dinner, and yet was badly served.

One man is educated in the habit of shaving himself every day, another three times a week, and another only once; such matters, therefore, depend on custom, and also the use or desire of articles of domestic comfort. I am confident the Italian noblemen and gentlemen are much more plundered by their servants, than the *most castle rack-rent careless* gentleman in Ireland; and yet, as in Ireland, the natives are not the better for it: so true it is, that low pilfering, a bad police, and superstitious observances, always debase a people: perhaps the true cause, of almost all the evils that affect society here and elsewhere, might be comprised in two words, *bad government*. Sicilian shopkeepers have no bounds to their imposition, and always ask double what they will take; for instance,—amber necklaces or trinkets are part of the traffic

of Catania ; and though the English have raised the price of every thing, still the people advance their charges ; several merchants brought such articles to me, and it so happened that three of the best judges of amber in Catania were present at the time : I cannot describe their astonishment at hearing the prices asked for the things. In fine, a necklace I fixed on was, after minute examination, valued at eight dollars, for which the rascal, who brought it, asked thirty-five : I offered ten ; but so have they been trained by English folly, that he turned up his eyes and went off. My judges of amber tell me he thinks I will advance, but that if he thought otherwise, the necklace would be immediately sent for the ten dollars. This instance may give an idea of trade in Sicily.

At this time of the year, just before Christmas, they have music, and what I call anti-music, in the street, before day-light ; the latter a most terrible jargon of every thing most un-harmonic that can be conceived, worse than the O. P. concerts at Covent Garden ; it serves, however, as a *réveille*. The natives, high and low, rise at day-light, in this country, and take a siesta, or sleep, in the middle of the day ; in summer, stripping and going regularly to

bed,—a custom I adopted during the months of September and October.

One day Etna, *uncertain Etna!* was clear, and the weather fine: I was almost tempted to go up again with Colonel Adam, who came here for that purpose; but my companions dissuaded me. The Colonel set out by himself: he got guides at Nicolosi, but could proceed no farther than the Spelonca de Capriole: His activity and perseverance would have succeeded, had it been practicable; but it was too late in the season.

There are wooden moveable bridges, placed in all the great streets for the convenience of the people in rainy weather: the torrents, which come from the mountains and fumaras into the streets, are so great, it would be otherwise impossible to cross. One morning I walked out before breakfast to see the market, a Franciscan Monk got on one of these bridges, and preached to the people. I may say I never heard, and certainly never *saw*, a better sermon, for I could understand all his gestures, though not all his language: These people are really orators by birth,—such action—such animation. This Monk would make a figure in Parliament, or be a Minister in England, where we are so fool-



ishly prone to estimate talent by the faculty of making long speeches, in which the lungs are frequently the only organs of the speaker which merit praise. The Monk was well worth hearing and seeing. I did not know before, that they ever preached like mountebanks in the street; but so it is at this time of the year. The Mendicant Orders send out preachers to collect cash and contributions for Christmas. This Monk was a clever fellow, but looked like an artful hypocrite; he had more action than any of our Kirwans, or Senators, and as great command of words as any lawyer.

Though a good sleeper in general, I am kept awake half the night by the attacks of bugs, fleas, and musquitos: I have my own bedding; but these insects swarm in all the wood-works of the room. The cookery in the Sicilian Inns is filthy and bad, the meat being either stewed to rags or burned.—While at an inn, by a foolish etiquette, my own cook is useless, as he dare not dress any thing. In one of my morning walks, I saw a fox, even here, exposed in the market, cut up, as at Augusta, and sold as readily as the finest South down would be in England: I would have bought the brush, but the butcher,

seeing I was an English officer, asked half a dollar for it.

In front of the Cathedral are some fine blue granite columns, they belonged to the old church, before the destruction of it, by the great earthquake. A small part of the old one stood the shock and now remains, and the new one was added to it: There are many pilasters in the Cathedral in plaister, or sciolà, inimitable imitations of marble, &c. a beautiful cornice, several good pictures, and chapels fitted up with marble. In the sacristy is a very curious old picture of the old town, and a most exact representation of the eruption of 1669, which scaled the walls. This picture was in the part of the Cathedral which escaped the latter earthquake, and so was preserved. Almost all Catania was destroyed at that time. The marble-work in and about it is very fine; and the wood-work and carving of the choir, the best I have seen in Sicily.

The square in front, and the three other fine streets leading from it, with the triumphal arched gate, have a grand effect: these streets are finely paved. I could not get

a plan or description of this or any Sicilian town.

Prince Manganelli generally attended us before eleven with his carriage. We went again to the great College and to its fine library, which is open to any one every day, and from this to the College of Nobles, a magnificent building: in fact, a sort of Eton or Westminster; but admirably attended, and regulated in a manner far superior to ours. The boys are in three divisions, — the first, are about nine years old; the second, about twelve; the third, about fifteen: they have their different apartments and schools, but all dine together; they have each a separate bed, in fine dormitories; — here indeed the contrast is in favour of Sicily: they are well taught, and brought up in a comfortable way, and yet without effeminacy. It is the best establishment I have yet seen in the country.

But here again poverty comes in; for the Nobles are so taxed and plundered by their government, that few can afford to send their children, though the expence is moderate. The establishment is for two hundred, and there are not forty boys in the College. All its schools are well attended by masters

of all sorts ; and I think it far superior to Eton, Harrow, or Westminster, where they only teach Latin and Greek.

27th.—We drove again round by the port, and I walked to the end of the Mole. Here a poor boy lay lifeless, a villain having broken his head with a piece of lava. The people laughed and seemed unconcerned ; but we got the poor creature taken to a surgeon. There is, in fact, no proper police law ; and what is called justice is venal all over Sicily.

My landlord Abati's son (one of the Etna guides as far as the Woody Region) fell from his horse, a few days ago, opposite the Ecclesiastical College : some of the young students laughed at him, on which, without further ceremony, he came home, loaded his gun with slugs, and returned opposite the gallery where the lads look out, and immediately, and in open day, fired at them and wounded three, then very quietly came back, he asked me to give him protection in the English gun-boat, because he had been *molto maltrato*. This I positively refused, and told him he should have no protection from the English flag ; that, in such a case in England, he would certainly have been hanged.

As this was an attack upon the Church the Bishop was furious ; so there was no protection in that quarter. He has been taken up, and put in prison ; but those matters are regulated by money ; if he pays, it will be all settled soon, otherwise he may remain in prison for two years, and then shoot the next person that offends him.

From the Port I drove into the country to a Cassino, belonging to Abate Paterno, a beautiful villa, and commanding a most luxuriant view of Catania, the sea, the country, the old aqueduct, and that grand object, Etna. The house and the garden were all created by him in the last ten years, and founded on a bed of lava. Considering its perfection, and the Abate's means, it is far before the villa of Prince Biscaris. It reminded me of a Cassino our Consul had near Barcelona. His garden must be delightful when the orange trees are in bloom : he has also, as customary here, a fine terrace, likewise some good busts of great men, and little *jets d'eau*. In short, it is a very perfect little Bijou.

On our return to Catania, we went to pay a visit to the Recuperoa. They gave me an impression from a famous Cameo of Lucius

Verres ; and, after taking leave of these brothers, I may say the amiable nephews of the late philosopher, Canonico Recupero, we went (I believe the tenth time) to the Benedictines. Paterno thinks I am inclined to turn Benedictine : But this was a visit to Padre Veto, to whom I had a letter from F. Trench, and who had just returned from Augusta ; and also to see our good brother Joachim from Nicolosi Convent, whom I presented with some rum to comfort him in the long winter nights in his dreary residence on the mountain. Padre Veto was out.

The tops of the houses are mostly covered with tiles, the terraces with a hard mortar or cement of puzzolan : the common mortar is excellent ; and, as there is not any frost, they are free from the roguery of plumbers : I almost doubt if there is such a trade in Sicily. The roofs are all staunch, as to keeping out wet ; but thick as the walls are, there being no fires, and as the windows are seldom opened after the Summer months, it frequently happens that, in the Winter, damp makes its way through them. I have seen great damage done by it to walls, books, pictures, prints, and furniture ; and, in Summer, all is open, and then large moths commit devastation.

I generally walk out an hour before breakfast and look into the churches: after breakfast, Paterno attends us, and we have either his or Prince Manganelli's carriage. St. Agatha, near the Cathedral, is the prettiest model of a Church I have seen; it is really beautiful; in all points perfect, and has a fine dome: there is a Convent of women attached. The half of Catania consists of convents for men or women: What folly! However, their reign is almost over.

I paid a second visit to see Prince Biscari's Museum, and was much gratified, particularly with the fine Torso.

The Museum, formed by M. Geoani, is also well worth notice: the rooms are handsomely fitted out. Every thing, in this Museum, is the production of Sicily, of which there is a great variety: shells, minerals, sulphurs, and various subjects of natural history, including the volcanic productions of Etna: he has collected and dried above two hundred different species of fish, found on the coasts of Sicily. The minerals are very complete; among them are specimens of silver, lead, copper, iron, zinc, and antimony: there are also specimens of soft stones and hard marbles, agates, jaspers, and various crystals;

about twenty-eight different lavas from Etna, of singular beauty and hardness,—some resembling porphyry : there are also basalts found near the Cyclop Islands, not far from Catania, and fossils of different sorts. He has a small handsome library, with a well chosen collection of books : there is also a very pretty boudoir. This Museum is better arranged than that at the Benedictine Convent. M. Geonani was from home ; but two of his relations (who have the care of it in his absence) shewed it to us : We did not, however, see the Museum without undergoing penance ; for one of them stunk to that degree, and had such a cadaverous breath, that it excited my compassion for his misfortune ; and, at the same time, made me glad to escape, for he actually infected the air.

The Church, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, is a very fine one. At the Convent of St. Julian is a beautiful octagon church : the minor altars are rich and magnificent, but the workmanship and exquisite marble of the great one is fine beyond description : St. Agatha is likewise a fine Church : St. Benedict, nearly opposite, has a great altar curiously wrought, and of immense value : the marbles and workmanship are extraordinary ; the ceiling well painted in fresco,



and also some good pictures. The Minorets is, likewise, a handsome Church: and there is a small round Church, very ancient; but so small and miserable on the outside, (not unlike a large oven,) that I did not go into it.

The excavations about the ancient Theatre, by which so much of it has been discovered, were made by the late Prince Biscaris\* at his own expence. By what remains of it, and the fragments of the columns and pieces of marble found, it must have been a work of the greatest magnificence, and proves that the ancient inhabitants of Catania were opulent and numerous. The vaulted parts are constructed with very large bricks, but the walls are entirely built of lava. What antiquity has this lava,—of which a Theatre has been built, long before the time of Alcibiades!

At last I got a sight of Padre Veto, at the Benedictine Convent; but, to my great sur-

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\* The late Prince Biscaris also built a fine aqueduct on his estate, not far from Catania, across the valley through which the Symethes runs: It consisted of thirty-one arches; the centre one was eighty feet wide. This useful work was blown down, and entirely destroyed by a tremendous storm in 1780.

prise, instead of a venerable old man, which I expected to find: Veto is, for figure and age, fit to be a Captain of Grenadiers, and I have no doubt it would suit him better than being a Monk: he lived much with the guards, and really had quite the *ton* of Bond-Street.

There are some ruins of a very ancient Amphitheatre, the existence of which was some years ago doubted, and the discovery of its remains was due to the zeal and liberality of Prince Biscaris. They are building a new Theatre for operas and plays; but I should think on too great a scale for Catania.

The nobility and gentry, with fine palaces, I believe, do not enjoy much festivity or society: their chief amusement is at the *Caffé des Nobles*, where they spend all their mornings; I looked in there,—a large room,—no newspapers, but billiards, dice, and cards: they appeared to be all gambling, and rather noisy in their disputes.

One morning I rode to Tre Castagne, a town on the mountain, ten miles from Catania, and in a delightful situation. It is surrounded by extinguished volcanos.

From the Capuchin Convent, to which there are very high steps, there is a magnificent and extensive view, taking in all this side of Etna, Catania, and its fertile plains. I observed great numbers of black pigs here. There is also some wood, chesnut, and oak about this part; and droves of these swine feed on the chesnuts and acorns, as on the other side of Etna.

There are three good libraries at Catania,—one at the University, one public, and one at the Bishop's.

The ceremony of a lady taking the Black and final Veil, is worth seeing: she is put into a coffin, emblematic of quitting the world; and her vows cannot then be recalled. This ceremony took place here lately.

That of making a Saint is also worth attending, when it occurs. It is a sort of suit, regularly tried in court. The friends of the person, to be made a Saint, have their bar of lawyers. The Devil is represented, and he has his Lawyer, who shews cause, why the person should not be made a Saint. For here, though justice is denied the poor peasant, it is quite different with the Devil; he is better treated, and his Infernal

Majesty must be heard, and have ample justice. I was not fortunate enough to hear such a cause; but what I state is positively true, and every deference is paid to the Devil and his Lawyers on this occasion. The Devil always opposes the person to be made a Saint.

The day before I set out from Catania, having suffered from the heat and exercise; in defiance of their customs, I ordered Pascall to make me some broth, and boil a piece of beef simply in the English mode; but it was not down half an hour before the meat was taken out;—of course, by that ingenious person called *Nobody*. Whether this happened to punish me for the breach of etiquette in employing my own cook, or from the pilfering habits of a Sicilian Inn, I cannot say; but I was obliged to buy a fresh piece of beef, and charged Pascall not to quit it till dressed.

29th.—To make a bargain beforehand, is absolutely necessary in Sicily; the attempts at imposition are gross and absurd beyond belief: The people must have a thorough contempt for John Bull's head, in money concerns: they think he will pay whatever they ask. By driving a hard bargain, and with Paterno's assistance, I hired eight

mules and a litiga\* for exactly half what they demanded. The thermometer this day is seventy degrees. I set out soon after eight: From Catania to Aci Reale is called twelve miles, but is not more than ten; it is, perhaps, the worst road in the world, being over rocks and huge pieces of lava;—we performed the journey in three hours: about half way is a hill as steep as the Cork-Screw, near Messina: it has a Convent on the top, and a terrace commanding a very fine prospect. All this line of country is thickly inhabited; and is scattered over with villages, houses, and churches innumerable. The people, like the Calabrians, are very industrious; yet are poor and miserable: The government, the landlord, and the Church take all from them. The Prickly Pear is much planted through the regions of rough lava, which we passed. Though this is a brilliant day, yet Etna is covered with thick clouds from his summit almost to his base. Aci Reale is a very

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\* A Litiga is an odd carriage, like the body of a Vis-a-vis; it holds two persons, and is carried by mules with poles, as a Sedan Chair is; and is used in mountainous countries and bad roads; where wheel-carriages cannot go. The motion, at first, is very disagreeable; but, after being a little accustomed to it, is comfortable enough. It requires a man and boy to drive the fore and the hind mule.

large town. There are three new churches building, one has a beautiful front with six Ionic columns.—The Cathedral is poor on the outside; but has a well painted ceiling, and some good pictures. St. Bartholomew and St. Paul are also good Churches: a Convent of Nuns stands near the latter; it has a beautiful Church, with an altar of the richest marble and workmanship. In short, in Sicily, the Church is a hydra, which devours all before it.

The front of the Senate-House is handsome.—In fact, as far as the stone-cutter, or mason is concerned, all buildings are good in Sicily. We were told, even by the Abbé Ferara, that the road from Catania to Jace and Giarri, was very good through a flat country; but this, like most of our Sicilian information, turned out to be exactly the reverse in every particular: the road is all mountainous; and, if possible, worse than any we have as yet encountered.

We alighted at an indifferent inn; but, as in these country towns, they merely give you lodgings and cooking utensils, Pascall, of course, had liberty to act, and provided and dressed dinner. It is, however, better to go to a Convent, than to any of these

wretched inns. The Dominicans and Capuchins generally give tolerable accommodation: And, in every town, there is a public establishment, called the Fundaco; or, in other words, a very large stable, into which travellers may put their horses and mules without payment, providing their own forage.

Aci stands on high ground over the sea, and is built on an immense bed of lava, on the base of Etna. The greatest curiosity here, is the flight of steps cut out of the solid lava, by which there is a communication with the sea, and down to the Caricatore.\* It is plain from this, that the eminence of lava on which Aci is built, has not been the effect of a single eruption, as seven distinct strata of lava, each having a stratum of earth over it, can be distinguished in these stairs. This, perhaps,

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\* Caricatore is a port allowed to export corn; and where that is the case, there are immense magazines for storing wheat, generally in excavations, from which air is excluded. By the deplorable system of their Corn Laws, grain is collected in this manner, with good and bad mixed. The owners must give one-third to the government at any price, or maximum, they chuse to fix; after which, by paying high fees, they may take out their proportion of this mixed grain; and even then meet every difficulty, if they want to export it.—What would our Board of Agriculture, or Farming Society, think of this system?

is the strongest proof existing of the great antiquity of the eruptions of Etna. Brydone has been much censured, and very justly, for exposing the late Canonico Recupero to the vengeance of the Church, and of those who think it imperative on us to believe all tradition without enquiry: in his Tour of Sicily, he published his conversations with the Canonico, stating; that he adduces the evidence of Etna's antiquity, as an argument, to prove the incorrectness of the date of the Mosaic account of the creation; for, if it require two thousand years (as he assumes) to form a soil over the lava, reasoning from analogy, the lowest of the seven strata at Aci must have flowed fifteen thousand years ago.

Brydone says, that Recupero complained to him, how exceedingly he was embarrassed by these discoveries, in writing the history of the mountain; for he could not, consistently with truth, make the mountain so young, as Moses makes the world: In consequence of which poor Recupero was warned by the Bishop to take care how he published any thing contradictory to Moses.

It would have been much better, however, to have met the Canonico with the same wea-



pons he pretended to use,—namely, reason and argument, as I think it may be proved that it required no such lapse of time to form these different strata: but shall leave the correctness of the Mosaic account to the theologians.

The late Prince Biscaris, a scholar, philosopher, and good naturalist, seems of opinion, in what he has written on this subject, that we should be lost in the darkness of incalculable ages, if we were to examine the time necessary to form the undermost stratum of earth at Aci; and many other able men have been of the same opinion.\*

The seven courses of lava certainly prove so many different eruptions; and the great singularity is, that the lava should have taken precisely the same course in each. Suppose it required even five hundred years to form five or six inches of soil over a stratum of lava, this amounts only to three thousand five hundred years, which is much within the Mosaic account;

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\* It does not appear that Swinburne or Brydone saw this stair-case: the former makes no mention of it; nor the latter, except as hearing of it from Recupero. Every body, however, will agree, that it was very wrong in him to publish these conversations.

moreover, the ashes frequently thrown to a great distance over the strata of lava, on all sides of the mountain: natural decomposition and various other causes, might, and, we know, frequently do form a stratum of earth in even a less period: but, supposing each stratum to require one thousand years; even by this allowance we have only seven thousand years, which is about the extent of the Mosaic calculation, allowing the world to have been four thousand five hundred years old at the birth of Christ.

I must also observe, that every book of travels I have read, including that of Prince de Biscaris, most unaccountably state, (as a reason why particles of earth, ashes, &c. could not be brought, by the course of nature, to cover these strata, except in an immense space of time:)—“ That there is no ground in the “ neighbourhood higher than that on which “ Aci stands;” although Etna stares them in the face, and his gigantic height over Aci is nearly as great as over Catania.

From Aci there is a gradual ascent to the top of Etna.

When we consider that the hardest lava is pulverised, and becomes fit for vegetation in the

course of time; that the ashes of Etna, which forms the strongest kind of soils, are blown all over this part of the island; added to which the particles of earth might be brought down by the rains and winds from the lower and middle regions of Etna, we need not require stronger refutation of the assertion, that this succession of strata destroys the credibility of the Mosaic account of the creation.\* For though Aci does stand on high ground above the sea, the whole of Etna stands above it: therefore, what has been stated by Recuperero, and others, as a decisive proof against the Mosaic account, amounts only to the proof of an antiquity, according

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\* On my return home, I mentioned all these circumstances to the late ingenious and worthy Mr. Kirwan, whom I had the honour and pleasure to be intimately acquainted with for many years: he perfectly agreed in the opinions that I presume to offer in refutation of those above-mentioned; and though, at that time, I had no idea of publishing any thing on the subject, he was so good as to promise to note for me some reasons and arguments of his own, in support of this opinion, in which he fully acquiesced, as to the time necessary to compose a stratum of earth; but which, a severe illness, and the consequent death of that very learned and valuable man, prevented: He also directed my attention to what the Bishop of Llandaff has written on the subject, in his apology for the Bible, in answer to T. Paine. I bought the book. But the Bishop, besides his own reasoning, furnishes positive proofs, (page 155) which totally upset the reasoning of Recuperero: That the reader may refer to them at once, I shall give them in the Appendix.

with that account. A better argument against the truth of it, might be drawn from the Egyptian, Chinese, and Indian antiquities; and from the shells and marine strata, found in great depths in the ground very remote from the sea, and from the remains of marine animals covering the highest summits of the Pyrenees.

Whitehurst, in his ingenious work on the formation of the earth, says, " The attempts to investigate the age of the world from natural phenomena, discovered by sinking a well in Italy, are truly ingenious, but subject to much fallacy." He also evidently (page 39) believes in the Mosaic account; the truth of which he thinks can be deduced from the laws and operations of nature; in these opinions I know Mr. Kirwan coincided.—(See his Geological Essays.) It is, therefore, fair to state, that if, from Geological enquiry, some are disposed to give the world a far greater antiquity than Moses does, still very able and ingenious men, as Kirwan and Whitehurst, are, from the same enquiry, confirmed in the opinion of its truth. I feel I am falling into the same error, for which I blame Brydone.

The Castle of Aci is built on a promontory of black lava, and is a very picturesque object.

30th.—We set out very early, and went over a most execrable road to Giarri; the morning was remarkably fine, and not too warm: we arrived at 9 o'clock; the distance is about nine miles. It is a large ugly town, and full of churches: they are also building an immense one, with a handsome dome; it is nearly finished.

## CHAP. VIII

*Lingua Grossa—Current of Lava from the Eruption of 1809—Numerous Volcanic Craters—Villa Franca—Taorminum—Ancient Theatre and Reservoirs—Palma—Scaletta—Return to Messina.*

We left Giarri soon after 10 o'clock, and arrived at the famous chesnut tree exactly at noon : I knew it at once from the prints of it. I doubt if it ever were a single tree ; it has the appearance of ten great trees in decay. The ride was through the most romantic and beautiful country that can be imagined ; but over precipices, rocks, and loose masses of lava. —The Major and horse rolled over, but he escaped without material injury. We fed the horses, and staid nearly an hour at the Cento-Cavalli tree ; but which, by the way, when in its prime, could not have sheltered one hundred foot-men, much less cavalry. As to the mere tree, it is not now worth going five miles to see ;

but the country and ride to it will repay any fatigue: There are other very large chesnut trees near.—From hence we rode over mountains, mountain-paths, rocks, and fumaras, which, even in the wildest districts of Ireland or Scotland, would be deemed impassable. We had, all along, a fine bird's eye view of the country to the sea, which is 'this day perfectly calm. It took us four hours to go from the Cento Cavalli to Lingua Grossa. The horses and mules are excellent, but half starved by their wretched masters; and, bad as this path-road is, I am certain the poor animals, if fed, would do it in three hours.

We had a fine view of the Theatre at Taorminum, over the hills. The sun now shone strongly on it; and, with my glass, I could see it perfectly, though so distant.

The population of Sicily is, on this side, very great. Even the few barren parts;—in short, every place I have been in, as yet, appears alive with miserable beings, poverty-struck; cottages (poor ones) are numerous: At the Cento Cavalli tree, (far in the wilds of Etna,) in five minutes, we had three women, two men, and nearly thirty children, from three to ten years old, round us: the children were

nearly naked, and their dirt exceeds belief: they came to ask charity.\*

We passed by several extinguished volcanoes of great age, and through lava and ashes: one appeared so modern that I went up, and then descended into its crater; but far from being of late date: I found in the crater the decayed

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\* I must, however, repeat, and I do so with regret, that I have never seen more human misery than in Ireland; nor is there, in any part of Europe, beggars, covered with more filthy rags and tattered clothing, than can be seen in Dublin. In Ireland, we may account for this in some degree,—by the whiskey shop, and from the common people not training their children to early habits of industry; and from the number of marriages between young persons, who have no means of providing for a family. Poverty in Sicily, must arise from bad government, and the all-devouring Church; for the lower orders never get drunk; nor is the marriage of paupers common.

Bad government seems *always* to have been the fate of the poor Sicilians. Cicero proves this: — “When any vessel arrived from Asia, Syria, Tyre, Alexandria, &c. she was seized, and the merchandize carried to the Prætorian Palace, under various pretexts.—After a long interval of time, Sicily beheld, not a second Dionysius or Phalaris, (for that island formerly was cursed with many tyrants) but a kind of being partaking of the nature of these monsters, which are said to have frequented parts of Sicily.—Scylla and Charybdis were not as terrible to mariners passing the Straights of Messina, as Verres was to the people. In one respect he was infinitely more dreadful; I mean from the number and magnitude of the dogs which surrounded him: he was a second Cyclops.—Polyphemus and Etna were only destructive to neighbouring districts: Verres to *all*.”



stumps of several huge oaks, which must have been three hundred years old: there appears a vast collection of cinders and ashes about it. In fact, all Etna is an immense territory of volcanoes. It is seldom that he discharges his artillery from the great crater at the top; he does it from his out-posts. I here drew a rough sketch of the topography of Etna, and marked the appearance of the various craters.

In this day's journey we met several herds of goats; I wanted to buy a kid for supper, but we could not make out any owner: Indeed, these animals were in rather a wild part of the mountain, and seemed as wild as the territory. One of our mule boys immediately offered to go and catch one for us, and he seemed to think it no more, *per il Generale*, than pulling a blackberry would be in England; but I demurred. Pascall, as usual, went on before, with his utensils, &c. to the Capuchin Convent at Lingua Grossa, and had prepared excellent accommodation.

The Convent is good, and in a most romantic situation. The Capuchins have a tolerable library: the views from it very fine: Here we dined, or rather supped: some of them came in, and drank wine with us.

All these establishments are going down fast : This Convent is for forty monks ; but there are only fifteen in it : they chaunted their vespers and night service.

In walking, after dinner, through one of the long galleries, leading to the cells, I saw a light ; and, from curiosity, went to it, thinking to find a saint, a chapel, or the like ; but what was my surprise on seeing a large room or temple, dedicated to the Goddess Cloacina, and a large lamp to light it. I was really in astonishment ; and yet there is nothing perfect in Sicily : The room, twenty feet square, and clean, has not a door. I hear this very useful sort of room is sometimes met with in the convents, though unknown at other houses, in which, if there be any convenience of the kind, it is always situated in an angle of the wall, in the *kitchen* with only a curtain before it, like Punch's puppet show.

The town of Lingua Grossa is indifferent ; but is handsomely and well paved with lava-slabs, as hard as granite. The poor inhabitants seem inoffensive ; and yet here, as in every other town and many villages, there is a strong prison, well furnished with tenants. The industry of the females is very great : A woman is not to be

seen, who has not a distaff in her hand, or who is not someway employed ; and yet they have the appearance of squalid misery. They all complain of the oppression and taxes, for thirty years they have paid a road-tax sufficient to have established a mail-coach almost over the whole island, and yet not a mule path is ever repaired ;—all is expended by \_\_\_\_\_ at Palermo, and her people.

The Capuchins go to Church ten times a day : they begin at mid-night, and are now, at *eleven*, chaunting at a chapel in the gallery : they actually flog themselves three times a year, viz. in Lent, at Corpus Christi, and at Christmas. What folly remains in the world, even in the nineteenth century. In the Church, there is some very curious and fine carving in wood over the altar.

The object of my visit here, is to ascend Etna on this side, and trace the progress of the late eruption of lava.

Saturday, Dec. 1st. — I walked out before breakfast : the orange trees are beginning to blossom : all the country is inclosed with dry walls built of lava. There is more wood

on this side of Etna, than on the other;—but, like Ireland, Sicily will soon be stripped of its timber, for the modern Sicilians never plant.

This side of the mountain is far the most picturesque and beautiful: At 10 o'clock, we ascended through fog and clouds, till just after we entered the Woody Region, where we got into an immense forest of fine oaks; here a good guide was very necessary: This forest continued several miles; many of the trees are very old, and ought to have been cut down twenty-five years ago. There are several large pine trees intermixed, which they are cutting down fast. Truth, as I have before observed, is not a Sicilian virtue: We were assured it required four *long* hours to reach the late volcano; but, though great part of the road was to the full, as bad as any we have met with, we got there exactly at half past noon, viz. in two hours and thirty minutes. The fog was now entirely cleared from the top of the mountain, and from the part we had arrived at; but the low country was still in mist.

This torrent of Lava is of a very coarse sort, but we were much gratified, as it can be traced

from the mouth of the crater to where it stopped ; and is at once a wonderful and an awful sight. From the great crater, or even from Monte Rosso, no stream of lava can be seen in the same perfection ; indeed, there is no appearance of lava on the cone of the great crater. We climbed with infinite labour over immense rocks of this lava ; and, at last, on all fours along the ridge, and to the top of the crater, from whence it had flowed : and here I took up some specimens, so hot, that I was obliged to drop them and let them cool before I could put them into my bag. Mr. Sweeney and I descended to the bottom of this crater ; the eruption took place in February 1809, and lasted about three weeks. The ashes were carried by the wind as far as Melazzo, where the sentinels, at first, took them for gun-powder, and thought the magazine was thrown down by an earthquake. At the bottom, there is a large slanting opening, from which there comes a noise like that of boiling water, a sound like hammering, and also much smoke : we advanced into this cavern till the smell and sulphureous vapour made it imprudent to remain longer. I could not find any pure sulphur, or salt-petre, as at Vesuvius, and, as I am told, there is at Stromboli, and in the bottom or sides of Etna's great crater.

The eruption of 1809, came from several different craters: There were some smaller ones above this great one; and, as I suspected our guides were deceiving us, being certain that lava, like water, would never ascend, I determined to follow the course of it, and discover where it first broke out, this cost nearly three hours, and much fatigue. Sweeney and I went to the very top of this branch of Etna, and into many small and silent craters.

On one of the hills is a large fir-tree, with one side perfect, but the other is hollowed out by the fire of the last eruption; still the sap was so strong, it was not burned down, and remains in the state above described.

The course of the lava from the craters is marked on the sketch.—There is a general communication of lava from one crater to the other, and all pass through a valley: The hills on each side are covered with wood.

Having now satisfied my curiosity, and filled a bag with specimens, we descended, and arrived at the Capuchin Convent at seven o'clock: it therefore took us as long to descend as to ascend. The last hour and a half we were in darkness. The Sicilian muleteers and guides are so afraid

of being caught in the night, that they always misrepresent the distance. I cannot state the real distance in miles from Lingua Grossa to the volcano;—I think it eight, and not more. I took the thermometer this day, and it stood as follow, in air and shade :

	Degrees.
At Lingua Grossa, at 10 o'clock, A.M. felt cold,.....	62
Where we dismounted at noon, certainly six miles up the mountain,.....	60
At the bottom of the cone of the crater, 1 o'clock, P.M. ....	63
At the top of the same soon after,.....	64
At the Capuchin Convent, at Lingua Grossa, 9 o'clock at night, in the cell where I slept,.....	61

The Capuchins chaunted a night service while we were at dinner: it was about 8 o'clock. Some of them have good voices.—I was sorry we had no spirits, as the Superior and the Lecturer came in and sat with us, and a little punch would have been a rarity to them, and *useful to us all*. At 9 o'clock, we retired to our cells to rest.

Sunday, Dec. 2nd. — We took leave of the Capuchins after breakfast; and proceeded by a

bad road to Franca Villa. This journey was through a most romantic country, and well wooded. We passed the house, close to which the lava stopped in the last eruption. For the first time we got accurate information from the Capuchins, as to distances and the time the journey would require; the latter is the best criterion, for the paths being over rocks, &c. only fit for goats to travel on, render it impossible to measure distances accurately. It took us three hours to go from Lingua Grossa to Villa Franca, and four from thence to Giardini, a village at the foot of the steep mountain of Taorminum; and a full half hour more to ride up the said mountain to Taorminum. We passed close under Castiglione, which is a pretty town as to situation, on a high and steep mountain, with a romantic Castle and Church. The road goes quite round this mountain, and we had different views of it. Villa Franca is the poorest, the dirtiest, and the worst paved town I ever saw. My object was merely to see the position of the Austrian and Spanish armies at the great battle fought there between them in the year 1719, on the 1st of June; and the only battle that has taken place in Sicily since the time of the Romans. The principal scene of action was near the Capuchin Convent,



which is in a most picturesque situation, on a steep rock.

The Spanish army was thus formed :—Their centre was on a small plain, having the town in their rear, and the rapid, but not broad, river Cantara in front: the right, consisting of five battalions, was posted at the Capuchin Convent, on the other side of the river which winds here; but there then was, and still is, a bridge over it, consequently a communication. They placed a battery on the highest rock, and guns in other situations about the Convent; on the other side of which, and close to it, is a very great fumara leading towards Melazzo, and having high mountains on each side; but, except in the rainy season, this fumara is dry.

The Spanish left, is said to have been posted on the rising grounds to the left of, and rather behind, the town; but which, from reading the description of the battle on the spot, I do not believe. I took a sketch of the ground.

The issue of this battle is well known :—The Austrians were beaten. I shall, therefore, only observe, that they appear to have been terribly cramped as to room, and to have foolishly held the Spanish army in too much contempt, and to

have attacked the post at the Capuchins from the mountain Tre Fontani, with infantry only. The position is strong as a mere post, and almost impossible to force without artillery, which the event shewed. Whereas they might easily have battered it to pieces from the hills opposite, and from the other side of the fumara on its flank.

The situation of the Convent is most beautiful, and Castiglione (within cannon shot of Villa Franca) adds to the scenery.

After satisfying my curiosity, set out for Taorminum, crossing the great fumara. Those who stay all night, generally take their quarters at the Capuchin Convent; but it is dirty and bad: the Dominicans is much better.—The Capuchins have a book in manuscript, by one of the brethren said to be written at the time, that gives a good account of the campaign, and particularly of the battle of Villa Franca.

Our road to Taorminum, was through a most singular and beautiful country, well wooded, and interspersed with orange groves and olives. The orange trees are now beginning to bloom. The road continues through valleys, over hills,

and past high mountains, with villages and castles on their tops, and apparently so steep as to be inaccessible: in short, the lovers of wild scenery and romantic beauty would have been highly gratified. It was late when we arrived at Giardini close to the sea: there is a sort of inn there; but I preferred going up to Taorminum. The mules were so tired that the muleteers wished to remain at Giardini; but I was advised to ride up, at least, part of the hill of Taorminum. The litiga we had with us on this journey could not well be brought up this night; and my companions seemed to think nothing of the walk, and accordingly set out. I took advice, and mounted a mule; and found it so very steep, that I did not part with him till I arrived at the inn.

Taorminum is a very ancient town. The mountain on which it stands is almost perpendicular over the sea. Fortunately it was bright moonlight. At last I got to the top, and entered the gate: the inn was exactly at the other end of the town, which is, at least, an English mile long. Pascall had dinner ready; but it was past 8 o'clock when Sweeney and the Major arrived, wet through with perspiration;—the Major was so fatigued and angry, though he had no one to blame but himself, that it was

impossible to help laughing; often he cursed himself for not remaining at Giardini: indeed, he was completely knocked up. The Major of Dillon's, quartered here, sent me some wine.

Monday, 3rd.—I walked out before breakfast to a terrace, from which is a delightful view north. After breakfast the Major of Dillon's regiment, called and brought an antiquary to conduct us. We visited the ruins of the great Theatre, certainly as large as our Opera House; the remaining skeleton is sufficiently perfect to leave no doubt whatever of its having been a Theatre for the representation of plays. We sat down on the round stone seats, while our antiquary went on the part where the stage was, and made a speech, to try the effect of the voice.—Sound, however, must be very different in a finished building from what it is amidst ruined walls. It is doubtful, if the ancients covered their theatres: the Amphitheatres certainly had not roofs.

Ancient as the Theatre is, it bears testimony to the great antiquity of Etna's eruptions, as pieces of lava are found in the walls; the inside is lined with very fine bricks. The Senate have made a few repairs; and some broken and

mutilated columns, pieces of marble statues, and cornices remain.

The view of Etna from the front of the Theatre, when he is uncapped, must be grand. Indeed, all the views from Taorminum, and particularly from this spot, are as fine as can be conceived. It stands rather higher than the town, which, high as it is, has still higher mountains above it; on one of which are the ruins of the village of Mola, and, on another, those of an old castle, which has been recently repaired. These add to the romantic appearance; and, with the commanding view, north and south over the sea, altogether form as fine a prospect as I ever saw.

The ancient reservoirs are on a hill above the town: one of them is as perfect as ever, and is larger than that at Puzzoli near Naples. From hence we went to the Naumachia, or Theatre for water amusements, which, it seems, the ancients were fond of: and though they appear so careful of water, as is proved by all the aqueducts, &c. both above and under ground: it is singular that they should have known so little of hydraulics. Little of the walls remains, and the interior is now a

garden. There are certainly several ancient water pipes, and it may have been a Water Theatre, or more likely a Gymnasium.

The Terrace, I walked to before breakfast, is in front of a church, evidently built on the foundations of an ancient temple. Taorminum is full of melancholy memorials of past ages.

The Cathedral has some tolerable pictures: the Dominican Convent is very large and rich; some of our soldiers are quartered in it. There are two good squares, with cloisters and large galleries up stairs, and a miranda, or terrace, from which the views, both north and south, are truly sublime and beautiful. The clouds are gathering fast, and it even begins to rain.

I walked out, in the rain, to the south, to see the almost perpendicular hill I came up last night; and visited the ruins of Tombs. We saw a Sarcophagus, lately found amongst these Tombs: It is of marble, and very perfect, but small, and has human bones in it; which, they declare, were not put in by the moderns. It is about twenty inches square: the top lifts off. They asked twenty guineas for it.

The Professor of Theology in the Dominican Convent, gave me some old coins found in Taorminum. Near this Convent is an ancient and very beautiful fountain, and basin of marble.

Taorminum, with narrow dirty streets, in the most singular and beautiful situation that can be conceived, is the poorest and dirtiest town I ever yet saw. The ground, however, about it, has changed very much, though it is remarkable that it has seldom been affected by earthquakes, though they do such mischief in its neighbourhood. Certain it is, that, in all inhabited places, when in their decline, the ground has a tendency to rise, or is filled by rubbish. Thus many of the triumphal arches at Rome, and other monuments of antiquity, are one-third, or more, under ground. There are very old inhabitants at Taorminum, who declare, they have heard their fathers say, that, in their time, they could walk from the Naumachia to the Theatre, without much rise in the ground: At present, it is all up hill, though certainly much of the Theatre is buried; indeed, if that was not the case, it would be impossible to walk to it on level ground from the Naumachia; for what at present appears of the Theatre is, I dare say, two hundred feet above the

Naumachia, if diminished to the true foundation, (say ten feet) the lowest steps would probably be discovered; and if the rubbish was cleared away, though the rise of one hundred and ninety feet in near half a mile would be perceived, still it would be level, compared to what it now is.

About 3 o'clock, P.M. having seen all that Taorminum afforded, we went to Dillon's quarters to dine with Major Renaud. In the courtyard of the house, are several broken pieces of marble columns, cornices, ornaments, statues of granite, inscriptions, &c. all much defaced, and found here. The house stands high and directly over the sea, and has a railed terrace, or miranda, from the drawing-room, and from which there are grand, magnificent, and delightful views. While I was here admiring them, a tremendous thunder storm suddenly came on; the hills changed colour, the sea was high and roared loud; great part of it was obscured by a collection of very black clouds, which stretched to Giardini, and over part of Mola hill; and, as the sun occasionally broke out, and shone very bright on a small part of the sea and the lower country, it formed a contrast and fine effect, which I am unable to describe. What



a subject it would have afforded those classic painters,—Salvator Rosa, Poussin, Vernet, Wilson, Hackest, or Louthembourg: And, to add to it, the ruins of the Theatre, and the town, were only half enveloped in clouds.

I could hardly tear myself from this most sublime and singular scene. After dinner, we walked down the hill, over a very bad road, which is as steep on the north as on the south side. We ordered the litiga and mules to go forward. There is a road or path-way for litigas, &c. from Giardini, much lower down than Taorminum, but still it is high over the sea; and from the narrowness of it, and the very low wall, is far more terrific than Penman-Maur, or Ros, are described to have been sixty years ago. As we passed the Theatre, I again went over its interesting ruins, and visited some ancient tombs and burying places on the north-side; the tenants of which have been even disturbed, for they are now empty. Our friends saw us nearly down the hill, when we took leave, and proceeded. It had cleared up the last hour; but now the black thunder clouds rolling over the hills, flashing out streams of lightning, gave them a variety of tints.—In fact, the breaking up of the weather, at this time and place, has been rather a fortunate

circumstance; for, in consequence, it gave a variety and sublimity to the scenery, that I should in vain attempt to describe. I cast many a retrospective look at Taorminum, whose grand and beautiful situation cannot be exceeded, and I much doubt if it be any where equalled.

It was dark when we reached Palma, twelve miles. We had full light, however, to see the fort and pass at Cape St. Alessio. The fort is very strong, and has been lately repaired by us. It completely commands the pass north and south, and, of course, the road between Messina and Taorminum: it stands very high over the sea; and is also a very picturesque object. There are four very heavy guns in it, two commanding the north road, and two the south: there might, and ought to be, more; there are a number of loop-holes for musketry in the communication walls: It is a pass of great military importance; very strong, and might be made still stronger. Although it stands so high, it is, in Summer, a most sickly unwholesome spot. The Mal aria is dreadful. I was obliged to move a company of Dillon's, (for it was in my command when I was on this staff,) and to furnish the garrison by detachment, to be relieved every week;—a great many died. I

found that much of this *Malaria here* comes on in consequence of the dreadful stench occasioned by steeping the flax and hemp in the autumnal months.

As it rained hard, at times, this afternoon, several of the fumaras, we had to pass, were full, and we were obliged to have a guide, with assistants, particularly at the principal fumara, otherwise we could not have crossed it this night. The torrent from the mountains through these fumaras, was deep and very strong: they are often impassable for twenty-four hours. The posada, or inn, at Palma, is very indifferent; but has a large fonda (public stable),—one of their few good institutions. When there is a Convent near, the accommodation is generally better there than at an inn, if the traveller brings his cook, bedding, and some provision, they will find the kitchen utensils, dishes, and plates: those who go into the interior, must carry provisions; indeed, the same precaution is often necessary in large towns. I would not advise any one, who can avoid it, to travel in the very hot months, viz. June, July, August, and September: an orderly dragoon, police man, or scampieri, well armed, is necessary; though, since the arrival of the English, and the more general communication in the interior,

there have been very few robberies : The traveller should have a case of pistols, and a strong gimblet, for few of the doors have locks or bolts. I advise him also to hire a litiga from one great town to another ; it is nearly as cheap for two people as two mules ; it saves great fatigue, and is useful, particularly in case of rain, which (when it does come) comes in torrents.

Palma is merely a fishing village, with a few houses close to the sea, and a tower : there are many towers on the coast, but now mostly in ruin. That at Palma is larger than our Martellos, and has a castellated battlement : there is also an old gate leading to it, with a Latin inscription, but so defaced I could not make it out ; there is another in Italian, also disfigured ; the people know nothing about it.

Tuesday, 4th.—The thunder and lightning last night was loud and vivid ; the entire heavens appeared in a blaze of fire : and the rain fell in torrents, the wind was high, and the sea roared louder than I ever heard it. The morning was very wet ; but I despatched Pascall after breakfast, with the dragoon to guard him as usual. We breakfasted, and set out for Messina at half past 9 o'clock ; the Major and I in the litiga. It rained very hard till we got to

Scaletta. Here I stopped two hours to see the forts: there are two towns, one at the foot of the mountain and close to the sea, and one near the top. I took a sketch of Scaletta,\* as I passed it in my way to Catania, which is a perfect representation of its situation. During a short cessation of the rain, I walked up to the fort, with Captain Bodin, of Dillon's regiment. It is an extraordinary and very strong place, on a mountain over the sea, and commanding the roads north and south: there is another town about half way up; they suffered greatly by the earthquake in the year 1783: The upper fort, which is still higher than the upper town, commands the works below it. This post might be made almost impregnable. It was taken, however, in November 1676, by the Duke Vivonne, after a siege of fifteen days. We have laid out some money in the repair of, and additions to, these forts: There ought to be a cavalier, or Martello tower, with a traversing

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\* There is a large Fondaco at Scaletta. This is a public stable belonging to the government. There is one at every town, and any traveller may put up his horses; and muleteers, carrying goods, their mules; but they give no forage, that must be purchased; no payment is required for the use of the stable. The muleteers sleep with their mules, and require no drink but iced-water.

twenty-four pounder, and some cannonades to command the ravines on each side, and also some bomb proofs for the soldiers. We are in a state of active expense in Sicily; and yet things are only done by halves.

The ascent to these forts, and the upper town, is very difficult, and the road very bad. A mile further on, are the ruins of an ancient Watch Tower, not unlike the lower part of the Irish Round Towers, and the door (as in them) many feet from the base.

We continued our journey, stopped at St. Placido, and went up the hill to the Convent, which is now occupied as a barrack, by our 2nd battalion light infantry: there is a tolerable mule road to it. The Convent, a very large fine building, and in a very commanding situation, takes in the entire Straights, and the Sicilian and Calabrian coasts; Reggio nearly opposite, and all along to the Faro, Piale, and Point a Pezzo; also to the south point of Italy, Cape Spartivento.

The Church is in ruins: we descended and continued our journey along the coast by Trimistère, Pisturine, and Contessa, to Mes-

sina, where we arrived just before dark. We have been a month on this tour, and most fortunate as to weather, and, indeed, in all respects. The roads, inns, &c. to be sure, are dreadful: the dirt intolerable, and the fleas, bugs, musquitos, and other vermin numerous,

I have been much gratified on this tour; and shall not soon forget the sublimity of the scene at Taorminum yesterday, and the extraordinary features of the surrounding hills.

Swinburne, like myself, was charmed with the beautiful situation of Taorminum: he says, it is a place possessing every grand and beautiful feature and qualification for the powers of a *Salvator Rosa*, &c. &c. Indeed, every thing there is sublime and grand.

I ought to have mentioned before, that, at the foot of the hill near Giardini, there is a mole of lava, which must have been from some dreadful eruption, considering its distance from Etna. But that near Aci Reale is of greater extent, very broad, and deep. It forced its way into the sea, and formed the promontory on which the Castle stands.

Brydone quotes, from Diodorus Siculus, that it was this mass of lava, which, during the second Punic War, when Syracuse was besieged by the Romans, stopped a body of troops on their march from Taorminum to the relief of the besieged; and which, reaching the sea, cut off their passage, and obliged them to go round near one hundred and eighty miles by the other side of Etna: other authorities are mentioned. This happened two thousand years ago, and the lava is still hard and black: but, it is certain, that, in process of time, the hardest lava pulverises, and becomes fertile soil.

Near this is a bridge over the rivulet Alcantaro, said to have been built by the Devil, the grand architect, who has built so many in Europe.



## CHAP. IX.

*Return to Messina—Christmas Customs and Amusements of the Sicilians—The Carnival—Departure for Lipari—Island of Volcano—Descent into the Crater—Volcanic Productions—Recent Eruptions from this Volcano.*

Dec. 9th.—I passed the remainder of the month at Messina; and shall briefly state such circumstances as may serve to illustrate the state of the climate, and the customs of the inhabitants, at this season of the year.

This day, being the miraculous conception of the Virgin Mary, there was a procession in the streets, and a huge image of a Saint carried about. Scarcely a day passes without some church or other, having a service, or function,

as they call it, in honour of a Saint ; and, on these occasions, they fire a number of patereros ; it is made a part of the service, like a *feu de joie*, and the guns arranged, in the street, in front of the Church ; The miserable ringing, or rather noise, of the bells, goes on all day. The Madre Chiesa, or Cathedral, was illuminated on this occasion, and its bells made a tremendous noise : they have no idea, either of the Flemish chimes, or the English bob-majors.

The French have built a set of huts, a fort, and a new telegraph, just opposite my windows, on the very top of the Calabrian mountains : this was done while we were on our tour :— They have another hut-camp very high up to the left. The situation must be now very cold. They do not appear to have many troops there.

Towards the afternoon, when the sun shines strong on the opposite coast, I can see the town of St. Geovani, and the people walking about very plain : I cannot believe it is six miles across. The hills of Calabria look beautiful ; many of them covered with fine wood ; the snow on the leaves shews them more distinctly than they can be seen in Summer. I am told these forests have very fine timber, and magnificent walnut

and chestnut trees. They are rebuilding the *Marsina*, destroyed by the earthquake in 1763.

In the Winter, we have a garrison ball once a fortnight: The rooms are excellent; with two good bands; and yet they do not seem well attended, though there is so large a garrison, and so many English ladies here; if it were not for the addition of Sicilian company, they could not make up a dance. The British officers do not appear to have much intercourse with the Sicilians; indeed, as the latter only keep *dry lodgings*,\* and do not even give *dry drums*, it is not surprising. The English officers have made fire places in the houses they occupy; but I did not find it necessary to have one before the thirteenth.

Friday, 14th.—I set out, after breakfast, in Sir John Stuart's barge, to see the coast; and intending to go to the Faro; but, when at the Grotto, (half way) the hills and mountains were so obscured in clouds, with every appearance of storm and rain, that I put about and returned:

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\* *Dry Lodging* is an Irish term well known; and in that country, a card-party, or assembly, without a supper, is also called a *Dry Drum*.

just as we reached Messina, the day cleared up : the views from the harbour and sea are fine, and always afford gratification.

Several ships came in this morning through the Faro, and the French, as usual, cannonaded them : and this day there was very heavy firing ; our gun-boats went out and stood over towards St. Geovani, to return the compliment on the town ; but the appearance of storm and bad weather made them return also. It is surprising that the French persevere in firing at merchant ships passing the Faro : they seldom do them any material damage ; whereas the shot and shells fired from our boats into their town and barracks greatly injures them. They have been repeatedly sent to, and informed, that we would not fire on the town, except when they fired at merchant ships. Men of war are considered fair objects ; but whenever they fired at an unarmed vessel, the gun-boats would attack St. Geovani ;—still they persevere.

Saturday, 15th.—A Sicilian was hanged this day for repeated robberies, and setting fire to houses. I saw the operation from a gentleman's house opposite the place of execution. The Sicilian mode is certainly merciful to the malefactor, though in appearance very shocking ;—

one fellow stands on the shoulders of the criminal, and, of course, his neck is immediately broke; and another hangs by his legs all the time he is on the gibbet.

I am sorry to add, that it has been necessary to execute several soldiers in this army. One man lately loaded his musquet, and shot the serjeant of his company before the whole guard, and was, of course, hanged.

19th.—Thermometer at fifty degrees; wind north; Calabrian mountains covered with snow; and yet a very fine day.

The Commander of the forces reviewed the artillery. A ship, with Congreve rockets, arrived lately, and this day Sir John Stuart ordered an experiment with them: their force and noise is prodigious; they went nearly three thousand yards, and set fire to some timber where they fell. At 8 o'clock, P.M. when perfectly dark, a discharge of these rockets was repeated; great numbers of people went out to see it; but, in their night appearance, there seemed little difference between them and a common rocket, except in their noise. These rockets cost about twenty-five shillings each, and are of three sorts:—one with a small shell to burst;

one with a carcass to set fire to any place ; and the third, with a shrapnel shell, containing forty musket bullets.

The climate of Sicily has six months of extremely hot weather, and towards the Vernal equinox, two months of storm and torrents of rain ; for four months it is the most delightful climate in the world.

22nd.—Stromboli was this day in *nubibus* ; but, as the sun shone on the Calabrian coast, towards afternoon every object there was very distinct. I could see the sentries as plainly as possible with my glass, and, indeed, almost with the naked eye. They are now repairing Scylla Castle, which we attempted to blow up two years ago ; and are also erecting some formidable batteries for heavy guns along the coast. The distance *here* across, does not seem more than one mile and a half English, at the most.

We walked round to the hut-barracks, lately occupied by the 58th regiment, and now by the 81st ; but they are so badly finished, and so cold in this season, at night, that, in one large room, four officers have pitched their tents, by which they have good shelter.

The new Redoubt, on the north coast, is in a strong situation, and the masons' work well done; but is yet without cannon in it, manganines, or bomb-proofs. The soil here is all sandy, and yet produces vines: the wine of the Faro is very good. The roads at night are very extensive; and, from the deep sand, very fatiguing to officers and men. A little under this sand, there is a stratum of very hard stuff like stone and mortar; it runs from the Faro inferno road to the north, and extends to Glenzari; at about three feet under the sand, it is like a rock. I saw the foundations, and some broken pedestals of the columns of Neptune's Temple, situated here; little remains of it, except the foundations; which, from the excellence of the mortar or cement is so hard, they cannot break it with the best pickaxes; and, as it is in the way of some of their projected works, they will be obliged to blast it. We walked round the lakes,\* after descending from the Redoubt, and

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\* In most of the accounts of the earthquake of 1783, it is stated, that these lakes were entirely dried up by that convulsion, though every English officer, who has been in Sicily, knows the contrary:—so much for correct information.

called on Major Reeves (of the 27th regiment) at Gonzari.

The road along the coast to the Fare was made lately, and is excellent; the distance nine miles by land or by water. The new military roads, made up the mountains for horses and mules, are, in many places, almost perpendicular. For a month before Christmas, the mountaineers, who play on a miserable sort of bag-pipe, such as was in use in the time of Virgil, come into the towns, and perambulate the streets in the night, to the great annoyance of bad sleepers; and really make as much noise as Mac Nab, or any Highland chief, with a dozen bag-pipes, could desire. Some of these fellows have been bribed to go different times to the doors of certain persons, to make as much noise as possible in the night; most of the houses here being let in floors, or flats, as in Edinburgh, and the stairs open and common to all: before morning the pipers run off, and do not return again till after an interval of a day or two; the people are all very angry, and vow vengeance; but the authors of this amusing hoax have not been found out yet;—many a curse the pipers get: indeed, without these extraordinary efforts, the annoyance is sufficiently great.



The higher a man is lodged in Messina the more fashionable;—a most inconvenient custom in a hot climate: a first floor is not on a par with a garret in London: it is very tiresome to have to mount always up to the top of a high house.

The Theatre closes three weeks at this time of the year,—two before, and one after, Christmas, which the Sicilians lament much, as it is their chief amusement.

24th.—A very fine day; although a little fire is comfortable after dinner, yet I generally breakfast with my windows open, which shews the comparative mildness of this climate in Winter. I find a considerable change in my health for the better, since we have had cold weather, or rather a cessation of the terrible heat.

I went this day to the Madre Chiesa, it being Christmas Eve: there was an excellent band of violins, &c. at 10 o'clock at night. The Church was illuminated; and there was good music till mid-night, when they performed high mass; it ended near 2 o'clock in the morning. They did not expose the image of a child at the altar.

to represent the Nativity, as is usual ; and which I recollect seeing in great perfection, many years ago, at Leghorn. The effect of the music, the lights, the service, and the crowds of people, during the darkness of mid-night, had its sublimity, and was interesting. The philosopher might here moralize on human institutions ; the effects of early prejudices ; the hypocrisy of a large portion of the Priests ; and their hearers ; and the folly and superstition of the remaining part. I cannot, however, help declaring my opinion, that some religious superstition is as necessary to keep the lower order in subordination, as the fear of punishment.

25th.—The Guarda Redoubt, now building, is found fault with by some good judges ; but its situation is certainly excellent, commanding the beach north to the Faro, and south to Salvador de Greci, likewise the Guarda, Fumara, and the beach under and opposite : it stands high, but is commanded by higher ground near it, on which, no doubt, a tower will be built, and the works connected, as the engineers are so fond of spending money. Never was there a finer day ; and I think it is as warm as July, in England.

25th.—They say there was an earthquake this day, but I did not feel it: light shocks of earthquakes are frequent at Messina.

JANUARY 1st, 1811.—The Sicilian custom on this day, and adopted by the English, is a universal visiting, &c. a neglect of it is thought quite an insult; what a tiresome waste of time! All persons seem employed the whole day at this dull work.

2nd.—I went, the second time, to the Capuchin Convent: it is large; and once contained one hundred monks, and had a fine library: What is become of the brethren, unless they have died off, I cannot say: but the Convent is now a military hospital, and partly in ruins. All that now remains of Fort Mattagriffoni is the Telegraph Tower. Here our Richard Cœur de Lion wintered, in his way to Palestine.

This is Twelfth Night, and is kept, but not as in England. A sort of show most ingeniously made, is exhibited on a small stage, in the largest room in the house; in which every thing in the world seems represented in miniature-figures,—viz. houses, men, animals of all sorts, trees, gardens, parks, towns, rivers, mountains, woods, flowers, mills,

carriages, ships, boats, birds, temples in ruins, and modern ones, churches, &c. &c. and in a corner the virgin and the Bambino Gesù Christo, with the Kings from the East; such parts as should be in motion are so; and the whole is well-lighted: it goes on all night, and a constant succession of people come to see it: Perhaps there may be a dozen in every city; and this is their mode of keeping Twelfth Night. I went with a party after dinner to two of them, and they are certainly worth seeing.

7th.—As fine a day as any of ours in August. I intended to set out for Palermo the first; but I have been so strongly advised to visit the Lipari Islands, and hear so much of Volcano and Stromboli, that I have determined to visit them.

A flag of truce came over in the evening: no particular news. On these occasions, they always send the French and Neapolitan papers: three fellows also got a boat, and deserted from Calabria to us. The difference in the length of the day at this season with us, and in this latitude, is very apparent.

11th.—The people have been much alarmed these three days, expecting an earthquake, in

consequence of a great shoal of small fish appearing in the harbour, and which they say is always observed before one: but they are easily alarmed, and fly to implore protection from their Saints. I intended to go this day to the mountain Antona Mara, but it was quite in *nubibus*.

12th.—Called on M. Danero, the Governor of Messina, being his King's birth day: He is a respectable and very fine old man, near ninety, but perfect in all his faculties; and what is more singular at his advanced age, is very neat and clean.

At night, the Governor gave a ball at the palace in honour of the day: it was well attended, and there were plenty of refreshments. The Sicilian ladies wear a profusion of fine diamonds; this, with a carriage, is their chief expence.

13th.—The Carnival begins this day; though every body seems to know what it is, few can define it: this was the subject of conversation at a large dinner party, at M. Mercati's.—Colonel ——— gave the best definition I have heard;—being asked its true meaning, he an-

swered: "As, in all Catholic countries, they  
" must fast during Lent, and also then confess  
" their sins; they therefore take six weeks of  
" pleasure immediately before Lent, and do  
" what they please, as they may wipe off all  
" at once; and this six weeks of dissipation,  
" intrigue, and feasting, is called Carnival."

17th.—This day it rained in torrents; it was almost impossible to stir out: I, however, got as far as the News Room, which is in the same street that I live. This establishment has been formed by the British officers, and is a very good one.

18th.—Our Queen's birth day, contrary to every probability, a very fine one. At 10 o'clock Sir J. Stuart held a levee; and, at noon, the royal artillery, dragoons, and fourteen battalions of infantry, formed in line on the sands, from Contessa to the Citadel, full three miles: Fort Gonzani fired twenty-one guns, and the troops three rounds in *feux de joie*; lastly, the gunboats, which anchored opposite the beach, fired three rounds. The French had a fine view of it. The regiments came in from the Grotte Gonzani, the Faro, and Salvador de Greci: ten thousand men were under arms: After this they

marched past the royal standard, and saluted. I believe there is not, for its numbers, a finer army in Europe, and so healthy and well appointed. At night, Sir John gave a magnificent ball, which was well attended: He also had a fire-work in the street: the best I ever saw, and conducted by Sicilians, who excel in this art. The Sicilian ladies wore a profusion of beautiful diamonds; and there was an excellent supper.

19th.—Sir John got French papers from Calabria, by a flag of truce; and London news with Parliamentary proceedings of the 18th of December. I dined, at Contessa, with the 21st regiment, and rode home with Grattan. The night was so dark, that the Major would not ride, but walked with another officer:—*Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Carybdim!* He fell down near the town, and unfortunately broke his arm, and dislocated his elbow.

20th.—I intended to set out for Melazzo tomorrow; but the Major's accident will prevent me for some days, as he is, at present, in a helpless state.

30th.—After ten days of very bad weather, we, at last, have a fine day. I set out at 11

o'clock, with Mr. Grattan, and rode to Melazzo, twenty-four miles. A part of the road is very good; but more than half extremely bad. From the top of the Cork-Screw hill, the view on each side to Messina, and west to Melazzo, with Stromboli and the Lipari Islands, is fine indeed. The country, as far as Spada Faro, is all hilly and volcanic, but interesting. Jesse is prettily situated, but a poor town; from a little beyond it, the road is nearly impassable. Three miles before our arrival at Spada Faro, we met a detachment of the Val de Noto dragoons; and, as I had sent on the mules with my baggage, I was obliged to ask the road: the officer politely came with us himself; and, at Spada Faro, I got an orderly dragoon to shew us the way. Without a guide we never could have accomplished it; and the road was here so deep, that the horses sink nearly to their bodies. The bad roads about Etna are all hard knobs, rocks, and masses of rough lava; this the contrary, but worse, as a road, being through a bog. Spada Faro is a poor fishing village, near the sea: an old castle, now a barrack, is its principal building: Hitherto the country was all mountainous: but from hence to Melazzo is flat for about four miles. The deep boggy soil, however, pro-



duces good corn, though almost a slough; but the last three miles is over a fine sand, like a riding-house, neither too hard nor too deep, and is as fine a horse-road as possible. We arrived at 5 o'clock, the distance is not measured, but cannot be less than twenty-four, and is called twenty-eight miles: It took us just six hours at a walk. Melazzo is finely situated, and looks well as one approaches; it is above a mile long.

31st.—I got quarters last night at Baron Proto's;—fine rooms, fine gilding and painting, and a good bed; but many articles of the furniture certainly have never been dusted since they were made.

As I had a scampavia; and an order for a gun-boat to attend me to Lipari from the division at Melazzo; Doctor Mosely and Mr. Croxley accompanied us. We sailed at 11 o'clock, with two gun-boats, and the scampavia: the wind was fair, and we got on well for two hours, when it fell calm; we therefore went on board the scampavia, and took to the oars: We reached Lipari at 6 o'clock.

The promontory of Melazzo extends nearly

three miles beyond the town; is well planted with olives, and seems a fine country. At the point is a light-house: the ground very high; though looking at it from Etna, or even from the hills of Messina, it appears quite flat. We had a pleasant run to Lipari,\* and passed Volcano, which is smoking much: The town and castle of Lipari is beautifully situated. We are lodged at the British Consul's: the Governor came and asked us to supper, and a very good one he gave us: he seems a truly worthy man; he lives in the castle, which stands high. The air feels cold; but, even at this season of the year, we could walk on the terrace in the evening without hats, to admire the prospect of the sea and rocks by moon-light.

Friday, February 1st. — On our arrival last evening, the Governor,† a number of officers, and, as I thought, all the constituted authorities of Lipari came to pay their respects; but this

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\* These Volcanic Islands go by the general name of the *Æolian Isles* (called, of late, the Lipari.)

† M. Torrecellas, Governatore.

D. Mestgen, Commandante.

R. Roderigues, British Consul.

morning, before nine, my anti-room was full of officers and barons, with the Governor and Bishop ; in short, such a levee as would have made some figure in Dublin Castle : Greek, Albanian, and Sicilian officers, and all full dressed. Having had a little court education, I got through tolerably well ; and, with Grattan and Crotley, as Aid-de-Camps, and Doctor Mosely, my Grand Chamberlain, had as much state and parade as any one could desire : a guard of honour, with every other attention, were paid. When we embarked for Volcano, the Marino was lined with people : their civility and attention I can never forget ; but would willingly have excused all this parade. We sailed from hence to Volcano ;\* but the above business of etiquette, and the necessity of showing every civility in return, delayed us so much, that it was 11 o'clock before we were clear of the port. We arrived at

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\* *Insula Sicanium juxta, latus Æoliamque,  
Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxis ;  
Quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis  
Antra Ætnæa tonant, validique incudibus ictus,  
Auditi referunt gemitum, striduntque cavernis  
Stricturæ Chalybum, et fornacibus ignis anhelat ;  
Vulcani domus, et Vulcania nomine tellus.*

*Viac. Ænz. lib. viii. v. 416.*

Volcano in an hour,—I think the distance five miles: We got to the top of the great mountain in a little more than another hour, viz. past 1 o'clock, P.M. The difficulty and danger in some places was great indeed,—far more than at Etna: Our guides were excellent, and several officers accompanied us; but most of them came armed, and with a troop of dogs;—a great annoyance, for the dogs tumbled the stones on us; and the Caciatores\* stumbled so often, and carried their guns so very carelessly, that I reminded them, we came to explore a Volcano, and not on a shooting party: I therefore requested the sportsmen to take another direction, and leave the Volcano to us.

The difficulty of the ascent was great, being over frightful precipices, with scarcely any holding for the feet; and some of our boat-crew, who came up to carry my sack and box for specimens, with ropes for our descent into the crater, were really much frightened; and more than once we had to pass along a narrow path, where the least false step was inevitable destruction. We afterwards looked at the places we

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\* Caciatore is Italian for Sportsman.

passed with astonishment. Doctor Mosely, and several Sicilian officers, were satisfied with gaining the top, and looking into the crater: they would not go down. Here, indeed, description fails me: I have seen Vesuvius and both sides of Etna, and I had heard much of Volcano, but had no idea of the singular magnificence it presents. To see it is well worth all the trouble and expence of a voyage from England: The crater appears to me about the size of that of Vesuvius; and, indeed, in this, officers, who have lately seen Vesuvius, agree. Etna is much larger; but Volcano far exceeds either as an object of natural curiosity: It is still a burning mountain, and affording the greatest variety of volcanic productions that can be conceived. The interior of Vesuvius is more interesting than Etna, which is mostly a black mass, and is curious from its immensity, and the number of minor volcanic hills and craters within it, all smoking, and in activity. Vesuvius is a *Mezzo termine* between the coal-dust appearance of Etna, and the perfection of Volcano. Volcano affords every thing that the naturalist, the philosopher, or the curious traveller can desire in this branch of natural history. I shall always think of the day with pleasure: Mr. Crotley, Grattan, two of the Sicilian officers, and myself went down into the

crater: the descent was difficult, and took nearly an hour; we got to the bottom at half past 2 o'clock,—I remained scrambling about the Volcano till 4 o'clock; with some difficulty I got the guide to go with me, over some heaps of this volcanic matter, to a spot on the opposite side of the crater, from whence there issued a hot spring: the water appeared very clear. Before this, Grattan and I were almost suffocated and burned; every button of my coat was turned black by the smoke and sulphur, and the epaulets ruined; the Sicilian officers, who came down with us, had unluckily new uniforms on, and they were totally spoiled.

This Volcano has the advantage of affording every possible volcanic production, with active fire, smoke, and a boiling like a tremendous furnace;—we might suppose all the steam engines in England were collected in this place.

The rich variety of sulphurs, vitriol, lava, alum, salt-petre, and obsidian, or volcanic glass, in a perfect state of fusion, all so hot as to require great caution in collecting the specimens, abundantly repay the visitor for his trouble.

This day was most delightfully passed, though amidst smoke and sulphurous exhalation, which, in other situations, would have been intolerable : two hours is much too short a space for the examination of this singular Volcano : often did the guides call me to come away ; but this is their common practice, both here and at Stromboli, and Etna ; but it should not alarm the traveller. It took exactly the same time to descend as to ascend ; an observation which I have made before in similar expeditions.

There are cylindrical forms, and also crystals of sulphur ; and many of the pieces of matter, which project, in all sorts of shapes, from the sides of Volcano, are found to contain antimony as well as alum ; several of them appear like petrifications in beautiful groups, from slight and delicate forms to large masses.

In some parts the matter is in absolute fusion, like that in a glass-house, and clammy ; by putting in a stick, it adheres, and it is easy to take it up, and when it cools it becomes hardish ; but I found many of these specimens (with every care) in a few months dissolved, and turned to sulphurous water ; and it stains paper, linen, or any thing it touches. Not only sul-

phurous acid, but muriatic acid is to be found here; which possibly occasions the variety of colours that the lavas have.

It is certain Volcano had eruptions in the time of Thucydides, five hundred years before Christ; but what greater antiquity it has, is impossible to guess: historic records are too scanty to supply earlier information.

Volcano has been active for ages; and is so still. The base of the island appears a rock of black lava: but the superstructure of the whole island, as well as the immediate cone and crater, is composed of every variety of volcanic matter;—pumice of different sorts, some hard, some brittle, others compact, and many porous; dross and scoria of various forms, and of different weight, and density; many vitrifications, some appearing like hard black glass, others a sort of green easily broke, and assuming the form of stalactites: the sulphurs are of all colours, from light buff to deep orange, white, green, and red: there are alum, and others substances mixed with vitriol, which tastes sharp, and burn; many of these are tinged by iron, and in a variety of colours: I found pieces of pumice, with glass in circles in them,



forming rings: Much of the sulphur is in powder; some is hard, and in cylindric and different forms, and easily detached from the parts to which it is attached.

From the side of the crater, half way as we descended, a spring of boiling and sulphureous water issues. The noise is, at times, great, not only at this point, but in other parts of the crater.

In the year 1781, Lipari and Vulcano were much injured by earthquake; and Vulcano, after a greater smoke than usual, threw up quantities of ashes.

The same happened in 1789: the ashes of Vulcano then showered over all the Eolian Islands; and the earthquake extended to Melazzo, and the north shore of Sicily.

In February 1771, a small shock of earthquake was followed by a very thick black smoke from Vulcano; at night it threw up a column of fire. Different eruptions and shocks took place at intervals till June following; and the ashes thrown over Lipari did great damage.

At the same time enormous blocks of red hot lava were thrown up.

Very considerable changes take place in these craters; so that their appearance varies very much at different times: This suffered a violent commotion in 1786, and threw out stones and fire for near a fortnight, and a great quantity of hot sand.

From that period to the present time, there has not been any eruption; although, as I have described, full half of the inside of the crater, is, so far as respects fusion, smoke, heat, noise, &c. &c. now in complete activity.

The exercise and the heat of the Volcano occasioned excessive perspiration; and what was most vexatious, with all my experience, I made no provision; and yet nothing would have been more easy.—What would we have given for a bottle of porter, or glass of wine, or a dry shirt? I provided, indeed, for the object which engrossed my mind, viz. the examination of the Volcano, ropes to descend over precipices, tins for curious and delicate sulphurs, a sack for hard productions, a box and plenty of paper for the more delicate spe-

climens, but not a bottle of porter. I had even forgot my boat cloak, which I was advised to bring with me, as it would be late in the evening before we could return, and very cold on the water, particularly after our exercise and fatigue.

There are no inhabitants on the island of Volcano; the north side is quite barren; but there is some pasture on the south, and great numbers of rabbits: They send large herds of goats from Lipari to feed in that part.

Though Volcano is looked upon as an extinguished Volcano, it is far from being the case; in point of fact, it is at present in greater activity than either Etna or Vesuvius, which only throw up smoke. It is true there is no eruption from it; and though one side of its crater is dormant, the other is a complete furnace.

The path, by which we climbed up, was so dangerous, that all parties agreed it would be impossible to go down by it; and we therefore determined to descend by the other side, where the conical mountain was all ashes and scorise.

The guide, an elderly man, never had done this, and made objections to it; however we voted against him; and the rapidity and ease with which we almost, I may say, flew down, was astonishing, and very pleasant: it was like the Ramasser of Mount Cenis. The Grotto, mentioned by Spallanzani, was near the sea; but a part of the mountain fell over and destroyed it. Here the black sand, up to the margin of the sea, is so hot, that one can scarcely take it up: I took up some, and have it; but it was so hot I could not hold it, and was obliged to toss it from one hand to the other till cool. A few yards from shore, the sea boils like a strong spring: such is the effect of the volcanic fire here. The water is so deep that our scampavia could come close to the beach.

It was dark when we got back to Lipari. I went up to the Governor's at the castle, where we all dined; and he has insisted on my taking up my quarters with him. I suffered great fatigue, and much from heat and perspiration this day. The Governor gave us an excellent dinner at near 7 o'clock, (a bad hour for them.) The Bishop, a perfect gentleman, and of fine manners and appearance, dined with us. The Governor's lady had an assembly in the

evening; and it was past midnight before I could retire to bed.

Saturday, 2nd.—The wind did not allow us to proceed to Stromboli: After breakfast I was obliged, in civility, to go to mass. The old town of Lipari, and the Cathedral, is within the castle and ramparts, on a high rock. At 11 o'clock, A.M. we walked to the lower town, and delayed some time in procuring asses to convey our party to the baths: I had the Governor's horse.

The Liparians are no better farmers than their neighbours the Sicilians. The vineyards, however, produce a good sweet wine; some of which is exported. What corn the island produces is insufficient for its consumption. The population is estimated at fifteen thousand. The fishery employs a proportion; but is not carried to any extent. In this day's ride, I perceived enclosures; but very few cottages: What soil I saw turned up appeared rich. There are no great proprietors in the island, except the clergy, who, I believe, assisted by the Queen's taxes, leave but little to the poor inhabitants.

The baths are very ancient, situated in a valley near the sea: The spring is not violent; but the water is hot enough to boil an egg in three minutes;—it is highly sulphureous; the place is *en decadence*. One bath of very antient structure\* is perfect, but surrounded with brambles, rubbish, and ruins; and is all in disorder and neglect. I again forgot my thermometer; but Dr. Mosely believes it would have been at one hundred degrees in this bath, which is vaulted over: it has the advantage of being a liquid, and also a vapour bath. The Liparians talk much of its antiquity: I should date it from the days of Noah, if rude architecture denotes antiquity. There are a number of houses mostly in ruins: What they call dry baths, are some miles farther; but, from the sample I had of the wet, I did not visit them.

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\* Lipari was, at all times, famous for its baths, and I have no doubt of their use in many disorders.

Hæc Insula Thermis celebribus exornata est, balnea ista non modo ad bonam valetudinem ægrotantibus, multum conferunt, sed pro singulari aquarum genio non mediocrem voluptatis fructum prostant.

. DIOD. SIC. lib. v.

It is a pity these baths are now abandoned, and have no accommodation near them. They are said to be of the greatest use in rheumatism, scurvy, and in all cutaneous complaints.

Volcano looked well from the hills, and sent up volumes of smoke, which they say is a sign of bad weather.

On our return, we called at the Bishop's, and then went to our good quarters, with the Governor, at the castle: his hospitality, and the friendliness of all the people, exceeds description. On our way to the baths, we called to see a collection of minerals and volcanic productions, formed by a captain of artillery.

## CHAP. X.

*Stromboli—Ascent of the Volcano—Present State of the Crater—Return to Lipari—Extinct Volcanoes in that Island—Another Excursion to the Island of Volcano.*

Sunday, 3rd.—We sailed this morning, in the scampavia gun-boat, for Stromboli, at 10 o'clock, A.M. two heavy gun-boats followed, but were soon left behind. We passed the island of Panaria about 1 o'clock, P.M. The Moors landed here a year ago, and carried off nineteen men, women, and children; all of whom they sold in Barbary. The view of the castle and town of Lipari from the sea is beautiful. At 2 o'clock, P.M. we perceived a large gun-boat, and three small barks, bearing down upon us, and every one thought them enemies: I knew, however, that our boat, which has fourteen oars, as well as lateen sails, and goes very fast,



could always beat them, if necessary to put about, or, at least, be able to join our two heavy boats. I directed them to stand on, when we were within gun-shot, as she had no colours, we fired a shot at her, which she at first did not notice, but soon after fired wide of us, and altered her course, hoisting Sicilian colours. She was a Sicilian privateer gun-boat, and had made three prizes, which were in company. At 7 o'clock, we arrived at Stromboli, by moonlight; but stood round the island in order to see the Volcano: at half past 7 o'clock, we came opposite and just under it, and laid to near an hour to look at it; there was a great smoke and a furious fire, which would have appeared better if the night had been darker: about every ten minutes the mountain grumbled, and a small eruption took place, which, for its beauty and singularity, amply repaid the trouble of the voyage. The English Liparian Consul was with us. We landed about 9 o'clock. The poor island affords but miserable accommodation: There is a garrison of fifty Greeks, and a Neapolitan Commandant, a gentleman-like man, who insisted on giving us up his own room: his house, one of the best in the island, consists but of two rooms, and a small kitchen; in one room Grattan, Crotley, and I, supped with our Commandant, and then spread our

mattresses, and slept as well in our clothes, as officers on guard generally do. The thermometer at sea this day at noon, and in shade, with a good breeze from the south, stood at sixty-six degrees.

4th.—The Commandant gave us excellent coffee for breakfast. We set out for the Volcano at half past 10 o'clock; it being clouded before that hour.

The mountain of Stromboli is very steep, yet it would be possible to ride up half of it; but they have neither mules nor asses in the island. The day was hot, and the ascent very difficult, far more so than that of Etna. I was often obliged to rest, but determined not to give up, if I could only go three yards at a time; some places are very rough, and have large loose rocks and scorix, which add to the difficulty, and, in other parts, the loose cinders are so steep that, out of five steps three are lost. It took us more than three hours to get to the top of Stromboli. The crater is lower down in the side of the mountain, and people go to the top in order to look down upon it: indeed it would not be possible to see it from any but a higher place, or from the sea: On arriving at the top, and in a great perspiration, the wind and cold were very

piercing. The mountain was now most unfortunately covered with thick clouds and fog, so that it was impossible to see any thing : The top is all volcanic matter and sulphur ; and, by the least scraping, the smoke and heat come out. Being determined to wait as long as possible, in hopes the fog might clear away, we scraped the ground, and lay down under shelter of the brow of the hill, in the warm ashes ;—the wind very high : Thus we remained two hours and a half, when most fortunately the wind changed, and the fog entirely went off : it was succeeded by a very great smoke from the Volcano ; but which did not prevent our seeing several fine eruptions very distinctly.

There are two craters, but small ; and every ten minutes, or quarter of an hour, there is an eruption, with a grumbling noise like thunder, from the largest. At one time, the wind cleared away the smoke for a few minutes, and I distinctly saw into the craters, one had positively the appearance, which I was desired to remark, viz. the volcanic matter seemed red-hot, as if boiling in a large pan, and the moment it rose to the top an eruption took place.

The guides were very discontented, and greatly frightened. I was certain I could go down much nearer to the crater than they took us; however they represented the danger as too great, and absolutely held my coat to keep me from attempting it. Two Greek soldiers, who came up with us, had more courage, and I descended with them: There was no difficulty, and very little danger in it. The guides, however, would not stir, but roared out, they would have nothing more to say to *my Excellency*; and that I should infallibly be lost. Their prediction, however, proved false; and Crotley and Grattan afterwards came down as low as I did.

At half past 4 o'clock, we began to descend the mountain, and by another way, which, though easy to run down, would be impossible to ascend, being all a fine volcanic sand, and nearly perpendicular. We descended in one hour, though it took three to gain the summit.\*

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\* There is neither the variety nor beauty in the volcanic matter at Stromboli, which is found at Volcano. Stromboli in this resembles Etna; and, if I had not particularly marked the specimens I took up at Stromboli, it would be impossible to distinguish them from those I took up at Etna: there is no apparent difference. I speak of the mountain and crater, and not of the chrystal minerals found in another part of the island, near the cave or grotto, which is to the south.

The mountain is almost perpendicular on all sides.

The Prickly Pear and vines grow in abundance: Wine is cheap and good; a bottle of good red wine may be had for two-pence, and excellent muscat for five-pence. The following are the degrees at which the thermometer stood the 4th of February.

	Degrees.
At the Commandant's house, at 10 o'clock, A.M.....	65
At half way up Stromboli, near noon,....	68
At the top very cold, and blowing hard at half past 1 o'clock, P.M.....	53
At the Commandant's, on our return, at 6 o'clock, P.M.....	62

At 8 o'clock, Mr. Crotley and I ordered a boat, to go and look at the eruption by night from the sea: The Sicilian mariners declared the surf was so high, it would be impossible: knowing the little dependance to be placed on their statements, I determined to go down to the beach myself, and, on arriving there with Mr. Crotley, I found the surf so trifling, that I at last persuaded them to launch the boat. It is odd these people are so afraid of the least

roughness of the sea, for they swim like fish : they carried us into the boat, and in about an hour we came just under the crater ; I took an exact drawing of it in the day as we sailed from Stromboli.

We landed to the right of the sand-hill, and attempted to climb up, but it was not possible : after seeing three fine eruptions from the sea, we landed again, and attempted to ascend at another place. The Sicilian sailors are very active, strong, and obliging, so that, by a fee, three were persuaded to come with us. It really was a mad enterprize, and the next day I viewed the place with astonishment : by dint of labour and perseverance, we got a considerable way up : The moon was obscured, and from the shade of the mountain, the night was very dark ; I therefore did not see that we were so immediately under the volcano, and in the exact line of its fire. We were laboriously ascending in darkness and silence, when, suddenly, an eruption burst forth with an explosion, the more awful from our nearness to the crater, which, as I have before said, was on this side of the mountain : the sailors cried out, " Foco," and ran away to get under a rock ; great quantities of stones tumbled down the

hill with those thrown up from the crater and two hit me, one on the arm,—a small one; but a large one hit me on the side of my leg; had I received it in front, it must have broken the bone: these were not hot, but two red-hot stones passed close to Crofley's head, fortunately without injuring him. It was now high time to retreat, and give up this exploit, which can have no apology to excuse its folly, except that forgetfulness of danger, which objects of great curiosity and interest sometimes occasion. Just after we had got into the boat, and were clear of shore, the greatest eruption we had seen took place, bringing down a quantity of stone all over the situation we were in but a few minutes before: some, red-hot, came into the water all about our boat, and obliged us to row further out, where we could admire these explosions in safety. It was mid-night before we got back to our quarters.

5th.—The wind was fair for Lipari this morning; but the sea too high for our gun-boats to venture out, and indeed it blew rather too hard to cross forty miles with indifferent sailors: they are, however, quiet, sober, and good natured people. I often think how we should have been tormented with three English or

Irish gun-boat\* crews on these islands where wine is to be had so cheap. As I was not satisfied of the impossibility of getting nearer to the craters than we had done, or that the guides had taken us by the best path or side of the mountain, I was not sorry for being kept another day at Stromboli; and, accordingly, after breakfast, I set out, with two Greek soldiers, to explore it my own way: I went up nearer to the sea, and over tremendous rocks: the mountain being nearly perpendicular; and yet the inhabitants have planted vines almost to the top, wherever there is the smallest spot of earth.

On arriving at the top of the first ridge, I found I could not see any thing, but by passing on steep rocks, over the sea, half a mile further. I got to the situation I wished; and which, though extremely difficult and laborious, I am certain would have repaid the labour, but, unfortunately, the mountain was covered with a fog; otherwise I think it a better situation for seeing eruptions than the top of the mountain, and it is much nearer the mouths of the craters.

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\* These gun-boats are victualled for a month.



The high wind this day made the ascent extremely difficult : often we lay on the ground, and attempted to scramble on by temporary exertions, unwilling to give up ; but the violence of the storm was so great, that if it had not been for a strong brush-wood, which grows out of the crevices of the rocks, and which gave us good support, we could not have accomplished it.

I waited an hour, but the fog continued to increase. I heard several eruptions, but only saw one this day : I was, however, able to gather some specimens. I got home as usual without a dry thread, not from rain, but from perspiration, and greatly fatigued : after changing, Pascall contrived to have an excellent dinner ready, though there were only two small stew-holes, in a kitchen, not more than six feet long by about four feet wide. The civil Commandant, Luigo Angalone, dined with us, and at 8 o'clock we all went to rest.

**Stromboli** is ten miles in circumference. The inhabitants are about six hundred. The volcano must have been formerly in a much greater state of activity than it has been of late years ; but the great curiosity is, that it never rests : for, above two thousand years,

the eruptions have continued with short intermissions;—it is true they are comparatively small, and there is no exhausting flow of lava from the crater: still how the materials for such constant explosion is kept up, is astonishing. There is more volcanic sand and black ashes on Stromboli, than on Etna or Volcano; but vines grow in it luxuriantly. Transparent chrysolites are found, of different colours; stones or lavas also of various shades, some red, others green, and scorix of all forms and consistency. There is a marvellous story on legal authentic record of an English Divine being thrown into Stromboli by the Devil.\* If such be his power over the Priests, we may fervently join in the response—‘The Lord have mercy upon the people!’

In a grotto over the sea, steel specimens† are found; but, as half of it has tumbled in, they told us it was impossible to see it: Grattan and Mr. Crotley went to explore the place,

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\* A record may be authentic, though the matter recorded be false.—See the Appendix, vol. ii.

† These are very curious productions, the Commandant gave me one or two.

while I was on my second trip to the mountain, and they fully confirmed the report.

6th.—At 8 o'clock this morning, were glad to find the sea had fallen, the wind perfectly fair, and a good breeze. After breakfast, we therefore sailed from hence, and had a good view of the volcano as we passed, and of one or two smart eruptions: We also saw, in day-light, the place we in vain attempted to ascend on Monday night.

The Lipari Islands are eight in number, viz. Lipari, Volcano, Stromboli, Alicudi, Filicudi, Salina, Panaria, and Vaseluso. Panaria is half way between Lipari and Stromboli: I think the distance full forty miles. We sailed at 9 o'clock, A.M. and arrived near Lipari before 3 o'clock: As we had sufficient time, we landed at the White Mountain, called Campo Bianco: it is composed of pumice stone.\* After viewing it, we re-embarked, and got into Lipari harbour in an hour. As we were telegraphed early in the morning, our worthy and hospitable

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\* There are great quantities of (obsidian) volcanic glass found here exactly resembling black bottle glass.

friend, the Governor, had dinner ready at the castle, and was at the landing place to receive us; we were also saluted with three rounds from four Sicilian gun-boats. Doctor Mosely would not accompany us to Stromboli, but waited here till we returned.

7th.—This morning I walked all round the castle, which is in a bold situation, but is commanded by the hills over it on the land side; it is also much out of repair. *This* castle and old wall, formerly called the Citadel, contains a part of the town and the Madre Chiesa, and the Governor has good apartments in it. The garrison consists of a Greek regiment in the Neapolitan service, and some militia.

I visited the Church, which, like all in Sicily, has several beautiful marble altars, and some fresco pictures, with all the usual horrible subjects of broiling, fleaing, or beheading saints; and there is also a large silver Saint, the patron of the Church; however, he could not save it from a thunder-bolt, which struck the front two years ago at the top, and rent the wall to the very bottom. I next went to call on the Bishop; and, in his garden, saw a Roman Mosaic pavement lately discovered, and a rough sarcophagus, in which there was a body, but which,

on being exposed to the air, though apparently perfect, absolutely flew into dust, and no part could be preserved. After this, I obtained a guide and the Governor's horse, and went to the top of the Mount Guarda, from whence there is a commanding view, particularly of Volcano.

The Mountain Guarda is entirely volcanic, and immediately under it an immense extinguished crater. I was surprised to read in Spallanzani, that there was no characterised crater discoverable in Lipari. I think I saw many this day, and certainly so circumstanced as to leave no room for doubt. Fazelli thought as I do; and though he describes them as of great antiquity, expressly says, the traces remain:—"Insula hæc ignem pluribus crateribus olim evomebat cujus ora et vestigia cernuntur." Flames formerly issued from many craters in this island, the apertures and remains of which are still visible.

The convulsions by which all these islands (an Archipelago of fire) were formed, must have been very powerful. They probably were forced out of the sea; but so long since that there are no memorials of their origin. Lipari certainly existed before the Trojan war; for, according

to Homer, Ulysses landed there after that famous siege. Though Lipari is full of vitrified matter, there is also granite, some of which Dolomieu says, has been fused into pumice. I heard there was porphyry, but did not see any thing resembling it. The glass found is both black and spotted, great quantities are taken up on Campo Bianco, or the Pumice Mountain, which, from the sea, has an extraordinary appearance, being entirely split into fissures and gullies.

The Prickly Pear has the quality of pulverising the hardest lava; and the cinder or porous lava is decomposed by time: These lavas, when pulverised, form the most luxuriant soil, and thus old extinguished volcanoes are productive and rich.

I returned by 5 o'clock, and dined with the Bishop, who gave us as splendid and good an entertainment as I ever saw in any country; amongst other civilities, they have dined at 5 o'clock for our accommodation, to give us a long morning, their common dining hour is 1 o'clock: about 9 in the evening, we took leave of the Bishop, and the company assembled at the Governor's: before supper, we were entertained with an excellent Puncionello and a dance.

8th.—This morning, Doctor Mosely, Lieutenant Crotley, and Captain Folks, of the Sicilian Engineers, an officer of ability, to whom I am indebted for the greatest attention, sailed for Melazzo. As I was determined to make another excursion to Volcano, I had a cold dinner put on board my gun-boat. The polite Governor insisted on taking us in his barge (a very fast going one) to Volcano to save time, and even went with us. We left Lipari at noon; and, on landing, we first went to the Grotto, mentioned by Spallanzani. As the Captain of Artillery, at Lipari, told me the greater part had fallen in, I endeavoured to get into what remained, but could not: a smoke and sulphureous vapour came out, and made it impossible to do more than ascertain that the passage, and also half, or more, of the cavern, were nearly choaked up; the cavern contained a lake of sulphureous hot water. The Governor refused to return before I came back, for I determined on again ascending the mountain, and descending into the crater; Grattan staid below with him, but some of our sailors came up. I accomplished my object; and went a second time to the bottom of the crater. The day was very fine, and I was again gratified with beholding this great curiosity;—a volcano, which, though not actually in a state of eruption, is continually

on fire. The smoke is seldom so great as to interrupt a perfect view of these volcanic operations, this volcano is far better worth seeing than Etna or Vesuvius, and I wonder it has not been more noticed. One reason may be assigned for the little attention paid to Volcano, of late years, is the very erroneous, not to say ludicrous, view of it, given in the Travels of Spallanzani, representing the crater not larger than the size of a common room, with a man in the inside, in the attitude of toasting a muffin, who is represented sufficiently large to bestride the crater. Nothing can be more incorrect: I have before said, the crater is equal in size to that of Vesuvius.

I took up some more specimens, and ascended a different way; and, with the assistance of the sailors, was enabled to go again through smoke and sulphur, almost sufficient to produce suffocation; indeed, the heat was not the least difficulty, my boots, gloves, and hands were burnt, and every thing of metal about me, as before, turned black.

At 5 o'clock, P.M. I took leave of the kind Governor, he returning, in his boat, to Lipari: Mr. Grattan and I sailed for Melazzo. We dined in our gun-boat about 6 o'clock;—as day-light left us, the moon rose beau-



tifully, and was this day at its full: part of the passage we sailed; but an advantage of these boats is, that they all row likewise: We have a very fast going boat with twelve oars: it is astonishing how many hours the Sicilians hold out rowing, singing hymns all the while. The distance from Volcano to Melazzo is about twenty-one miles, and we ought to have arrived by 9 o'clock, The Padrone, however, went out of his course near to Tindari, and had to beat and row up all round the Promontory: It was 11 o'clock at night when we landed. Etna looked beautiful by moon-light covered with snow. We went to Doctor Mosely's to drink a bottle of wine, and from thence to our quarters at Baron Proto's.

## CHAP. XI.

*Fortifications and Bay of Melazzo—Ancient Naval Engagements in this Bay—Courts of Justice and Sicilian Law—Tindari—Rometta—Sicilian Peasantry—A Mountain Storm.*

After calling on General Heron, who commands here, I went, with Lieutenant Henryson, of the Engineers, to see the fortifications ; and from thence to our works on the Isthmus.—Here the approaches of the Spaniards, who besieged Melazzo, under Marquis Lede, in 1718 and 1719, are still distinct. Their line extended from the west shore to the Messina road, nearly three miles.

The Promontory of Melazzo from the Messina gate, is about three Irish miles long, and, perhaps, half a mile broad. The upper and lower towns are situated at the commencement

of this peninsula;\* and, allowing them to be one mile in length, are, of course, two miles from the point on which the light-house is situated: They are surrounded by a wall, and two bastions command the Messina entrance. The Citadel is in the upper town,† in a commanding situation, and the place is capable of being made very strong. We have built some hut-barracks out of the town just at the Isthmus; and we are also building forts, and squandering money profusely. The view from the top of the highest fort or castle at the telegraph, is very fine indeed: the country round Melazzo is beautiful;—the rich plain, bounded by mountains of grotesque shapes, with towers and towns on them, almost in the clouds.—Etna, above the rest in the distance, now covered with snow,—the sea,—the Lipari Islands, as well as the singular situation of Melazzo, all con-

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\* In one of the Dungeons, for it is also used as a prison, there is a trumpet in a wall, (a refinement on cruelty,) to bawl to the unfortunate prisoners, and keep them from rest.

† This Peninsula is fertile and well cultivated: the ground rather high, and no place for landing an army on it: Melazzo, and its peninsula, might be easily rendered impregnable. Excellent wine is made here.

tribute to delight the eye: What a sublime subject for the painter! From the Castle we went to the Capuchin Convent, beautifully situated over the sea, with a good garden, fine pine trees, and delightful view of the town and surrounding country: There is a vault here also, in which bodies are preserved, and many Capuchins in niches, like those at Malta and Syracuse; but a disgusting sight.

The Madre Chiesa has a fine dome, and beautiful Mosaic marble altars. They also shew two huge Psalm Books, in very large print, all set to music, which were printed, at London, in the reign, they say, of Henry the Eighth. There is another Church, where the ceiling is beautifully painted, and likewise very handsome marble altars. Mosely took me to see a good collection of old Roman and Grecian coins, and the owner gave me a few.

The Marino is open; men of war can anchor near the shore: They carry on the Tunny fishery in the season.

What is called Ulysses's Cave, is an excavation of the rock on which the castle is built. Lieutenant Henryson was so obliging as to

accompany me, to examine the new and old works.

I had an hour to spare before dinner and I went again to the Capuchin Convent, from the garden of which there is so fine a view of the surrounding country, and mountains of picturesque form, extending towards Barcelona, St. Lucia, and along the coast. I sat down to admire it; and could not help reflecting on the variety of revolutions, physical as well as political, which this island has undergone.

In the Bay of Melazzo, one of the greatest naval engagements of ancient times, took place between the fleets of Octavius Cæsar and Sextus Pompey; each fleet consisted of three hundred vessels; and, at the same time, the promontory of Melazzo, and the opposite coast towards Spada Faro, by which this Bay is formed, were possessed by their armies, who, with thousands of other spectators, beheld this memorable battle. Octavius was on board, though his fleet was commanded by Agrippa.

It was in this battle that Octavius is said to have fallen stupified upon the deck. Some historians say, he was terrified, while others im-

pute it to a heavy sleep from great exertion and fatigue. What an agitated multitude lined this coast, at the time of the conflict!—As the spectators were in no danger from the combatants, of course they beheld this great struggle in safety. The contest lasted the entire day, and ended in the defeat of Pompey, few of his ships escaping. This took place in the 717th year of Rome, A.C. 35.

In this Bay of Melazzo, also, was fought the great battle between the Carthaginian fleet, commanded by the first Hannibal, and the Romans by Duilius, in the first Punic war;—in which the Carthaginians were defeated, two hundred and fifty-nine years before Christ, and the two hundred and fifty-ninth year of Rome.

It is singular that this spot should have so often been the scene of great naval operations: for though, on land, the positions remain pretty much the same, and, in some degree, rule the conduct of armies, the seas offer no variety, being nearly alike. It is also extraordinary, that this battle, and that of Octavius, so many years (two hundred and twenty-four) after, were both gained by the invention of a

grappling engine.\* Melazzo is, indeed, classic ground.

It was here also, that the Austrian Army, under Count Merscy, landed from an English fleet in 1720, under Lord Torrington, which, like that of Octavius, came from Lipari. The imperial General, however, found Sicily a very difficult country to make war in: The expedition, as I mentioned before, ended in defeat at Franca Villa; and, had it not been for the exertions of the British Admiral, the Austrian army must have surrendered or been starved.

How different the modes of war were at these two periods; so totally has gun-powder changed the weapons of destruction.

Last year a large English fleet and army assembled here; and the latter embarked for Naples.

Reflecting on these events, as I sat musing and looking at the Bay and surrounding

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\* Polard has commented on this sea-fight between Duilius and Hannibal.—See *Polibius*, vol. i.

country, I fell into a reverie, and fancy depicted the positions of the two armies, and the exertions of the two fleets. A certain awful melancholy possessed my mind, when I considered how many men, in the prime of youth, had been cut off in this very Bay,—the consequence of ambition or-injustice. The Convent also called to my mind the extraordinary revolutions in respect to religion, which this country, so long an object of contention, and under so many masters and religious systems, must have experienced,—viz. Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Normans, Spaniards, and Neapolitans. The ancient remains of magnificent temples show the power the Priests must have had in former days. And the wonderful ecclesiastical and conventual buildings after the establishment of Christianity, and particularly during the two last centuries, prove the power and riches of the Church in latter times, and the ascendancy and authority of the Clergy.—So in all ages! The sword and the Church carry every thing before them: And while the one enslaves the body, the other too often enslaves the mind. At all events, it may be questioned, whether the influence of Priests, combined with aristocratic authority, have not been productive of more calamity than benefit to mankind. And, as the



important and beneficial doctrines of Christianity put all others down in Europe, we are left at liberty to deplore the folly and ignorance, which erroneous systems of religion have formerly occasioned, as well as to lament the slavery to which the human understanding submitted, and the darkness in which it was involved. We may be also allowed to regret the numbers who lived so many years before Christianity, without the advantage of its benefits; and, even since its establishment, that the system has been so often perverted, and the human mind under it so chained, deceived, and kept in such ignorance and superstition, while its different sects encourage the most bitter and uncharitable animosity to each other. How far the Monastic system has been of use or injury, cannot be doubtful; although, as asylums for old persons, it may, in its origin, have had some advantage, it certainly has been most mischievous, since it became a sanctuary for the idle, a prison for the female sex, and an instrument to keep down information and enchain the human mind.

I finished the day at the hospitable table of General Heron: though the agreeable company I met there, suspended my morning reflections for the time, at night, I could not help revert-

ing to the scenes Melazzo has witnessed, and thinking on many hundred fine young men, now here, ready, if ordered, to fight again in its Bay, or on its shores.

16th.—I directed the light gun-boat to go round the Promontory to the Bay, on the west side of Melazzo, early this morning ; and, at 9 o'clock, A.M. we embarked with the Rev. Mr. Corsellis, and stood across the Bay to Olevera : It took three hours and a half to get there ; and we then landed, and walked up the hill to see the small remains of the ancient Tindari,\* said to be first built by the Lacedemonians. The Hill is steep and high ; and on the top, and nearly perpendicular over the sea, is a Convent most picturesquely situated, from which, and indeed from all the scite of Tindari, there are views, that, for beauty, are beyond my power of description. There is little or no wood : the love of cutting down trees seems greater in Sicily than in Ireland, and with this difference, that nobody plants in Sicily. The old wall of Tindari is easily traced, and was of large square-cut crown stone.

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\* Verres stole a fine statue of Mercury from Tindari.

There are ruins of a Temple and an arch on the top of the Hill ; also a bath ; and some broken Mosaics are scattered about. A Mr. Fagan got leave to dig here, and he found one or two marble statues, and several disfigured trunks of others ; the latter, not worth moving, lie on the ground, as evidence of the mutability of human affairs, and to remind the traveller, that there is nothing permanent in this world : Some marble columns and pilasters were also found here, and several coins, one or two of which I bought from the peasants. Mr. Corsellis is well acquainted with the ground, and was so good as to come as our antiquarian guide.

The fields about the Hill of Tindari, are covered, as at Syracuse, with building rubbish, broken marble, vases, jars, &c. which are turned up by the plough, affording ample proof that here a great city once existed. The ruins of a Theatre\* are also very distinct, and, as usual with the ancients, placed in a beautiful situation : I also saw a very large piece of a marble cornice, with the egg and anchor, &c. beautifully

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\* Tindari was destroyed (according to tradition) by the earthquake which is said to have taken place at the time of the Crucifixion.

worked, lying in a field.\* On a hill, not very distant, are the ruins of a castle and town totally uninhabited, but not of any antiquity : it now merely adds to the many picturesque objects round Tindari. After walking about here for two hours, which is quite sufficient, we embarked again ; and, as the wind was fresh and fair, we were soon across the Bay, and landed where we embarked in the morning, I think Tindari full sixteen miles from the west side of Melazzo, and it must be, at least, twenty-six miles by land. Etna looked well to-day. We have been again most fortunate in the weather. We dined with the 62nd mess ; and in the evening went to a masquerade at Baron Bonacorso's.

11th.—The General was so good as to order the troops out this morning, as I wished to see the brigade ; but the weather has changed, and it rains hard : at first the field-day was countermanded ; but, at 11 o'clock, it looked better, and the troops marched to the ground, where they

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\* There are also many trunks of statues, and broken pieces of marble in the Convent, which is inhabited by six most profligate Monks ;—at least such is their character.

only arrived in time to get wet to the skin, before it was possible to return to the barracks. At noon, however, it cleared up, and I went again up to the Castle, to see the Commissary's stores:—wine, biscuit, oil, beef, &c. of the best quality for fifteen thousand men for one month; also wood for fuel, and forage for one thousand horses, for the same period, are in the castle: they are fine stores, and in the most regular order: The tanks contain an immense quantity of water. But of what value are all such preparation and works, where there are no guns fit for use.

Courts of Justice are held, and pleading is carried on here before the Senate and Captain of Justice.\* I went into two this day; both as crowded as ours at an Assize: in one, a case respecting property was going on; in the other, the trial of a man for murder: In such cases, the criminal is not present; he remains in the goal;

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\* In this country every criminal cause, unless in cases of treason, or a very atrocious murder, lasts just as long as the criminal has money. I went into the goal at Messina, when the goaler pointed to a man, and said, he has been tried for a robbery, and has been about two years here, but his money is now out, so he will soon be hanged: and, in fact, about a month after, he was so.

and indifferent, except the principal one : this has a tolerable picture, and some old columns. A dead woman was laid out, dressed, on a bier, according to the Sicilian custom, with her face uncovered. It is the custom to dress the bodies in their best clothes, and take them to the Church, where they remain in the aisle twenty-four hours, and are then put into the coffin, and the funeral service performed.

Having again viewed this very singularly situated town, we set out about noon, our horses being led down a hill, that appeared accessible only to goats. I think that Rometta is fourteen miles from Melazzo, and eighteen miles from Messina. Though Rometta is commanded by some hills, still they are so distant, and it is so impracticable to bring up cannon to the heights, that I consider it, if fortified, as nearly impregnable, but *cui bono*. There are hundreds of such situations in Sicily : and the best defence of the country would be the inhabitants, who are well armed, and who, with the assistance of our army, if acting in unison, would defy any invading force : such is the natural strength of many positions in this singular island.

We passed a long way up a beautiful fumara, or great mountain-torrent bed, which are so very numerous in Sicily. The hills on each side are well cultivated, and have several villages: At one we halted, and a gentleman gave us some very fine oranges: we also passed several orange and lemon groves.

Although the Sicilian peasantry appear to be in a complete state of vassalage, and in many respects very poor, still they have not (take them all together) such a wretched appearance as the Irish peasantry. It is with grief I add, that, on the whole, I have seen more poverty and wretchedness in Ireland than in any other country in Europe: that we are improving, there is no doubt; but many circumstances contribute to this misery, which do not occur, at least in the south of Europe; for instance, want of fuel, which, in the latter, is only required for mere cooking. As far as I could learn, those improvident marriages of two young paupers, so common in Ireland, are not usual here; a girl will not marry a man, who has no visible means of supporting her and a family, but the precarious one of his mere labour. Prostitution, and that corruption of morals, which, indeed, in this country, is carried to the extreme,

may be the consequence; and, in that respect, we may boast the superiority of Ireland over most other countries, as female virtue has been proverbial there; and, I believe, no part of Europe is more free from vice. As to want of cleanliness, I fear we owe it to our climate, that this neglect does not produce bad consequences; for, had we the heat of Sicily in Ireland, I believe the dirt of the lower orders would be intolerable.

The Sicilians (I speak of the lower orders) have every where a dark skin, black hair and eyes, and appeared to me, though I heard the contrary, a strong active people, and certainly unacquainted with luxury. The children are the ugliest and dirtiest I ever saw, with very red skins, and are peculiarly disgusting, from a mode of dress (or rather undress) adopted universally,—viz. leaving their back-sides bare, so that, covered elsewhere with dirty clothes, and their hind parts red and naked, they look exactly like little baboons.

We passed the Saponara fumara, and saw the old castle of that name on the mountain; and, at last, after a difficult and fatiguing journey, got to the top of the range of moun-



tains over Messina: Here are three roads; one goes to the Cork-screw hill, and, in continuation, to the top of the high mountain of Antona Mara; the other a small fumara road down to Contessa,—a rapid descent. The road from Cork-screw hill to Antona Mara is, however, good, being just made by the British to communicate with the post lately established at Antona Mara; but is narrow and very high over the ridge, with a frightful precipice on one side, and no wall or guard: the horses and mules, however, never chuse to throw themselves down, so that, in fact, in that respect, there is not any danger. We intended to go to the top of Antona Mara, next in height to Etna, from whence almost all the north of the island can be seen in a clear day. The views we had of Messina, the Faro, and Calabria, were fine, but of short duration, this day; for suddenly the mountain was covered with fog, and the storm, which appeared to be, coming on the last hour, broke with such tremendous violence, that we were all but blown over, with our horses, and were obliged to dismount. We had fortunately two guides and the dragoon, besides a peasant who came to us. Once in my life before, on the top of Manger-ton near Killarney, I was blown down; but

here I was taken off my legs, carried full three yards, and dashed with such violence on rocks, that Mr. Darley thought half my bones must be broken. I happened to be first, so the others stopped: my hat was carried away; and the wind blew with such violence that it was by the utmost exertions the horses were saved, and got to some shelter lower down. Mr. Darley laid down on the ground. The peasant, a very robust fellow, came to my assistance: I received many severe bruises on my thighs, arms, &c. By singular good luck my hat was driven, with such violence into the cleft of a rock, a quarter of a mile off, that, when the gust abated a little, the hardy peasant recovered it for me: As we despaired of being able to descend, the wind blowing so strong, we thought it better to try to walk together, if possible, up to Antona Mara, and remain till the storm abated in the guard-house on its top; and, as from the winding in the mountain road, there was more shelter on that side, we set out, and got some distance, when I was nearly blown away again; we soon found all advance perfectly impossible, and determined to return and endeavour to descend to Messina;—in doing this Mr. Grattan was blown down; and though I had hold of the peasant, we were

both thrown over; however, by assisting each other, we broke the fall, and received no injury this time.

- The guides and peasant declared any attempt to go by the *good* road and Cork-screw hill; which was so exposed, would be fatal; and, as we could not remain where we were, we determined to go down by the bad path, which, at least, appeared to afford some shelter, if we could but reach it: By watching a favourable moment, for the wind came by gusts, Captain Darley, the peasant, and I, accomplished this; but as to the poor horses I really gave them up for lost, and was afraid to look, lest I should see them dashed over the precipices. I sent back the peasant; and, by one bold run for it, they fortunately passed the dangerous spot; and then we went down a most extraordinary path, which, however, in fine weather, is the high road for mules from Messina to Rometta, the new military road by the Cork-screw being some miles round. We walked down; and those who brought the horses, full three miles through this *non-descript* path without broken legs, had really great merit. With difficulty we all got safe to the bottom, and into the large and beautiful

fumara, which leads to Contessa through the pretty village of Bodonaro, and we had not a drop of rain : We here remounted.

I looked into the Church of Bodonaro ; the sun-setting soon after left us in the dark, but before it we got into the Contessa road, which is good ; and we arrived at Messina at 7 o'clock, P.M.

## CHAP. XII.

*Conclusion of the Carnival at Messina—Customs and Manners of the Inhabitants—Departure for Palermo.*

February, 17th.—The Carnival is now nearly over: during the last week of it, the people appear in the streets in masques, and throw sugar-plums amongst the mob, who all scramble for them. I never saw a more crowded street than the main street this day. At night I went to the masquerade, it only costs fifteen-pence; and, as it is a favourite amusement, all ranks, from the Prince to the cobbler, are admitted: I think there were, at least, five hundred people; but, as persons are admitted, (since the arrival of the British,) without masks, not more than half were in character. I saw no dominos.

The wind and weather continued unfavourable for several days. On the 24th, I sent my heavy baggage by a transport bound to Malta. A cannonade commenced very early, and ended about 9 o'clock, A.M. It continued along the whole line from Scylla to Reggio, and even from the mountain forts. I thought it was rejoicing for a young Emperor, or some victory; but it turned out to be an action with our gun-boats, which attacked the French batteries: it lasted three hours. I could see the enemy's fire plainly from my window, the Calabrian coast being high; but the gun-boats stood close in, and were obscured by a fog.

This continued waste of powder, for no rational object, is very extraordinary: and people are so accustomed to it, that, though it affords a beautiful sight, and has a fine effect, they now seldom stop to look at it: many, indeed, laugh at all this cannonading, and even lampoon the campaign. I have heard some carry their ridicule so far as to say, the guns could not possibly be shotted, so little real injury was done. The number of coasting convoys which arrived safe from Naples, and the singular forbearance on our part, when Murat was moving off, seem, in some respect, to justify such opinion:

at the same time, it is certain, that it was attended with some destruction of human life. The French shot passed into the camps of the 27th and 58th regiments, and occasioned casualties at the Faro, on the tower of which an officer of artillery was killed; and the French certainly lost many men at Pentemele, and on the coast, besides their gun-boat casualties.

It rained in torrents yesterday and this day, which is very unlucky, as we are now at the three last days of the Carnival, and the people all go masked about the streets, and Sunday is the principal day. Notwithstanding the rain, some masks appeared; but, in fine weather, I am told it is well worth seeing.

I dined this day with Sir J. Stuart. It was intended to attack Reggio this night with Congreve rockets, the gun-boats, prepared for it, and were warped out; but the torrents of rain, that continued all night, and the darkness prevented it.

25th.—Unfortunately for the enjoyments of the Carnival, which ends to-morrow, the heavy rain still continues, so as to make the street-masquerade impossible; however, it being the

last masqued ball at the theatre, many good well dressed masks appeared ; and, on the whole, I was well diverted.

All the mob, male and female, of Messina, partake of this amusement ; and, as they do not spend their money at the ale-house, or in whiskey, they can, on this occasion, afford to hire a dress. The very lowest people go ; and a very strong guard of British and Sicilian soldiers is necessary to keep them in order. *It is astonishing how well they all dance.*

26th.—There is not to be a ball to-night ; but the Carnival will finish by a street-masquerade, if the weather allows, commencing about 3 o'clock, P.M. and ending at sun-set ; an opera then closes all gaiety for this year : praying and fasting commence to-morrow.

It cleared up at noon ; and though the streets were very dirty, the masquers paraded about. There were fewer, however, than I expected, and all of the very lowest class ; but perfect order, civility, and quiet prevailed : how different from the London or Dublin mobs. I called at Marchetti's, and drove with him, in his carriage, through the main street : he had a



few friends at his house, and asked me to dinner, but the hour being half past 1 o'clock, P.M. I declined. I made my morning visit when he and the company were at the desert; a few of the better masks came in, as they do with us to private houses on masquerade nights, and danced: even the lowest of the people dance well; they danced the Sicilian fandango. Sir John Stuart closed the Carnival by a ball and supper.

In all the mobs in the street during this last week of the Carnival, I never saw a single drunken individual, nor any riot or incivility, nor were any patrol or additional guard necessary; and yet, strange as it may appear, at night, in the theatre, it is necessary to have a very strong guard, and serjeants and sentinels in the pit, which, like our Opera House, is on such occasions boarded over. This difference may be thus explained:—in the streets all pass quietly through the crowd; but, in the theatre, they give way to romping and hilarity.—The English officers do not understand their jokes, neither do they understand the English *point d'honneur*. No Sicilian lady goes into the pit; the masks there are all either Sicilian prostitutes, or the lowest dregs of the

people, mixed with some of the middle class, and, perhaps, a dozen Sicilian gentlemen, who, like our young men, go for the fun, and a number of English officers, who have no other place to go to but the pit, the boxes being private. Such a heterogeneous mixture may do tolerably well, dispersed in wide streets; but when compressed into a theatre, the coarseness of the jokes provokes the English system of *knocking* down; and the theatre, without a strong guard, would soon be a bear-garden: They certainly, amongst themselves, put up with what would be repugnant to our ideas: I have seen them thump each other, and pull off their masks, and ready enough to join in school-boy play, all leading to violence; yet, on this occasion, they think nothing of it, and are soon good friends again. On the whole, it must be confessed, it was a quiet, peaceable scene, compared to what such an assemblage would occasion in England or Ireland.

March, 2nd.—While I was at Messina, I endeavoured to get what the naturalists call a Medusa's head, an animal that is caught on this coast, but very scarce: sometimes fine shells are found on the Peninsula from Fort Salvador to the citadel.

There is still so much superstition in the world, that they will not allow the remains of what they call Heretics to be deposited in the usual burying places, and therefore the English have got one of their own, on the Isthmus near the light-house: from the great number of tomb-stones, it would appear that many of our countrymen have closed the scene in this island.

At Messina they are very particular in executing the quarantine laws; but no wonder, as the city suffered so dreadfully by the plague forty years ago.

10th.—I called on old General Denaro to take leave; his carriage was at the door; and, as he was merely going out for a drive, I went with him to the *Favorita*, Sir John Stuart's country house: the situation is, indeed, beautiful: We visited the grotto, and then returned to Messina. It was a delightful day: being Sunday the people were all enjoying it, and full dressed, walking as we do to Hyde Park or Kensington; but still, in a certain lee-way, numbers were lousing themselves. On my return to town I dined with Lord Forbes.

11th.—There was some firing at the Faro last night. This was a very fine day ; and, at last, I took my departure from Messina : With a fine breeze, north-east, which would carry me to Palermo in twenty-four hours, if we could but get through the Faro ; but for that it is quite contrary. My gun-boat is the best of the flotilla ; she has three masts with lateen sails, carries two long brass 18-pounders and two 24-pounder carronades : the cabin very neat and good : and, as I have all to myself, I could, for convenience, go to England, or any where, in this boat.

I embarked my baggage early this morning ; and, being like Admiral Boyles, now determined to go to sea, have ordered the boat to stand down to the Faro with the current, which is here very strong ; but, as the wind is also strong, and against this operation, it will be tedious, if even possible. I wrote to Captain Robinson for a scampavia to follow, as the latter will go in half the time.

It was 3 o'clock, P.M. when I took leave of Messina, and embarked at the Marino. The gun-boat could not get farther than Salvador de Greci, where she was obliged to anchor ; the current

changed at noon, so that till 5 o'clock, when it turns again, she cannot move: in fact, with wind contrary, and while the current is so, she might be driven over to Calabria; and though, by turning and passing before the wind, she might run back to Messina, still if it failed (which it does in these streights very suddenly) the boat might be taken.

The Padrone told me he would weigh anchor at 5 o'clock, so I went on, in a *acampavia*, which accompanied us to Gonzari, to dine with Major Reeves and 27th regiment. I observed, near the Guarda Fumara, a small extinguished volcano, which I did not notice before, and which must be very ancient; the crater is perfectly evident: indeed, from the quantity of pumice, and other volcanic matter found near the Citadel, there must have been volcanoes formerly near Messina, as pumice could never be carried here from Etna;—not, but the smaller ashes were carried to Melazzo by a strong wind during the last eruption on the *Lingua Grossa* side.

I landed at Gonzari before 5 o'clock; and, as dinner was not to be till six, I got a horse from Major Reeves, and rode with him to the

Faro, to see an ancient bath, lately discovered in digging the canal to the lakes. There was a large room, with hot and vapour baths, lined with marble: several coins have been found here.\* The room was paved in Mosaic black and white, and is almost perfect: the cement very strong and hard; but the Mosaic of the coarsest kind. Some of our Vandals have broke this pavement already, to take pieces; and I took one *loose* stone, which I certainly would not have done, had it been perfect. I observed several fine shot on the ground, as the French have latterly fired a good deal here, and hit the barrack huts several times: it is not more than two miles across.

I had the pleasure to see the gun-boat get under weigh just as we sat down to dinner; and, as the wind has fallen almost to a calm, she drifts down fast with the current, but must anchor at the Faro, for she cannot get through

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\* Marquis Palermo has a cassino and garden near the Faro, in which many coins and medals have been found; also the ruins of a bath.

The vineyards of the Faro have been much injured this year by our camp. The Faro wine is good, but not made in great quantities.

this tide, if I may term it so. At 9 o'clock, I took leave of my hospitable countrymen, the officers of the 2nd battalion of the 27th regiment, and embarked on the scampavia for the Faro; and, on arriving at the gun-boat, found her snugly moored for the night; and to all my entreaties to put to sea, could only get the answer, — "Impossible, impossible!" The Sicilians hate night-work; but, as the moon shone bright, and there was an officer stationed here, with six scampavias, I landed, and called on my friend Colonel M'Kenzie, who sent for the officer: the scampavias were immediately manned, and ordered to tow the gun-boat round the Faro; I sat an hour with Colonel M'Kenzie, while this operation was performing: at 11 o'clock we were informed that the boat was round the Faro, I therefore went to her in my scampavia, the officer coming with me: but, alas! our outset was not the most fortunate, the scampavia touched some rocks in going to Gonzari this day, not far from the Grotto; and though the coast is, in general, very bold, and deep water close in shore, there are some ridges of rock, which these people ought to know almost in the darkest night. The scampavia being light soon got off; but I thought all my project of a good passage to Palermo over,

on perceiving, as we doubled the Faro point, that the gun-boat was absolutely on shore: there is a ridge nearly opposite the tower on the north side, and how they contrived to get on it, I cannot conceive; they said it was owing to the current. I landed, with the officer, from the scampavia; most fortunately it was now perfectly calm, and no sea: We got an anchor out, which they hauled on; and all the scampavia crews, near eighty men in number, landed, and with the assistance of some soldiers from the tower, and a strong hawser, worked hard for two hours: They said, at all events, when the current changed, it would bring her off; and, when we almost gave up hopes, by one great exertion, she swung round, and was then easily towed clear: a large piece of the keel was carried away, but no hole in her bottom: She anchored in deep water for the night; and I went on board, dismissed the scampavias, and never slept better in my life.

12th. — I was glad to find at day-light that no material damage had happened to the boat: We got under weigh at sun-rise; but it is now unfortunately almost calm: what wind there is, however, is favourable: As fine



a day, and as warm as any in the middle of Summer in England.—Full view of Stromboli, Lipari Islands, and Melazzo. As we make but little way, I landed to take a walk on shore, and amongst the hills and rocks for an hour: The stones are full of mineral matter, and a great variety might be picked up here.

As I have now fairly bid adieu to Messina, I shall make a few remarks. I have, in my Journal, so fully described the towns and environs, that I have nothing to add on that subject: I could not get correct information as to the number of its inhabitants; but I suppose there must be forty thousand. As to society and manners, the nobility and gentry give no dinners, suppers, or even *dry drums*. Prince Brunicini has open house every night, but merely for gamblers; others occasionally go there; but it is so stupid, that once or twice is quite sufficient for a man who does not gamble. Monsieur Merchatti is the only one who gives dinners; he is a hospitable old man.

The English and Sicilians mix but little. The Sicilian life is this in Messina:—They rise early; but do not walk out much in the morn-

ing; they dine at 1 o'clock, and generally in a little closet close to the kitchen, which is always at the top of the house; and if there is a certain convenience in the palace or house, it is invariably in the kitchen. They eat and drink much; for though they do not give dinnaers themselves, they never refuse an English invitation: the dinner lasts full three hours; after which they take coffee, then a drive on the Marino, and from thence to the opera, which begins at dark, and finishes soon after 9 o'clock, when they sup. In the hot weather and long days, they take a siesta after dinner for two hours, and after that their evening drive: They have little education; and the great object of desire appears to be having diamonds and carriages: The ladies have, indeed, very splendid diamonds; for I have seen them at the balls, given by Sir John Stuart and the English; but on what other occasions they can wear them, as there is not a Court here, I am at a loss to conceive. Numbers of people have carriages and horses that are seldom used, and a Duke, Prince, or Baron, will certainly value himself on having half a dozen, and will always use the worst. — The best make but a wretched figure. The middle ranks take the siesta at noon all the year, and the shops are, during

that time, shut up. I was surprised to find almost every door in Messina, particularly of the shops, all sheeted with strong iron. It seems, the Sicilian mode of house breaking (when the door is not thus secured) is to make a fire against it, and when a hole is burned large enough to admit a man, then water is thrown over it, and the robbers go in and proceed to business ; but, since the iron has been in use, this mode will not do : there are no lamps or watchmen. The dirt exceeds belief ; and I have seen a big woman, well dressed, sit at her shop-door, close to the street, while two operators were at work lousing her, none of them minding it the least :—Like Edinburgh in former times, pots, basins, and slops of all kinds, are thrown out of the windows without even the caution of *Ware-heeds* ;—bugs, fleas, and musquitos are too numerous to be conquered, though the bedsteads are all of iron.

In respect to assassination, it does sometimes happen, but not so much as formerly ;—jealousy is mostly the cause. I have walked the streets at all hours, night and day, and never met any accident, or saw any thing wrong : after 10 o'clock, you meet no one, but the English officers or patrols.

The servants and trades-people are all cheats ; indeed many of the former are so in all countries. In Sicily, as in every country where the English go, they have doubled the former prices of all articles ; and the natives look on every John Bull as a fair object of plunder, which they exercise on him, as far as they can, without mercy. The lower classes appear to me sober, quiet, industrious, civil, and good natured as possible : if well treated and governed justly, they would be, I think, an excellent people ; cleanliness, and its attendant virtues, would follow : they have good clothes, and all good beds. I must repeat I never saw such tatter-de-mallions, or such drunkenness, as in my own country. The lower Sicilians are also an abstemious people ; they do with little food, but eat any thing, even to the guts of every animal killed,—oil is in great request ; but the chief luxury (and so cheap that all may enjoy it) is ice-water and lemonade.

In respect to trade, it is cramped by bad government. The rich and fertile soil gets no assistance ; and from never changing the seeds, the fruits and vegetables are almost all bad : There are a variety of wines, which, if managed, would be a source of riches.

When leaving the country, I shall make some more general remarks. I conclude the present with a few respecting morals, &c. Virtue (like cleanliness) is a very scarce commodity in Sicily, and money will do almost any thing: it will stop a prosecution for any crime, turn a suit, obtain situation, and, what is more extraordinary, is a shield which gives the possessor a sort of respect, however unworthy he may be, and enables him to set public opinion at defiance; and if the general report of the British officers (and we have now been here near ten years) is not most shamefully false, it will also obtain almost any woman in the island.\*

While I state this I must also, in justice to them, say that I firmly believe this latter supposition or assertion is greatly exaggerated.

It is certain that intrigue is not held in the same disrepute in this country as in England. The avowed mistress of a great man will be visited and received here, as well as other ladies who would not be in England; still it would be most

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\* Dr. Johnson says, in England,—“ Wealth commands the eye of beauty and the ear of greatness, gives spirit to the dull, and authority to the timorous, and leaves him, from whom it departs, without virtue and without understanding.”

uncharitable, and I believe most unjust to assert, that female virtue is not to be found some where in Sicily, though few of my countrymen were very desirous of making the discovery. At all events certain appearances, and a deference to public opinion, must be observed in England,—indifference to which in Sicily may dispose people to impute guilt, where it does not exist. With the middle and lower orders, though a man will be jealous of his wife, he will not hesitate to sell his sister or his daughter.

How are we to account for these contradictions : Will it be believed that the lower Clergy, for that same money, will assist in the business of seduction ? I hope it is not true ! but the charge has been made against them. If a report of this kind rested upon one, or even a few occasions, it ought never to be mentioned ; but, as I took much pains to obtain information, I must say, this charge of profligacy has been made by Sicilians as well as by British Residents, and with circumstances which claim my assent.

Speaking of the Clergy reminds me to note, that there is a very large College in Messina for the education of men destined for the Church.

When the British troops first came to this island the drunkenness was very great, and no punishments could check it : but the precaution lately taken of paying the men their balances every two days, so as to leave no accumulation on the 24th of the month, does not leave them the means of any great intoxication. Wherever twenty thousand men are collected, there will, however, exist some crime ; and thus four of our soldiers have been lately hanged. There is very little Ophthalmia in this army : that trick is, from some cause or other, checked ; and when once such a thing is checked, if there is any activity, it is forgot, and then soon ceases : however there are some cases of it.

What surprised the Sicilians most about the English, was their cleanliness and constant drunkenness : Climate, no doubt, operates :— In London, John takes porter ; in Ireland, (a damp country) Pat takes whiskey : here the Sicilian prefers iced-water.

The fishermen, marine people, and servants, must be, to a certain degree, clean : but, as to all the classes of workmen and labourers, I have often said, they were never washed from the day of their birth.

There is a Bank at Messina and Courts of Justice. The Captain of Justice is head of the Police; but the Sicilian is so far a military government, that the Military Governor is the head of every thing. The present Governor, Denaro, is a Spaniard, eighty-five years old; but enjoys all his faculties, and gets through business: His niece, who resides with him, is half Irish; her father was from Ireland,—one O'Day, and related to the O'Sheas and Macnamaras.

The lands of Sicily are all in the hands of the Crown, the Church, and the Barons, with nearly all the powers of the Feudal system; but they hold them by military tenure, and are obliged to perform certain services if called on.

Special Commissioners are sometimes sent into districts, who, in particular points, act independent of the Governor: and thus Marquis Attale was sent to Messina, two years ago, on some *ridiculous* rumor of plots. On these occasions sad despotic acts take place: indeed, the Senate and Judges are ready enough, and willing instruments of oppression, without any extraordinary Commissioner.

When Attale was sent to Messina, he committed every possible act of cruelty and oppression,



inflicted torture, and imprisoned at will. One poor man was put into a small and dark dungeon on suspicion, and kept there several months. As the goal was not large enough for her victims, he had several dungeons built at the palace near St. John's Church. Though the English military do not interfere with the Sicilian civil government, still this man's tyranny occasioned such a ferment, that an enquiry was instituted, and, at last, Attale was removed.

Whilst I was at Messina, there were two men confined in small dungeons, in the Citadel, in darkness, and receiving bread and water once a day: one of them was in a small dungeon in the light-house tower, and an English soldier sentry at the door; the other was in one of the angle towers. The man in the light-house tower had been there six months; no one could tell why. There were galley slaves and other prisoners in the Citadel; but, as I understood, by order of the Sicilian government, and as we kept the Citadel, I suppose we were obliged to give the sentries. These men disappeared before I left Messina: some said they were sent to Calabria. I know our soldiers believed they were sent to that country, from whence no traveller returns! For some time the sentries had orders to call them, and make them answer

every half hour, as Baron Trenk was tormented at Magdeburgh; but when this was mentioned, our sentries had positive orders not to disturb them.

I found it difficult to explain our mode of tenure to Sicilian land-lords: neither could I, though I made frequent enquiry, ascertain what leases they gave their tenants or vassals: I believe they differ in different districts; but, in general, a rent is paid, and the terms are short: in many instances the Communities, Convents, &c. farm the vineyards, olives, and orange-groves themselves; many of the Crown estates are so managed by agents, and even the Barons frequently keep vineyards in their own hands: I must confess I did not get what I call satisfactory answers to my enquiries on this subject, except near towns, where I saw few enclosures.\*

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\* By what I heard from Paterno and others, the Sicilian labourer is far better paid than the Irish.

A ploughman has a taris a day and his food, that is, bread, soup, and wine.

A herd gets £4 a year, bread and wine every day, and the keep of a horse, cow, or goats.

A reaper three taris a day, and food.

A common day labourer, three taris and wine.

The calm continued all day ; I have therefore taken the opportunity to write these remarks :— We had a beautiful sun-set close in with Melazzo Point. The mountains behind Melazzo, and on the coast beyond Tindari, form a succession of beautiful objects ; on the lower declivities of many, the olive and orange grow luxuriantly. The colours and forms these mountains assume at different times, as the sun strikes on them, or as the clouds occasionally gather over them, are such as would appear out of nature, if represented in a painting ; but, in reality, compose the most magnificent scenery that can possibly be conceived,—wild, varied, and sublime,—affording constant delight. Further on, near Cefala, is an extensive forest, the only one that deserves that name in the island.

Though this boat is full decked and large,

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A common day labourer in the vineyard, four taris, soup, and wine.  
Carpenters, smiths, tailors, and shoe-makers, at least equal to two shillings per day ; full as much as four shillings and sixpence in England.

Painters by the piece earn, according to their ability, from two shillings to five per day.

A taris is about sixpence British.

still in calms they can row, and have now, at 9 o'clock, P.M. commenced, (as we have no wind,) according to their custom, singing a mariner's hymn, and which they will continue all night: it is very pleasing. These Sicilian sailors are the quietest, most obliging, and tractable people I ever met with. All that enter our service become clean, and I believe there is scarcely an instance of desertion; and though timid navigators, and cowards in hard weather, they have invariably behaved well in action. The more I see of them the oftener I exclaim, Poor people! what a pity you are so ill treated and governed. Though this gun-boat is so perfect in all other matters, and might go to Gibraltar, the kitchen in her is the most miserable and dangerous contrivance I ever saw; and, as she makes long voyages, safety from fire is very necessary: in boats that cannot be more than twenty hours at sea, no fire is required.

Before I go to bed, I note that all this day, and now 10 o'clock at night, on the 12th of March, it was and is as warm as in the middle of Summer in England. I have sat all the evening with the sky-light, door, &c. open, and the lamp undisturbed, though exposed to the air: a little wind would be welcome;—

I should be glad to see the lamp blown out. We caught a small turtle this afternoon.

13th.—The cabin is as convenient, and as good and clean as in packets, so that, having my own bedding, and the birth having fine silk curtains, I stripped, and went regularly to bed last night.

It is perfectly calm: we made but little way in the night; and are, now 9 o'clock, A.M. opposite Tindari. Numbers of sea gulls hovering about the Sicilian mountains, appear under their grotesque cliffs: the road to Palermo on the top must be bad indeed. We saw a town in ruins on the summit of a hill near Tindari; and at noon heard the gun of Melazzo: the custom in Sicily being always to fire at noon, as well as morning and evening.

At 1 o'clock, P.M. a good breeze, and perfectly fair: discovered a sail a-head;—appears a large sloop, signal made but not answered; fired at her one shot, of which she took no notice: we stand on our course. Early this morning, and till 11 o'clock, we were very near the Lipari Islands: I saw the side of Volcano, which they call the Cultured. There may be some

brushwood, and browsing for goats there ; but most of the island is rock and volcanic ashes on this side : I saw one very green field apparently of corn ; but the island is nearly barren. It is very singular, but I have always remarked, that, in all states of the weather, when you can see these islands, which are all of a conical shape, except Lipari and Volcano, there is a cloud over them, having exactly the appearance of smoke, and so perfectly similar to the actual smoke of Stromboli, that a stranger would be convinced they were all smoking.

At 3 o'clock, P.M. passed close to Cape Orlando ; there is a castle on the top of it : The wind is perfectly fair, but little of it : we carry all the sail we can. Pascall is at work dressing the turtle, but the fire-place is so small, and the cooking implements so bad, I doubt if he will make much of it.

Six o'clock, P.M. The weather continues fine ; and the passage, though slow, has been very pleasant. The wind has now increased just past sun-set, and we get on swiftly ; it is as fair as it can blow. We can see Mount Peligrino, and hope to be in early to-morrow : strange romantic forms of the mountains,

as we coast along, afford a continual variety of view.

14th.—Very early this morning we were off Termini, and so near, that I ordered the boat out, and went on shore, directing the gun-vessel to lie-to till my return. I sent one of the sailors to get some bread and milk for breakfast, while I walked about this ancient place.

Termini is built, at the end of a promontory, close to the sea; or, to speak more correctly, is built on the low ground, rising from thence, entirely up the rock, on the top of which is a castle. There is an aqueduct near the town, and some old hot baths, the water is extremely hot, and they may be used as vapour baths: there is a good church: and there are several antique fragments and marbles at the Palazzo de Justicia, or Town House.

Walking over Termini, and looking at the surrounding country, naturally brought to mind the scenes of which this spot was once the theatre: what revolutions are effected by Time? Termini, the ancient Hymera, was built by the Carthaginians, and must have been a considerable place in those days. As we are told Amil-

car attacked the Grecian army here, with two hundred thousand men. Amilcar, and most of his army, were afterwards killed, in one of the greatest battles fought in ancient times.

Termini is now a poor place ; but what misery and destruction has it not witnessed.

Our sailors got some good bread, but neither milk nor oranges were to be had : I returned on board the gun-vessel before 10 o'clock, and we stood on with a fair and good breeze.

I neglected to bring any wax candles, so was reduced in the evenings to the light of the gun-boat lamp,—the exact counterpart of the ancient Terracotta lamps ; and I was rejoiced last night at our having got wind enough to blow it out. This is an excellent boat, sails very fast, and with less motion than I could conceive : she is nearly as large as a Holy-head packet, but quite differently built. The Padrone, or Captain, says we shall get to Palermo, at all events, to the English hour of dinner.

Soon after fell calm ; all our oars out, and and hard at work. At 2 o'clock, P.M. we were



in sight of Palermo, and arrived in the Bay at 3 o'clock, but near four miles from the landing place, so got into the small boat, and rowed to shore.

As I passed the Canopus, I enquired for the Admiral, but he was gone to Palermo to dine.

I landed soon after 4 o'clock, and got excellent quarters at the Prince of Wales's Hotel, in the great square.

## CHAP. XIII.

*Palermo—Capuchin Convent—Mode of Preserving the Dead—Nocturnal Promenade on the Marino—Villa Botera—Venus and the Monks—Villa Palagonia and the Monsters—Mount Pelegrino.*

March, 15th.—The beautiful situation of Palermo exceeds description: In all my travels I never was more struck with any place. The city is a very fine one, and has something magnificent in its appearance; but the views from the enchanting Marino are really beyond what fancy can imagine. I wish I had had some friends, and those most dear to me, here, to partake of the delightful scene. The Marino is twelve hundred yards long, and close to the sea. There is a foot way flagged, in the best manner, the entire length: it is fifteen feet wide, and raised two feet above the carriage-way, which

is fifty yards wide. Notwithstanding the length of this walk, there is a low parapet wall close to the sea, so as not to interrupt the view in the least, and a seat in cut-stone the entire length: to the west, the Mount Pelegrino; and to the east, the hills above the Bagaria.

I called on our Ambassador this morning; and, before dinner, I went to the Capuchin Convent: it is in a beautiful situation, a little out of town, and is the largest I have met with of the order, containing one hundred and sixty monks: No woman is allowed to enter. The situation is its principal recommendation. They have a tolerable garden, an indifferent refectory, and a poor church. The library is a handsome room; but the chief curiosity of the Convent is a large lofty apartment underground, with windows, and galleriss with niches, in which the dried bodies of the Capuchins are placed in their dresses.

The mode of preservation is this:—They put the body into a small dry room on a sort of large grating; they then close the door, and mortar it up, so as to exclude all air. By this process, in six months, it is completely dried and quite light, but much shrivelled. They then take out the body, wash it, and expose it

some days in the heat of the sun ; after *which* it is dressed, and placed in a niche,—a disgusting sight : though a visit here might mortify the pride of some, and remind them—

“ That all which beauty, all which wealth e’er gave,

“ Await alike the inevitable hour——

“ The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

For extent, and good light, it is the best cemetery I ever saw. There are some hundreds of coffins also, or rather chests, on the ground, in which the bodies of the nobility and gentry are deposited, appearing in full dress : in general the relations keep a lock on this coffin chest, and occasionally come and pay a visit to their deceased friend ; one or two had the keys in, and we opened them.

Brydone says,—No woman is ever admitted into this Convent dead or alive ; but in this he is wrong. The fair sex when *dead* gain admittance, with this difference, that to their apartment there is a close door, which is never opened but to admit a body : there is a large parchment, like a curtain, before it, on which the names of all the ladies ‘there deposited are entered. I cannot conceive why the living female should be forbid entrance ; for, as the Capuchins may go out as much as they please,

if inclined to amours, there is nothing to prevent them.

16th.—This is as raw, cold, and bad a day as any in England in winter. I was surprised to find Lieutenant Crotley, with a division of gun-boats; he put in on his voyage to Trapani, where he is to be stationed. There is a very comfortable good Hotel here, (no bad assistant in rendering a place agreeable;) it is kept by an Italian, but he is married to an English woman, which, I believe, accounts for the goodness of the establishment. There are a number of excellent open carriages for hire, and reasonable enough; for two dollars and a half they give the open carriage for the morning, and a chariot for night.

The English Ambassador Lord Amherst and family reside here: I dined with his Lordship this day, and met several young English gentlemen, who were on their travels to see this island. The Continent has been so long shut to travellers that this and the Greek Islands are now their only resource.

Before I went to dinner, I called on the Prime Minister, Marquis Circello, to whom I had a letter.

I received a polite note from the Duke of Orleans, requesting to see me this evening at 8 o'clock; at which time I drove to the palace, and sat above an hour with his Serene Highness: he is a very sensible, rational young man, seems to have very just ideas, and most engaging manners. The early lessons he received in the school of adversity appear not to have been thrown away upon him. He is married to a daughter of the King of Sicily.

Admiral Boyles called upon me, and was so good as to invite me to dine with him on board the *Canopus* whenever I chose. I was very glad to hear from him that our worthy friend Captain M'Kinley was appointed Flag Captain to Sir Charles Cotton.

This day I drove about the streets, and round the town by the Marino, in one of the open carriages.

Palermo has five gates: the *Porta Nova* and *Porta Felice* are the best; but the *Porta de Greci* is very pretty; also another, with handsome stone Doric columns, near the Botanic Garden. Four large and handsome streets in Palermo all meet in the centre of the city. There are a great number of fine palaces, buildings, foun-

tains, marble statues, and beautiful marble columns before many of the houses, and all the windows have balconies.

We drove to the silk manufactory about a mile out of town; but they do not work this week: From thence I went with Mr. Crotley to the Capuchins, as he wished to see that extraordinary Convent; and I again visited the apartments of the dead. I find the oldest, as they say, was placed here in the year 1693; but, as this body appears one of the most perfect, and far more so than some only three years here, I think it a trick. St. Non, I find, makes the following remark as to their appearance: He says, "*Les corps attachés par le col ressembleront par faitement à autant de pendus.*" At a little distance they look like so many criminals hanging, as their heads are all bent down, and their hands and arms tied as those of men at execution, more particularly as they have clothes on. I was surprised at the numbers. The old Capuchin, who went down, said there were a thousand, besides those in the coffin boxes, which are numerous; and, as to skulls and bones of others (so long there as to have fallen from their niches) they were past counting. I doubted him; but soon counted upwards of four hundred, so that I dare say he is correct. It seems there is ano-

ther entrance to this Golgotha, for ladies or women who chuse to visit the place, (though no female can be admitted to the inside of the Convent, except to the Church, they are allowed to visit this receptacle of the dead, but must come by the above entrance,) so as to admit them without entering by the Convent, over the gate of which is written, that "No woman can enter under pain of excommunication!"

The Capuchins, though poor themselves, were employed in distributing soup to a number of miserable persons, who were like hounds after it.—Poor people! there is great poverty amongst them; and yet, I must again repeat, not that squalid wretchedness so often met with in Ireland.

The town is surrounded mostly by a wall, or houses built on the space where there was a wall, and some remains of bastions and fortifications.

I dined again with Lord Amherst, and went with him to an Oratorio, in the Opera house: the boxes are all private, and dear enough, being about £150 a year each. After the Opera, we visited a *Conversazione*, as it is called; but, in fact, a gambling-house, nearly



as bad and stupid as Brunicini's at Messina. I saw a number of stars and ribbons, and yet many very vulgar looking men. The few women there appeared as fond of gambling as the men. I did not stay more than a quarter of an hour: It rained very hard all this evening and night.

The thermometer has varied very much between this day and the day before yesterday, being to day at thirty-nine degrees and before yesterday at sixty-six. Lady Amherst shewed me a journal she kept here of the thermometer, from May 1809, to May 1810; the highest was in July, when it stood at one hundred and three; the lowest in February, when only thirty-three; being seventy degrees difference: this was at noon in the shade, in the air, and a north aspect. They observed always near ten degrees difference in the house and in the air, being much hotter in the open air. In Summer they close the windows and doors for coolness, and to keep the air and the flies out.

Palermo is justly the Capital, being, in all respects, far superior to any town in Sicily, indeed equal to any of the best towns in Europe: for beauty of situation it yields to

none; and in the richness and magnificence of its churches is certainly next to Rome. The streets, as in all Sicilian towns, are admirably well paved, or rather flagged. Palermo is also kept very clean. The port is full of shipping. There is scarcely a house that has not something striking in its architecture, and a number of marble columns, either in front or in the court-yards; for every great palace has a large court-yard, with a piazza and columns of marble. The principal street, called the Cassaro, runs from the Marino to the palace, and is a mile in length; it is crowded with people, who seem to be in full employment: at each end are two of the beautiful gate-ways, viz. the Porta Felice next the Marino, and the Porta Nova at the other extremity. The nobility and gentry drive in their carriages every afternoon along the Cassaro and Marino, and the people walk along the latter. In the Summer time, I am told it is as full as Hyde-Park, or Kensington-Gardens ever were: There is a building in the middle, in which a very good band plays for two hours every day. An excellent puppet-show is also exhibited once or twice, morning and evening, from a balcony on the Marino. This is a favourite amusement in Sicily, and they are very clever at it.

There are two public gardens at the east end of the Marino,\*—the Botanic and the Flower Garden; the former is under the direction of Doctor Tineo. At the entrance is a building, with porticos, front and rear, and fluted Doric columns; it is the model of an ancient temple: I have not seen any architecture more chaste or striking. The lecture-room has four statues, and a very handsome dome. The garden is extremely well laid out, and has several fountains in it. Adjoining is the flower garden, the walks in which are very pretty. People of all ranks are admitted; and towards afternoon it is always full. Guitar players, &c. &c. entertain the different groups, who here enjoy their evening walk in a most enchanting spot. There are a number of marble busts in the walks, and several temples and summer-houses. The whole is surrounded with a wall, and laid out with great taste: the wall is low however, and does not interrupt the grand and picturesque views of the mountains all round the land side of Palermo. In one part there

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\* During the hot weather (about four months) the Marino is crowded with people all night; and it is a privilege of the walk, that lights are extinguished; the carriages and servants wait at a distance.

are a number of monuments of great men, such as Diodorus, Archimedes, &c. all surrounded with cypress, willows, &c. The monuments are very handsome, and in various forms. The harmless lizard plays about, and numbers of insects and butterflies of beautiful colours enjoy the sweets of this garden.

The following account of the Marino is correctly given by Brydone.

“ In the Summer they convert night into day ; and here (where there is generally a little breeze) a concert begins at midnight : at that time the walk is crowded with carriages and people on foot ; and the better to favour pleasure and intrigue, there is an order, that no person, of whatever quality, shall presume to carry a light with him. The flambeaux are extinguished at the Porta Felice, where the servants wait for the return of the carriages ; and the company generally continue an hour or two together in utter darkness, except when the intruding moon, with her horns and her chastity, comes to disturb them. The concert finishes about two in the morning, when, for the most part, every husband goes home to his own wife. This is an admirable institution, and never produces any scandal : no husband is such a brute

as to deny his wife the Marino; and the ladies are so cautious and circumspect on their side, that the more to avoid giving offence, they very often put on masks."

Wednesday, 20th.—I drove out to the Bagaria about seven Irish miles east of Palermo, a village in a most enchanting situation, except the total want of wood; for the few olive trees cannot be looked on even as a shrubbery. The road for Sicily is very good and wide; but either covered with loose sea gravel or hard stones.

All round the Villa Botera the nobility have country houses. As a general description of all, I must say their chief pride is the situation; the prospect is, indeed, as fine as any can be that is entirely divested of wood: The palaces are huge masses of stone; a few are of good architecture, but most of them a strange heap of masonry; and though there are fine marble staircases well executed with gilding and painting, yet they are all the worst finished in the inside, and the most uncomfortable dwellings that can be imagined.

After the convenience and comforts of an English country house, these mansions are but dull abodes, even assisted by the fine situation

and prospect in which they are placed : About all there is an appearance which I cannot better describe than by saying, they are like *Castle-rack-rent*. Even in this fine climate they are damp, the roofs out of order, well painted ceilings spoiled by the wet ; and those parts, which in no climate will last without oil - paint, care, and attention, are in complete derangement : Almost every Sicilian house has a fine painted ceiling, but every other part of the building in the inside (except the marble-work) is as bad as can be conceived. These villas have all gardens in the oldest style with walks, and cut box ; but, as to wall fruit, or any tolerable system of gardening, there is no such thing.

The Villa Botera is a large uncomfortable house ; the gardens very neatly kept, but all in the style above described. At the end of a fine wide gravel walk, is a handsome building of good architecture ; the greater part of which is taken up with the representation of a convent, in which there are about a dozen cells, with all the necessary apparatus, and kept clean ; also a wax-work figure in each, as large as life, and dressed representing a Monk,—one reading, another praying, and so on : the figures are very well executed : In another apartment, near the gallery of these waxen Monks, to har-

monize with, and enliven the scene, there is a wax-work Venus, as large as life, lying naked on a bed.\*

The Villa Valguanera (now allotted to the Duke of Orleans) is much the best at the Bagaria, and stands high, commanding a beautiful prospect of both seas, as they call it; for, just opposite, a mountain not unlike Howth, in the Bay of Dublin, runs out, and, in fact, forms two bays; that to the east cannot be seen from Palermo.

This Villa Valguanera stands high, and has a beautiful terrace in front, and on two sides: The palace is large; and, as to stone and marble work, very well built. The views from the terrace are fine indeed; and there is a great profusion of marble busts and statues all round, and in the garden, which is laid out in cut box-walks in a style four centuries old.

The Villa Palagonia, I heard, was one of the

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\* A strange idea, to be at the expense of a large building and wax figures representing Monks, when they are so plenty in reality here.

most extraordinary houses on earth: but this is not the case at present.

The late Prince was a very singular man, and spent vast sums of money on statues of monsters and extraordinary figures; but what are now to be seen are not by any means such as Brydone describes, or such as to create more than a laugh. Swinburne is almost as extravagant as Brydone in the account of these monsters. But, in justice to them, I must state, that I have heard, from pretty good authority, that the present proprietor was so ashamed of the absurdity of his ancestor, that he caused all the *monsters* in the house to be destroyed, and had the greater part of those without taken down and buried. As to the inside I am positive nothing has been removed; and, if there had been any great destruction on the outside, there would be some appearance of it, but that is not the case; at the same time I believe it is true, that the present Prince removed *part* of these outside singularities. Indeed *Time* is doing the business; for almost all the statues remaining, are of such a rough, coarse, soft, and porous stone, that even in this climate they cannot last long. In England, a dozen years would destroy them: a few, however, are of hard stone.



Now this wonderful collection of absurd, unheard-of, and shocking monsters is, in fact, nothing more than four giants, with very long noses, at the chief gate, and at the two gates to the court-yard of the house: there are four strange figures, one on each side, or at the piers of each gate, in hard stone,—certainly inhuman ones, but with laughable noses,—very long and colossal representations of what almost every mask wears during Carnival; for a long nose of tremendous size and singular shape is the greatest diversion during that festival; and I certainly could not help laughing at them. This Villa Palace is surrounded by a sort of circular building for offices; and, on the top, there is a collection of all sorts of odd figures,—such beasts as are described in pictures of Hell, and intermixed with them figures of musicians, with extraordinary wigs and long noses; and here ends this world of Monsters, as it has been called.

The inside is certainly singular:—The ceilings are all (or rather once were) covered with looking glass-plates; but the quick-silver is nearly gone, and therefore the effect once produced remains no longer; formerly the different plates, reflecting to each other, multiplied two or three persons in the room to two hundred. The

largest room is entirely a marble hall, the walls being covered with most beautiful marble of different colours, and of capital workmanship; but the floor is of brick, and such as one of our stables would be paved with: In Sicily we never find any thing perfect: Brydone says, the rooms are paved with fine marble of different colours; if they were so in his time, the pavement has been removed. Neither did I see any but the most common glass in the windows.

I think it right to observe, that I have heard many persons of veracity say, that there was a collection of Monsters in the inside of this Villa, and that the present Prince removed them, and had them buried; at the same time I declare, that there is not the slightest appearance of such furniture, having been within: I am thus positive, because they are uniformly described as what we call fixtures, so attached to, and fixed in the walls, that they could not have been removed without leaving evident marks of their removal; on the contrary, there is no appearance of change: and, from my knowledge of what destruction, alterations, or removal of fixtures occasions, I am positive that nothing of the sort did exist within this Villa, unless they were moveable articles, like statues or prints.

If, however, any were buried, and are found some centuries hence, they will certainly puzzle the antiquarians and doctors of the day, unless the records of the Palagonian absurdity are regularly handed down to posterity.

Though the greater part of the remaining Monsters are of soft stone, there are four of a very hard sort of black marble at the entrance gates, and are as curious as any of the figures, which, on the whole, may be thus described:—

“ Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.”

HOR.

And a gentleman at Palermo gave me the following:—

“ Supra la Casa di Palagonia,  
a la Bagaria.”

“ Giovi guardau da la sua Reggia immenza  
La bella Villa di la Bagaria,  
Unni l'arti impetrisci, eterna addensa  
L'abborti di bizzarra fantasior,  
Viju, dissì, la mia insufficienza  
Mostri un'escogitai, quantu putia,  
Ma duvi terminau la mia puterza,  
Oda stissa numinciau Pallagoniz.”

Brydone is certainly incorrect in stating that Prince Palagonia had figures of his relations as large as life: their shoes in black marble, stockings in white, coats in red, waistcoats in green or yellow, white marble wigs, and alabaster ruffled shirts, I am assured this is all invention.

On looking over Brydone's account again of this Villa Castle, either he invented pages to make a book, or it must be true that the Monsters and singularities within the house have been removed; for there really is not any thing of the sort at present: One room which he describes as ornamented with China, &c. does exist; but his description of it is greatly exaggerated. I did not think it worth the loss of time, which a minute examination would have cost, and therefore will not say there is not a pilaster of tea-pots, with a chamber-pot for its base; but I certainly did not *remark it*.

I returned in time to dine with Lord Amherst; and in the evening went to the Princess Leon Forte's.

21st.—I spent this morning (and began very early) in seeing different churches, paid some visits, and then went to the beautiful public

garden before mentioned. There is a large fountain in the centre, and eight large wide gravel walks meet here; and to each there are two smaller side walks, but wide enough for four walkers: these latter have circular trellis work over them, and orange trees and shrubs planted and trained, so as to form a complete shade in the Summer. I afterwards dined with the Admiral on board the *Canopus*; there was a heavy swell, but he sent his large barge for me.— They have an excellent band on board: this is a new thing in the navy. We dined at 4 o'clock, came on shore at 8, and I went to Lord Amherst's in the evening.

22nd.—I spent the first part of the morning in visiting several churches; and then drove to the foot of Mount Pelegrino, about two English miles from the Marino Square, where I lodge. The ascent is so steep, that carriages do not go up; but an excellent paved road has been made, at considerable labour and expence, to the top; it goes in zig-zag, and is longer than the Cork-screw hill near Messina. The view from hence of Palermo, and all the country round, is very fine.

Palermo is built close to the sea, and two-thirds of it towards the land is surrounded

with high and beautiful mountains: but, between the town and foot of these mountains, is a fine, rich, and highly cultivated plain, which may extend about two miles in breadth,—that is, to the foot of the mountain, but, I dare say, in extent eighteen miles.

The only trees I could discover (a few scattered Cypruss trees excepted) were olive and orange: there is nothing of timber, or what we call wood, here.

Nearly at the top of Mount Pelegrino is a large Grotto, or Cave, which now makes the roof a Church to St. Rosalia, the Saint of Palermo; and there is a hole in the rock, where they tell you her bones were discovered: They also have an image of her in marble, in a dress of pure silver; and the *miracles*, performed by the statue, are *wonderful*. There is a sort of Convent attached to this Church, or rather a College for six Priests.

Some distance higher up, on the top of the mountain, is the telegraph, from which there is an extensive prospect of Palermo, and all the surrounding country; Bagaria, Colle, Mount Beuelle, &c. and, in a very clear day, I am told they can see the Lipari Islands.

Brydone says, there was an old Castle half way up ; but, at present, there are no remains of it.

The Mount Pelegrino appears an entire mass of rock, with scarcely any verdure : some, however, there must be in the crevices, from the quantity of goats on the mountain. It was late before I got down ; and dinner was half over at Lord Amherst's by the time I arrived at his house.

The rays of the setting-sun on Palermo, and the country round it, were very beautiful as I descended, and afforded great variety : the town, the rich plain, the magnificent mountains, and the bay, in which four English men of war are now anchored, the sea, &c. all made a beautiful panorama. The road up Pelegrino is, in fact, on bridges, and has that appearance, being all arched.

Saturday, 23rd.—A delightful day, and not too hot, just like one of our best in Summer. I drove to Prince Bellmonte's beautiful villa, near the Mount Pelegrino : he has laid out a pleasure ground, garden shrubbery, and walks in the English style, but over rising grounds, in which he has rocks in abundance, and also

good soil : there are the best gravel walks I ever saw with fountains, summer-houses, and temples, in a very superior style to what we generally see in this country : Every thing is perfect, clean, and neat ;—a person would imagine that one of our best English villas and pleasure grounds was transported here : The views from the house and gardens are very beautiful. The city of Palermo is seen from hence to great advantage, and the number of cupolas give it a grand appearance.

The sea, the harbour, the fine rich country, between Palermo and the mountains, which, at a proper distance, form a romantic and sublime chain, in every variety of form, with the rocky Mount Pelegrino, altogether give this villa a full claim to its name, Belle Montè.

The house has not been long finished : there are no servants in it ; and the Prince at present being in Palermo, I could not see the inside. Its only fault is being too near the town, and a bad suburb approaches close to the entrance gate ; however, he had no other situation, and this part might be easily hid by plantations. As to Palermo, it is a beautiful object from hence : But, in going to this villa, I had to drive through the suburb, (or rather the har-



hour part of Palermo, which is on the outside of the gates,) by a long quay, very like Sir John Rogerson's in Dublin, and equally ill-paved; it is, indeed, the only bad pavement I have seen in Sicily, (Franca Villa excepted.) This goes round to the mole, which, extending a long way into the bay, forms a fine half-moon harbour, and is now full of shipping. At the end is a good fort; as to situation and building, apparently new; and of admirable masonry; but the guns are old and bad. In the fort, is a tower for the light-house, but very badly lighted.

On this Wapping part of Palermo, there is a sort of arsenal, some barracks, a bridewell, and a large prison for the galley slaves.

On my return I took a boat at the fort, and rowed across to the small harbour on the east, which is within Palermo gates, and was then obliged to go home to dress, being engaged to dine with Sir John Acton at 3 o'clock: he is now nearly eighty years of age, almost blind, and very infirm, but looks well in the face.—Twenty-eight years ago, I dined with him at Naples, when he was Prime Minister there, and Commander-in-Chief; it was on the very day he received the account of the great earth-

quake in February 1783, that destroyed the Marino at Messina, and did such mischief there, and in Sicily, and Calabria : he received the account while at dinner. I could not help thinking what revolutions in the world, as well as in the private life of myself, and most of my friends, have happened in that comparatively short period : He is now Sir John, having since inherited an estate in England and a Baronet's title.

As the custom here is to break up soon, all was finished by 5 o'clock. I went, with Captain Acton, (Sir John's nephew) to the Madre Chiesa.

## CHAP XIV.

*Beautiful Churches in Palermo—The Cathedral—St. Catalina—St. Simon—St. Matthew—The Dominican and Benedictine Churches—The Jesuits—The Chiesa del Pallazo—St. Joseph—Public Goal—Dreadful Murder committed in a Church at Palermo—Convent of St. Martins—Royal Palace and Gardens.*

Palermo, the richest city in Churches next to Rome, seems not on this account to have attracted the observations of travellers.

St. Non mentions the Cathedral, St. Joseph's, and the Jesuits only. Brydone mentions the Cathedral and the Jesuits, as equal in magnificence to any he had seen in Italy, and then cuts the matter short, by saying, it would be endless to speak of the Churches of Palermo, as there are upwards of three hundred.

Swinburne is equally concise ; but is also (on this subject) extremely incorrect. He says, most of the churches are rich in silver, marble, &c. but their style more barbarous, than all the extravagances of Monkish or Saracenic artists ; and that nothing can be more harsh or unharmonious than their ornaments.

I am surprised to find this in Swinburne : however, in almost the same page, he contradicts himself, viz. " The tabernacle, at the head of the aisle, in the Cathedral, is one of the finest collections of lapis lazuli he ever saw." He allows the Jesuits, and many others to be exceptions to his general criticism. But the fact is, the beauty and magnificence of the churches and public buildings in this city cannot be exceeded. No doubt there are many imperfections ; but is there a public building almost in Europe, in which there is not some fault ?

In every city of such antiquity as Palermo, buildings will be found, which have been altered and had additions made to them, and therefore some, like the palace, will form a mass of discordant parts. Why, therefore, point out such with minuteness, and pass over others which may set criticism at defiance ? We ought to

recollect our own public buildings raised in modern times (—The Bank, for instance, in London) or the Bank in Dublin, (formerly the Parliament House,) where an Ionic colonnade joins a Corinthian portico.

I think it wrong to be so partial in seeking for imperfections in those countries we visit. Every nation has a certain pride, which is offended by such attacks on their public buildings, museums, or institutions. But the imperfections of their governments, their superstitions, or their deficiencies in points of civilization, and good or useful habits, are fair objects for a traveller's observation, because the exposure may be useful, and particularly when intended as admonition, and not written in ill-nature or prejudice.

St. Non does not enter into a detail of the magnificent churches in Palermo, nor does he, like Swinburne, abuse the public buildings, "as barbarous and unpleasant to the eye of a person, capable of tasting the genuine beauties of good architecture;" or compare their ornaments to cut paper, take their statues for busts, or allow that a vicious taste prevails: but, in a very few words, makes the very contrary assertion. Indeed, I find his observation so clear,

concise, and, at the same, so perfectly true, that I here give it, both as to Palermo and its delightful environs:—first, speaking of the latter, he says, “that, in the time of the Romans, the country was a forest.”

“ *Aujourd’hui il est entouré de Jardins, et de Maisons de campagne, qui sont d’autant plus agréables, qu’elles contrastent singulièrement avec les fonds majestueux de la mer, et les Montagnes escarpées et arides qui les avoisinent.* ”

“ *Plus on voit Palerme, plus cette Ville paroit s’embellir dans ses détails ; de belles rues bien alignées, de vastes et magnifiques portiques, tels que la Porta Nuova et la Porta Felice ; plusieurs places publiques, dont la plus remarquable est celle qui se trouve située devant l’Hôtel-de-Ville, il Palazzo Senatoriale ; des Fontaines publiques, et des Fontaines particulières jusqu’au quatrième étage de plusieurs maisons ; des Eglises superbes et des promenades charmantes ; un air sain, une, grande population, et cependant une propriété qu’on ne trouve dans aucune Ville de la Sicile ; un commerce assez considérable ; une grande quantité de Maisons Nobles, riches, fastueuses, un climat chaud, des passions vives, de*

“ jolies Femmes..... on peut juger d'après  
“ cela, si le séjour de Palerme doit être agréable  
“ aux Etrangers.”

The Cathedral.—The outside of this building is of the oldest Gothic architecture ; it was erected in the twelfth century : The inside has been lately repaired, and is quite modern and different, from the outside being in the style of Grecian architecture. It is one hundred and twenty yards in length from the great entrance to the wall behind the altar, which is a magnificent work in marble, and near it is a tabernacle entirely of lapis lazuli, and of exquisite workmanship finely ornamented ; on the other side over the altar, is an iron case, which encloses the bones of Saint Rosolia, an arm of John the Baptist, and St. Peter's jaw-bone ; all which many persons in Palermo fully believe. The Sacristy is very rich in robes, dresses, diamonds, plate, and ornaments. The grand altars are only uncovered on particular days, in this or any other church. But the great beauty of this church consists in its hundred grey granite Doric columns placed on each side, and supporting arches. This is certainly a medley of architecture ; the inside, as before-mentioned, being Grecian, the outside a mixture of that and Gothic, though chiefly in the latter taste.—

There are some fine ornaments of the Norman Kings; and the bodies of four more modern sovereigns are enclosed in very fine porphyry sarcophagi, and over three of them, a covering supported by six very fine columns of porphyry. Opposite is the Baptismal font, ornamented with marble figures. At present, during Lent, there is a morning and evening sermon three times a week: The preachers are very animated, and make use of much action and gesticulation. Numbers of the superstitious attend at this time at the several confessionals, confessing their sins, and, of course, receiving absolution. There are twelve marble statues of the apostles in the inside; and a number of saints on the outside.

St. Anne's is a very beautiful church, with some fine marble columns, and a Convent of Franciscan Friars attached to it.

St. Catalina is a magnificent church, with a Convent attached to it, in which one hundred Nuns (Dominican) are kept in ignorance and superstition, besides the attendants, nearly eighty in number. This church is very rich and beautiful, and has a handsome dome: it is paved with marble work; Mosaic alto-relievs; statues, and even the cornice, all of marble.



The great altar is magnificent: an obliging Priest shewed it to me, and had it uncovered; it is entirely of marble, but whether materiem superabat opus, or the contrary, is hard to determine, both are so fine. There are small columns at the great altar of lapis lazuli, and all the side altars are of fine marble: in short, the whole is a mass of the most beautiful marble and superior workmanship.

St. Simon is opposite St. Catalina, with a Convent of Nuns, (Benedictine;) not so large, but a very curious church: it is the oldest in Palermo, and has a very antique square tower attached to it. There are a number of antique columns of marble, granite, &c. very beautiful; They were found in different places, and though not alike, they have contrived to place them, so as to produce uniformity and harmony, and to have a good effect: there are also some smaller, of porphyry. The altar likewise deserves notice; and they have a large table near it of verde antique, the finest of the kind I ever saw. The pavement of this church is curious, and a great deal of it in Mosaic: there are also two antique pieces of beautiful Mosaic in frames; the whole of the walls are also in Mosaic, and even the ceiling: but, as they have had it all gilt, the gold tarnished by time and

the smoke of candles, has a gloomy and bad effect.

St. Matthew is a fine church.

That of Olivella has several large marble Doric columns; the ceiling is painted in compartments representing sacred subjects. I was rather disappointed in this church, which is looked on as one of the best in Palermo: The gilding is heavy and tawdry, and does not accord with the architecture. In the sacristy are some tolerable pictures: the altars, as usual, all fine; but particularly that of the Crucifixion. Half the shafts of the marble columns of this chapel are inlaid with gold, diamonds, emeralds, and other fine precious stones: The skulls of two saints are in gold cases on each side, inlaid with topazes and diamonds; but the under part of the altar is a curiosity for its richness and the number of relics, with a plate of gold on each, on which the name is engraved, as—a bone of St. Peter, hair of St. John, earth or stone from the spot where the cross was erected, a corn from the little toe of the virgin Mary; in short, one hundred such at least, and yet this is the nineteenth century. There is a second church attached to it partly under ground, that is half a dozen steps lower than the great one;

but has an entrance from the street: It has two rows of Corinthian columns up the aisle, and is very pretty.

The Dominican Church, I was told, was not worth seeing; but it is one of the finest in Palermo: it has sixteen very large marble columns, and a few of wood painted to match the former: here are also many fine altars and some pictures in the sacristy. This church is very large: The great altar is a master piece of fine work in marble, the steps to it are Egyptian granite; under is a vault in which the bodies of the brethren of the attached Convent are laid in catacombs, and are far the best preserved I have seen in Sicily; if they had shut their mouths just after death, they would almost appear as if asleep. I think the features not so changed, but that any one would know them, who had seen them alive; and though perfect, it is astonishing how light they are: The attendant lifted, and took down a huge Monk six feet high, as easily as one could lift a candlestick; though the body was perfect, I lifted him, and really think he did not weigh ten pounds.—Such is the extraordinary change in the human body after death, when the bones and flesh are dried up.

Salvatore is an octagon church, highly ornamented with marble: The ceiling finely painted in fresco. The altar is painted in imitation of marble, with glass over it. The bronze ornaments are well executed.

The Franciscan Church I had not heard of; for, as the Laquais de Place of Palermo are uncommonly stupid, and there is not the most trifling description of the city in print, it is therefore necessary to walk a great deal, and find out the *lions* one-self. This church is one of the best in Palermo; and has the most magnificent marble altar I have seen, ornamented with bronze finely gilt: the cover was on and locked, they said, it was impossible to open it; but on producing my silver key, the locks flew open instantly: There is a very large and fine altar piece in this church in what they call the King's Chapel, done in beautiful Mosaic at Rome, certainly after Guido; and, at a little distance, I took it for a painting by that master: There is also a large silver saint, and several good marble statues. Likewise some fine alto-relievos and marble ornaments in this church.

The Palace Chapel, called Chiesa del Palazzo, is reckoned one of the curiosities of Palermo,

but is old, ugly, and extremely dark; so much so, that I do not think it possible to have service in it at any time of day without candle-light. The roof is vaulted, and, like the walls, is all Mosaic work, and very antient. This is, however, much spoiled by gilding and even painting, or rather, I should say, daubing part of the walls with colours.

The Jesuits,\* which, in richness, is next to St. Joseph's and St. Catharine's, but more in the style of the latter, has not any columns: the walls are all covered with beautiful Mosaic and marbles, alto-relievos, &c. and the ceiling and dome finely painted: The altars and chapels are rich; and, in one of them, are two places filled with Saint's bones, &c. carefully locked up: There is a picture of St. Joseph, and the Virgin and child, the best I have seen in Sicily, and much in the style of Raphael: the carving and marble-work of this church are great curiosities. There certainly must have been superior workmen some years ago in Europe to what we have at present. There are also pictures in it by Morelaine: he is said to have imitated

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\* This order, which was abolished here, as well as in the rest of Europe, has been lately restored in Sicily.

Vandyke and Spagnoletto; but I think these pictures more in the style of the latter painter.

St. Joseph: The entrance is from the octagon in the centre of Palermo, where the Cassero and Strada Nuova intersect. It is as beautiful a church as I ever saw: the great altar is rich and magnificent, the marble-work as fine as can be conceived, the greater part of the church is paved with marble, and the painting and ornaments of the ceiling are very grand; all the side altars are likewise *chefs d'œuvres* in marble: There are twenty-four most beautiful columns, eight are very large; the shafts of one piece and of Palermo marble: an arch is turned from column to column, on which the church is supported, and they have a grand and most magnificent appearance. Under this is another large vaulted church, with a beautiful marble altar, and a picture of a virgin and child; the faces only are visible, the bodies being covered with silver clothing. The dome is also beautiful; and there are some tolerable pictures. A very large Convent is attached to it.

The church has had a fine reign in this island, I think full as much so as in Flanders. Enor-

immense sums of money have been expended here in the erection of churches and convents: the most inconsiderable village has a fine church; and if the monastic institutions were kept up to their full numbers, more than half the inhabitants of the island would be Monks and Nuns; but this folly is fortunately on the decline, and I even think there are strong symptoms of its total destruction before many years.

A consideration of what the church and religious orders have effected in Sicily and in Malta, the existing monuments of their former power, the positive evidence of their decline, and a comparison between their present state and what they were even twenty-five years ago,<sup>3</sup> furnish ample subject for reflection on the instability of human institutions.

Among the few good acts of the Sicilian government, the suppression of the Inquisition should be mentioned; and when we consider what the power of the church was, and the little good the government has in general done for this island, it is really matter of astonishment, particularly when we recollect its connection with Spain, where, even now, (the year

1811) that infamous tribunal continues in full force.\*

I have now pointed out the principal churches in Palermo: to enter into further details would be tiresome; but there are, perhaps, one hundred more, any of which would be sufficient to give celebrity to a town; but in Palermo they are thought nothing of, being so eclipsed by those I have mentioned.

In the square of St. Dominick is a large column railed round, having a bronze Saint on the top, and two bronze figures on the pedestal: the façade of the church of St. Dominick opposite is very fine. In short, every street in Palermo has one or more fine churches or palaces, with a number of fine marble columns, façades, marble stairs, and other ornaments.

There is a goal here, in appearance larger than that of Newgate in London; but such is the wretched government of this unfortunate country, that those who commit the most enor-

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\* It is some years since, the Inquisition was abolished in Sicily.



more crimes remain at large, with all the advantage of law chicane, whilst petty crimes, such as disoblighing the government construed into dissatisfaction, are most severely punished; or, odd as it may appear, all small offences (if prosecuted) are punished with the utmost rigour.

Lady A——, a very sensible well informed woman, observed, that, in the heat of Summer, they commit many murders in passion, as, during full four months in the year, it actually affects their temperament.

A most horrid case occurred last year.— A rascal in a fit of passion with another man, ran at him with a knife, two persons, who endeavoured to stop him, were instantly stabbed by him, and fell dead; his own mother then threw herself in the way to prevent further mischief, he stabbed her, then his antagonist, and lastly, as a finish, a child that was present; thus, in a moment, he murdered, in open day, five persons, and then threw away the knife: he is now at large, and had very little trouble about it.

A Baroness's house was lately entered by the balcony; they stole from her own room, though

surrounded with people, some silver spoons, and, while she was asleep, killed her, and cut off her head; the servants did not awake, and the villains never have been found out: but this latter, indeed, might happen in London or in Ireland. There is no measure in their justice: the great crimes always go unpunished; and yet they sometimes hang a poor wretch (though not often) for a trifle.

Mr. Gibbs told me, that a man at Trapani lately forged orders on him, in the name of Captain Campbell, of artillery, for some hundred pounds, and so well that he paid them: it was some time before it was found out; and when it was, he said, indeed he wanted money: he was obliged to pay all back, and was then released without farther ceremony.

How can such a government go on; and yet nothing will open their eyes. The poor fishermen are even obliged to pay down one-half the value of all fish caught, as a tax, before they are allowed to sell any.

Under any government which does not afford protection to its subjects, and at least a just distribution of criminal law, men will at times avenge their wrongs themselves, particularly in

hot climates, where the passions are certainly more violent.

Dupaty observes,—“ In a country where the law does not give real protection, and where justice is venal, assassinations must sometimes occur.” Further, in speaking of Rome, he says,—“ Where the poor man is liable to be oppressed without redress, the knife, though it may be the cause of some victims, yet prevents oppression, which occasions many more: if it bring some to an untimely end, it diminishes the weight of misfortune. The superior who can oppress, and the inferior who can avenge, are much on a par, and have only fair play: It is, perhaps, the least evil in a bad system of policy.”

The church still gives protection to every delinquent. If we consider this circumstance, and the unwillingness in general of people in this country to prosecute, the venality of the courts of justice, and the almost certainty of impunity for any crime, if the culprit has money, we must, in candour, allow that the Sicilians cannot be naturally a bad people; for though there are instances of such heavy crimes as I have mentioned, they are, compared to the population, few. Now if crime could be compromised

in London and in Ireland, for money to our juries or judges ; and if a church or chapel afforded an asylum to the murderer, what a dreadful calendar would not our assizes afford.

I hope I do not fall into contradictions ; but when I state the crimes, arising, in a great degree perhaps, from their vicious system of government, I think I am equally called upon to state the good qualities which these people possess.

While I am on this subject, I must, however, mention, as an example of the bad system of this government, even since the late changes, a circumstance of crime, &c. hardly credible : it happened since I left Palermo, but was told me by an officer of rank and strict veracity,—so that I cannot doubt its truth.

A man had a quarrel in the street with another, stimulated by jealousy ; he stabbed his antagonist, and immediately took refuge in the next church, leaving his knife (as on such occasions they usually do) in the heart of the murdered man. It was late in the evening, and a little before dark. I must observe that all these people have a firm belief in spectres ; and as

he afterwards said, he was not very comfortable in his asylum, although he knew he could not be taken out of the church, yet such were the workings of guilt on his mind, that he skulked and hid himself behind the columns in great agitation. The church was shut up for the night, a short time after he entered it; he remained absorbed in horror of mind, but was aroused by perceiving a Priest, with a very young girl, enter from one of the side chapels, along the great aisle; she seemed extremely unwilling to go with him; but partly by persuasion and partly by force, he brought her to the foot of the chief altar: he made her kneel down, they appeared to be in prayer, when the Priest suddenly drew a stiletto, stabbed her, and she fell dead on the floor. It is necessary to mention, that, in most of the parochial churches, there is a very large vault for the common people near the great altar, having an opening just sufficient to admit one body, with a flag and ring over it, similar to those to our coal-cellars. The Priest immediately, after the commission of the murder, raised the stone of the vault, and threw in the body: he then got water from the holy-water basin, and, with his handkerchief, washed the blood from the flags; after which he let himself out of the church. The

murderer, who had taken refuge, witnessed this shocking scene without being perceived : he declared afterwards that the act was so instantaneous that he could not have prevented it ; nevertheless, as he held murder in great abhorrence, (being a very different case from his own) he would have seized the Priest, and dragged him out to justice ; but not having his knife, nor any arms, he supposed, and I dare say very justly, that if he had shewn himself, the Priest would have served him as he had done the unfortunate girl ; he therefore lay the closer.\*

It may be supposed the man did not spend a very pleasant night in the church ; according to his own account, when he reflected on what he had seen, he began to suspect that it could not be a Priest, who had committed this foul act, but the Devil, who assumed the shape of one. The apprehension that his infernal majesty might still be in the church, and pay him a visit

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\* Though the Church gives an asylum to a criminal, so far as to prevent the officers of justice from taking him out of it, yet if he quit it, or can be inveigled out, his capture will be good ; and in some cases the Church would give him up.

in the course of the night, determined him to stay there no longer: however, he could not get out, the doors being all locked; but such was the misery of his situation, that the moment they were opened for morning service he left the church, and gave himself up.

He stated what he had seen; but gave the Devil the credit of the murder, in which the Priests afterwards fully supported him. The officers of justice concluded he was deranged; but the story got wind, and as a young woman of Palermo was missing and could not be found, her relations had the vault opened, and there her murdered body was discovered. The disposition of the higher powers appeared willing to fix the crime on the Devil; but the people (what some would call the mob of Palermo) came in a body, and, supporting her relations, demanded justice. Superstitious and Priest-ridden as they are, they were not in this case to be humbugged with the story of the Devil. The Captain of Justice was obliged to act: Suspicion fell upon the girl's confessor, and he was taken up: The man, who discovered this atrocious deed, was now convinced that he had not seen the Devil, and gave positive evidence against the Priest.

Under the most corrupt governments, cases of atrocity like this cannot always be screened : the people were outrageous, and the magistrates were obliged to bring this villain to trial : he was found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. It appeared that he had debauched the unfortunate girl, who was pregnant, and fearing detection, he contrived by some pretence to persuade her to meet him in the church, where he committed the horrid act as above related ; and certainly with every probability in his favour of its never being discovered.

But what will the reader think of the system of government in Sicily, when he is told that this wretch could not be executed publicly, because he was a Priest. They gave it out that he was executed in private ; and a hand was certainly nailed up at the goal, which is part of the sentence of persons convicted of murder. Any hand, however, might be nailed up there ; and, for my part, I cannot help greatly doubting if this fellow were executed, though M. Benedetto, who edits the *Anglo-Sicilian Gazette*, assured the officer, who told me these particulars, that he really was hanged ; and from all I have heard of Benedetto, whom I remember at Messina, I imagine he would not say so,



if he did not believe it. But still I wish he had been allowed to witness the execution. At this time, there was an English garrison in Palermo; but, of course, we cannot interfere in such matters.

26th.—I drove out to Prince Belmonte's beautiful villa, as he ordered it to be shewn me this day: He has laid out a great sum; and, as he says, the greatest part not seen, in blasting rocks and bringing water to it, which latter comes six miles, and cost £3000 sterling. The house is quite in the Italian style, not combustible, and the walls and ceiling beautifully painted: the marble-work and masonry very fine; the floors, being all flagged and painted, look very well;—one is a fine Mosaic work. He has a good collection of pictures, in which are many of the best Italian masters; also a Rubens, and several cabinet pictures; a whole length of a female saint is finely done: the entire is fitted up in taste; and the carpenters' work better than usual. But, when we look for convenience, or English comfort, it is indeed defective: great show seems more the object than domestic convenience. The furniture is far the best I have seen in Sicily; the walks are extensive, and the views very fine.

He has good offices, and a very fair farm-yard for Sicily.

What I admire most in this villa is a neatness and cleanliness equal to any house in England: there is the same in the grounds and walks. The Sicilians lock up their houses for weeks without opening a window; and even in this fine dry climate, I perceived the effects of excluding the air; wherever it is excluded, there will be damp.

30th.—I set out this morning, at 9 o'clock, for St. Martin, a very rich Benedictine Convent, in a remote and wild situation in the mountains, called seven miles from Palermo, but certainly not more than six; it is an ascent all the way, and after the first mile the country is dreary; the last two miles through as wild and uncultivated mountains as can be conceived. The Convent is a magnificent building; and when it first strikes the eye, it appears very like the views I have seen of the Escorial: it is not entirely finished. They say this Convent is fourteen hundred years old; but the style of architecture clearly proves it to be rather modern; of the original Convent, or first foundation, I know no more than I do of St. Benedict.

This Convent is rich, and contains eighty Monks, half of whom are Lay;—they must be noble : A woman, or Plebeian, cannot enter here ; the former not even to look at it.

The great marble stair-case is as fine as that of the Convent of Catania ; that at Catania only leads to one story, whereas here they mount to three, and the ballusters are of alabaster. The corridores, or galleries, of this Convent are of two squares, round which are the apartments of the Monks, and are very extensive ; the largest I measured was one hundred and sixty paces. These corridores are all in good order, have pictures, and the floors formed of cement painted.

At the great entrance, where I should have commenced my description, there are several fine Doric marble columns, and an equestrian statue of St. Benedict giving his cloak to a poor man.

One of the Order accompanied me through the Convent : he has a pretty little library, and some good pictures and prints in his apartment ; for the Benedictines are not confined to mere cells ; and he offered coffee and rosolio. There

are some fine apartments (as usual in Sicily) at the top, or upper story ; but merely for show. The library is a very fine one ; it is, in fact, the best thing in the Convent : I staid an hour in it. They have a good collection of French books by liberal writers. An old Frenchman, the sub-librarian, had more intelligence than any other person I met there.

The Church is not very remarkable after these of Palermo, except the choir, which is one of the best I have seen in Sicily. The carving in walnut-tree wood is most beautiful. There are several good pictures in the Church ;—one of St. Benedict receiving his instructions from God Almighty for the institution of the Order, and a very fine one upstairs, by Vandyke, of the three Marys, and a dead Christ ; also one or two by Spagnoletto : There are four very fine large statues, in black marble, of Benedictine Monks. The tiling of the Church is so polished and slippery, that it is as much as one can do to walk upon it. ~

I was carried, without knowing where, down into—not a vault, but a chapel, like one of our ground stories, perfectly light, and having windows : in this are deposited the deceased

Benedictines ; not hung like the Capuchins, but each lying in a catacomb, and certainly the effect is far better ; one Monk, indeed, in full dress, was put up against the wall, as if to frighten the crows, and was the most perfect,—from being most in the air, and also out of the reach of the rats.

From the stupidity and laziness of not opening the windows to give air, half of these bodies were destroyed by damp, which, as the grave-digger, in Hamlet, says, “ is a great destroyer of dead bodies ! ” part were devoured by rats, otherwise they might last for centuries. They once enjoyed the Convent, and if not the good things of the world, at least they heard the third finest organ in it : Haarlem has the first ; Catania the second ; and this is allowed to be the third,—it is in appearance beautiful ; unfortunately it is now under repair, and tuning ; an operation that takes place every six years ; but from what I saw and even heard, it must be fine : having the effect of two large bass-drums, and a full band.

The objection the Sicilians have to air any place not immediately in use is inconceivable, and in consequence all things suffer.

There is a Museum here: it was once good; but, except the antient marbles, &c. absolutely falling to pieces from damp: fine pictures, curious models, &c. all ruined by damp: curious old armour ruined by damp and rust: in short, like many things in Sicily, *en decadence*. The only part perfect is the library and the magnificent marble stair-case, but the latter is of a composition to resist damp.

This Convent, though so near Palermo, is in a most sequestered situation. The surrounding mountains are rude and rocky, and it is, I may say, buried in them: a sort of miserable garden is attached; but they have plenty of water, both from tanks and fountains. The building within and without has a very modern appearance; but presents a mixture of grandeur and gloom, placed, in tranquil solitude, quite out of the world: In the sacristy are some very beautiful and neat vestments, and a quantity of plate.

I was informed that the road from hence to Monte Realle, (impassable for a carriage,) afforded beautiful prospects, and as they only called it four miles I determined to walk there: but my Lacquais de Place not chusing the trou-

ble of such a walk, contrived to prevent any one being my guide, for I could not make him understand that I did not require his company. Indeed, all that is necessary is to shew the turn from the Convent, after which the road cannot be mistaken. These noble Monks appeared in league with my servant; and I could not find the intelligent Frenchman, he having left the library: no one would shew me the way. It is odd how these people, on such occasions, combine together: I offered half a dollar to any one; but, though the Convent-servants appeared in abject poverty, all refused: I even tried some peasants who were passing, I told them if I remained ten days, neither lacquey nor carriage should stir till I went to Monte Realle, but all in vain. A party of Sicilian German officers arrived; I spoke to them, they declared, with perfect *sang froid*, that the majority of the Sicilians were villains, (this I do not admit) and they could give no relief. I therefore called for the superior in a very authoritative tone, declared my rank,—my positive determination to have a guide; and if not granted that I should remain, and write a complaint to the Marquis Circello, which I could immediately send, having my servant-boy with me: This operated at once,

there was no occasion to trouble the Marquis : and a guide was instantly produced.

The road to Monte Realle is not more than three miles : I passed the hill with the old Moorish castle on the top, which forms so fine an object from Palermo. I was highly gratified with this walk through the mountains : the prospect is beautiful ; and when I got above Monte Realle, the effect was like the sudden drawing up of a curtain, exposing as fine a prospect as can be imagined, embracing the city of Palermo and its villas, the Bagaria and cultivated plain and rising grounds, Monte Realle, the sea, and a beautiful range of mountains. After satisfying myself here, I returned to the Convent, and thence to Palermo, where I arrived time enough to take a walk on the Marino,—that fascinating spot.

31st.—I went to Coli this morning : it is three miles from Palermo, and a beautiful drive ; it lies west of the city, and is as finely situated as to view, as Bagaria ; but Bagaria is on a hill, the Coli on the plain, and both most happily placed, for commanding a fine prospect.—The King's country house, and indeed chief residence, is here, at a villa called La Favorita.



It is curiously fitted up in the Chinese style ;—all show and expence, and not the least comfort. His Majesty has not a pen and ink, nor a book in the house ; but, as a lady observed, he neither reads nor writes, therefore of what use were books or pens and paper.\* With all this expence and show, how inferior in comparison with any English nobleman's, or even a rich commoner's house !—no comfort of any kind : His Majesty has scarcely a table or a chest of drawers,—no conveniences ; in short, half a dozen Chinese rooms, fitted up at a monstrous expence, is all, and a collection of the worst English prints, that any adventuring rag-

\* In this antipathy to study or reflection, his Sicilian Majesty appears to follow the example of many ancient Potentates.

On a drinking jug, in a village inn, in Yorkshire, I once was amused with the following poetry, intended, no doubt, to promote the interest of the landlord.

“ That great King Alexander hated thinking,  
 “ He peaked about the bowl at Council board :  
 “ He gained the world, and kept his friends by drinking,  
 “ Much more than by his mighty conquering sword.”

Could the historian, like the Jug Poet, develop the secret history of many cabinets and councils, the result of their deliberations might appear natural, and cease to astonish the world.

merchant could send out. The King went out this morning to see the Duke of Orleans at Bagaria, and therefore I saw all the house.

In Sicily, though so many poor women are in indigence, and others labouring in fields like mules, strange it is, there is no such thing as a female servant, except at inns: here five great dirty fellows were doing the work of one English house-maid, and very disgusting in every point. The gardens of La Favorita are laid out in walks of the fashion of four centuries back, but are very well kept, and in good order;—box enclosing every thing: the pleasure ground is extensive. His Majesty has a large orange grove, a quantity of vines, and a sort of labyrinth, in which is a Chinese pagoda; and here, (as in England,) the British, military, naval, and civilian, who have visited the place, have defaced the walls by writing their names, with all that ribaldry, which the windows and window-shutters of every inn in England affords. It is strange the propensity that John Bull has, upon these occasions, “to write him down an Ass!” as honest Dogberry expresses it.

I wished to get a lizard; there were millions of them about; but they are so cautious, and

run so fast, that it is next to impossible to catch them. The natives take them by a reed, with a running noose; and in this manner a little boy got me one.

The pleasure ground is extensive, with a carriage road all through it: People well dressed, without sticks or dogs, and those in open carriages, are admitted. The farm ground is very extensive, and quite in the style described by the ancient authors;—the grape and olive are the chief objects. If such soil and climate were under English management, how productive they would be: water they attend to; there are conduits, which act in such a manner, as both to drain and irrigate. The whole is remarkably well and neatly kept, and apparently with half the hands I have at my farm, though four times the extent, and yet there is no such thing as a good plough, or any of the agricultural assistants that we have. The walks and roads are very neat. The management of water is a great matter in this island: as far as I can make out, it is all conducted on the syphon principle, and very expensively: There are lofty and ugly pyramids all through the country for this purpose, according to the different levels, and pipes of baked clay under ground to conduct the water.

This favorite Villa has cost a large sum: in one room is an absurd contrivance of a table to be served without servants; it goes down, and is wound up: but the machinery is very complicated and expensive; and it is, at present, (and almost always) out of order. I remember seeing a much better one many years ago at a country-seat of the Elector Palatine near Bonn.

The King and the Prince Royal have dairy farms, and vie with each other in making butter, as before-mentioned: this amusement and shooting, by what I hear, is all this monarch troubles himself about.

The amusements of hunting, shooting; or fishing, appear to have always formed the principal, and almost only source of pleasure for King Ferdinand: his relation, the late King of Spain, was equally attached to it. So far have they carried this *mania*, that I know, from undoubted authority, there was formerly a regular weekly intercourse, by special messengers, carried on between the Courts of Naples and Madrid, with an account of the slaughter of game, and the feats of these monarchs in the field.—Perhaps they were better employed in this animal destruction, than in human slaughter.

The mode of hunting is, however, quite different from ours: Hundreds of peasants drive the game from the woods into certain open parts; his Majesty stands within a railed fence; half a dozen men load for him, and he fires away, right and left, as fast as he can. In very bad weather, they have often collected a strange medley into a large riding-house, consisting of wolves, foxes, boars, dogs, cats, pigs, goats, deer, &c. also owls, pigeons, hawks, wild ducks, partridges, crows, &c. The animals, in this promiscuous state, begin a general fight, while the monarch, from a gallery, fires at them till they are all destroyed.—An ignoble and cowardly pastime!

All persons, however, agree that Ferdinand is a quiet and good-natured man. The Sicilians lay their misfortunes, oppressions, and grievances entirely to the Queen. Since I prepared these sheets for press, I find they have been relieved from her Majesty's care. The English newspapers, which announced her death, described her as a restless, ambitious, and furious woman. It is certain she learned nothing from misfortune; and there is too much reason to believe that she was very deficient in gratitude to England: and, I believe, no one ever departed this life less lamented.

There are several beautiful villas and cassinos, all with very neat flower gardens. The country houses are, in general, ornamented with marble busts on the top of the walls; I reckoned one hundred and thirty on one house.

This being Sunday, the public garden, (the Kensington of Palermo) with the adjoining ground, (a sort of common) and the Marino were crowded with well dressed people.

## CHAP. XV.

*Royal Palace at Palermo—Franciscan Convent—Body of St. Benedict—The Silk Manufactory—Courts of Justice—The Castle—College of the Jesuits—The Prison—A well authenticated Account of Life returning to the Dead and Dried Body of a Capuchin Monk.*

I made many attempts to see the Palace, but did not succeed. I did not like to trouble the Duke of Orleans; so, this morning, I tried the silver key, and all the doors flew open in a minute.

The Palace is an old and irregular building: the inside forms two squares, one has a piazza, or colonnade, of three stories, with handsome columns. By the aid of a little civility, and an English uniform, I got into the great audience

and drawing rooms, they are large and handsome. There is very fine tapestry in these rooms, representing the adventures of Don Quixote.

The armoury is nothing more than a room filled with about two hundred fowling pieces from all countries, with pistols, swords, and all the paraphernalia of the King's shooting apparatus: these arms are remarkably well kept, and some are very curious. They have a sword made at Toledo, said to have belonged to Charles the Fifth, and a very old shield of Roger, the conqueror of Sicily.

There is a very fine gallery of pictures, as I am told; but they were lately packed up, when Murat threatened invasion, and so they remain. The room was then turned into a Parliament house, for the meeting of the Barons, who, however, not agreeing with the Queen, were, like the Parliament of Paris formerly, sent about their business. I went to see the room: it is very large and lofty; at present it is painting in the Italian style; I did not pace it, but should suppose it to be one hundred and fifty feet long. The scaffolding, now up for a platform, to enable the artists to paint the



ceiling, is really a curiosity. I looked through some of the subordinate parts of the palace, and then took my leave. There are stairs of red marble to the top; every step is of fifteen feet wide.

The Queen resides in this Palace: the King remains at the favorita with his mistress; and it is only on what they call name-days—that is, the birth-day of some of the Royal Family, that a regular drawing-room or levee is held.

One morning I drove out with Admiral B—to see a villa of the Princess Leon Forté, which she lately purchased; the house is small, and quite out of repair; but the situation is beautiful beyond description. The gardens, in the antique style, are filled with busts of fine white marble. There is one most curious and well executed; it is the centre piece, in the basin of a fountain, but very indecent, representing a group of figures nearly as large as life;—an old man holds a young woman for his son, who violates her. The walks are shaded by high box, yew, and other dark hedges; aloe and many shrubs grow here luxuriantly.

We surprised two Monks, with their fair companions, in this secluded spot. It was very evident they were paying their morning devotion to the God of Love: indeed, I have no doubt they had been breaking one of their vows. These Monks belonged to the Franciscan Convent.

St. Maria de Jesus, is near, and in as picturesque and beautiful a situation as can be conceived: it is on the mountain, commanding the finest view about Palermo, which city is seen to great advantage from it.—As Mr. Twiss said of the poor Pats at Killarney, “These Monks certainly enjoy health and a fine prospect.” They are forty-eight in number, and the Convent is a very good one: they have an extensive pleasure ground, and some fine pine trees and walks up the side of the mountain; at the end of one is a fine vista, and two hermitages higher up. I have seldom seen a Convent more beautifully or romantically situated, or commanding finer views: the olive trees about the plain are larger than usual, and have the appearance of wood; so that, with the sea, Palermo, the mountains, and rich plain, it takes in every thing. Planting, however, is not the rage here.

I must observe, that I never saw a young plantation in Sicily; and the forests about Etna are all in decrepitude. Sicily cannot boast of much fine timber; but it is more plentiful in Calabria.

To return to the Convent:—They have a library and a good refectory; excellent bread and wine of their own making; and, I believe, live as happy as Monks can, particularly when they have the advantage of meeting the *fair* in the neighbouring gardens. The Church is small: there are many old tombs in it, and the body of St. Benedict, the Franciscan, over one of the altars, in a glass case; they say, it is three hundred years old: it is wonderfully well preserved; the head is rather decayed, but the body is not at all disgusting. After admiring the prospect again and again, I took my leave, and got home at half past 4 o'clock, P.M.

Just before I left the Franciscans, the Admiral was obliged to return to Palermo, after we had seen Princess Leon Forté's gardens, and I went alone to this Convent; I was introduced to the Provincial, a respectable old man, who was on his visitation. I thought he had a wonderful set of teeth for a man of seventy; on

looking attentively, I plainly perceived that the upper were false; to a man seventy years of age, and particularly to a Monk, there can be no impropriety or offence, in letting him know that you detect his wig, or his false teeth; I civilly mentioned to him my surprise at the skillfulness of his dentist: he then told me (but evidently would have excused my observation) that they were false, and made by a barber in Palermo, who was also an ingenious mechanic: he gave me his address, and said that he had many articles of curiosity. Before I left Palermo, I called upon him, and found a very poor barber's shop,—I doubt if St. Giles's has a poorer "Shave for a Penny." There were two boys busily employed in shaving; I asked for the master; he appeared, and certainly had more the character of a mechanic than a barber: He shewed me several articles of curiosity,—most of them the productions of his genius; and, amongst the rest, his collection or manufacture of false teeth, and better I never saw, from one to a whole set, with easy springs and on a most simple construction. But now comes the wonder, and the reason why, I mention this: I asked the Provincial what he paid for his teeth; he said, the barber would not take payment from the church, but he gave him a cheese

of sixteen rotuli,—that is, thirty-two pound weight. I asked the poor barber, (who seems to me to excel all the teeth-artists I have heard of in London, Paris, or Dublin,) his price; he told me, for an entire upper and under set, twenty dollars, that is, £5; and for a smaller number in proportion. I believe in the cities above mentioned, the price would be sixty guineas. The art is the same at Palermo as in London; there can be no great difference in the price of the materials. The inference.—What extravagant prices are demanded in such cities as London, Dublin, and Paris: Few people want teeth in Sicily; so it is not worth a man's while to demand an enormous price, which he knows he would not get there;—he rather takes merit from his art.

But, in all secrets of chaffering, which the travelling English let them into, they charge with improvement; and by English folly, many articles of common utility are double the price of the same article in England. Indeed, with few exceptions, they now ask an Englishman, at least, double what they will take, or what they would get from their own countrymen. I believe, as old Frederick of Prussia said, imposition is an example quickly followed in all countries.

The silk manufactory is a fine establishment, and the machinery good; but, of late years, it has been rather on the decline: It is conducted by two Frenchmen; one of them went through the whole manufactory with me: his intelligence, his information, civility, and engaging manners marked him as a very superior being, to what we meet in general.

This manufactory is, in some degree, a government concern; and the bad management of its funds, even with all the talents and pains of these Frenchmen, renders it a burden rather than an advantage to the state. A large reservoir of water furnishes sufficient to turn a great wheel, which puts all in motion, and four hundred little orphan girls carry on the manufacture with its assistance and that of a dozen weavers.

An attached Convent of Nuns takes charge of these children; they appear happy, and are well attended to. The manufactory at present is not at full work, and therefore, like many of our charity schools in Dublin, they cannot afford to fill up vacancies. The part of the manufactory for hosiery is miserably bad. On one side of this extensive building the works are carried on the other side is that under the pro-

tection of the Nuns, and where these children are kept when not at work: they get education, and are taught to work at the silk and spinning: They might easily support five hundred children; and though they say there are four hundred in the house, I suspect there are not more than two hundred. After a certain age a part of their earnings (not to exceed fourpence a day of our money) is given to each girl to clothe herself. The inside square of this building has an upper and under piazza, with handsome columns.

One part of the institution is singular:—They never can go out, at any age, unless married; and as no man, but under special favour, (as happened to me) is ever admitted within the building, I enquired how they could be married? The answer to this question, and the true one, is this:—At certain periods of the year all the girls past sixteen are brought out into a large room, and exhibited as it were, and any tradesman or farmer wanting a wife, may come and view and chuse: the superiors then enquire into his means and character; if bad he is rejected, if good he gets the girl, and twenty ounces fortune, paid from their funds,—about ten pounds. I am

convinced there are not two hundred girls in the house; but, indeed, I never saw in England, or any where, a better attended establishment. I went there very unexpectedly as to time, and yet every place was as clean as possible, and all the girls healthy and neatly dressed: The cleanest Sicilians I have seen, and many of them very pretty. They attend mass twice a day, and in cages like the Nuns: They are taught to weave coarse linen. The old Lady Abbess is as neat an old woman as I have seen, and went round with me: but they have little work, which, I suppose, is the reason of so few children being in the house; indeed it is not half finished, and yet, as far as the mere walls, is an immense building. The church is handsome, and has many beautiful marble altars.

I went to see what I call their four courts, or Westminster Hall: They have a very large hall, and four courts, answering, in some degree, to ours, as far as legal name,—viz. the Criminal Court, the Civil (Nisi Prius) Court, the King's Court of Exchequer, and another a sort of Equity Court. These courts sit almost every day; there are three or four judges in each, and as great a crowd as in ours. The lawyers pleaded like the preachers, with violence and



great motion of the hands and fingers: every lawyer must appear full dressed, and with a bag and sword, as our gentry for a court, levee, &c. but the lawyers wear neither wigs nor gowns: The criminal cause is carried on exactly like a Nisi prius. The prisoner remains in goal, and appears in court only by his attorney: the cause or prosecution lasts for months: In these courts all is determined by the judges without juries. The police of the town is under the Captain of Justice, who, with certain magistrates, hears complaints and charges, much as ours do. But if they hear the charges like our magistrates, their subsequent conduct forms a dreadful contrast.

These are, at least, forty inferior courts in Palermo, in all of which any thing but justice is administered. I had not time to make myself acquainted with the details of the manner of distributing justice to the different suitors; for, wherever I sought the information, I was answered, that the bare recital of abuses would take a month; I must therefore refer the reader to Mr. Leckie's able work, or to those who, from long residence in Palermo, may be able to supply such details: Not that they could be of any use to the English reader; for the entire

system of Sicilian law and trials, civil and criminal;—Admiralty, Equity, Ecclesiastical, &c. and all the different processes, from the Tribunale del real Patrimonio to the decisions of the Captains of Justice, may at once be comprised by stating, that the whole is a mass of intolerable grievance, most vexatious expense, procrastination, and every possible imperfection. The judges, officers, and all their assistants, purchase their situations, (the Captain of Justice excepted,) and practise every imposition on those who are so unfortunate as to come before them.

The senates, jurats, and magistrates in the other towns, are, to the full, as bad as those in the capital. The whole is an abuse of power, from Palermo to the most inferior village.

The Captain of Justice is, in many instances, a proper appointment; and when that is the case, having great power, he can, and does, do much good. The Marquis St. Juliano, who is Captain of Justice at Catania, is a nobleman of excellent character: and there are other noblemen, Captains of Justice, in the island, who discharge the duties of their office with humanity and equity; but I fear the majority are not of this description.

Among the greatest evils in the administration of the criminal code, are the expence and the length of time taken. I have been assured, that trials, even for murder, have lasted until the parties prosecuting became so tired of the expence and attendance, that they have stopped proceeding. Other criminal causes have been so deferred, that the accused have frequently been immured in prison half tried, or totally forgotten, and have remained there for years.

As to delay in the Civil Courts, we must be silent, I mean in great causes ; for though the equity suit in Sicily is a most tedious and expensive process, what else is it in England or Ireland? But, for small mercantile transactions, they have no experience of despatch like that of our *Nisi Prius*, or record causes. The most trifling case in Sicily, if once it get into court, has a good chance of remaining there full as long as one of our heaviest causes in Chancery.

Whether in despotic countries men are really afraid to give information, I cannot determine ; but I have often observed how extremely difficult it was to obtain it abroad, except in France, where it is to be had for asking.

In Sicily, when a man answers any query respecting the government, it is always in a whisper or low tone of voice, though no third person be present; such is the habitual caution in despotic countries.

The intelligent Frenchman, at the silk factory, informed me of what I should otherwise never have known,—that there is a very large Foundling Hospital here; and, by his account, well attended to, and on as liberal a plan as ours in Dublin, which has been always remarkable for the liberality with which admission is given.

An Old Saracen Castle, called Torre Zizza, just without the town, is well worth seeing, being a building of great antiquity, supposed to be a thousand years old. The hall is large, and has a fine fountain and a *jet d'eau* in the middle, which now plays occasionally, and, I am told, in Summer continually. This hall is inclosed by iron gates.

The Castle is a very singular building; in it there are many large and small uncomfortable rooms, but fine stone stairs to the top; and every story vaulted: it could not be burnt;

the roof is flat, and of bricks: the gutters are of tile; for, as they have no frost here, the mortar is impervious to water. I never saw a greater quantity of pictures in one private house; a few are good, but most of them are daubs: There are two orange gardens near: the trees are planted very close. I should suppose each garden to contain twenty acres: they appear a wood, or rather a very thick shrubbery: the trees, in general, are about the size of the large arbutus in Ireland.

Prince Batero's Palace is magnificent: it is built on the old rampart over the Marino; the best situation in Palermo, and really worthy of a Prince: Leon Forté, his daughter by a former marriage, has her own apartments.— The rooms are very grand, and painted in the Italian style, with gilding in abundance;— but tiled floors, poor furniture, no carpets, and very bad carpenters' work; the *finish*, except that appertaining to mere show, is bad: but in respect to water-colour paint, marble work, or masonry, and gilding, as superior to ours, as the carpenters' and timber work is inferior. One large hall, being very lofty and one hundred feet long by forty-five wide, is in appearance very magnificent, and has several beautiful

and clean lustres ; but common rush chairs, and poor furniture.

In one room there are six fine large looking glasses, or rather they were once looking glasses ; for, even in this climate, between always keeping the rooms shut, and never dusting or wiping a glass, they are quite ruined : the nasty custom of excluding female servants and house maids, must always keep their houses bad ; how ladies dispense with female attendance, and substitute that of men on all occasions, I cannot conceive ; but delicacy and cleanliness do not appear to be Sicilian virtues. I must mention one filthy custom :—ladies and gentlemen spit most unmercifully every where, on the the carpet, mosaic or painted floor, in a carriage ; in fact, any where but in their handkerchief ;—a nasty custom, and most disgusting in women. I declare I saw a very pretty Sicilian young lady, at a private ball at Messina, spit so profusely on the floor, that I thought she must have been under salivation. They spit any where, and every where, so that no wonder the houses are dirty. A gentleman from Ireland, who visited Paris last summer, described the practice of spitting, and what he called the community of secretions, as a peculiar habit of

the Parisians : what would he say of the Sicilians and Italians !

The puppet-show and punchinello are great amusements in Palermo ; also flying kites—not accommodation paper, but genuine school-boy paper-kites. I saw an old officer flying one in a field near town, with all the zeal of a school-boy ; but every day, if there be the least wind, there are an hundred flying ; some very large, and higher in the air than I ever saw before. There is a puppet theatre, where I saw a comedy and a ballet performed admirably : the boxes only ten-pence, so not very expensive ; but the music was execrable, which is odd, as there are numbers of wretched musicians go about the streets ;—wretched in poverty and appearance, but excellent performers.

The College of the Jesuits, (for the order has been restored in Sicily) is a magnificent establishment ; but, as a great part of their lands have passed to other hands, and as what the King returned to them is loaded with debt, they have not yet much to expend. The college is a very extensive building ; but, during the suppression of the order there was great dil-

pidation. There are ninety-four Jesuits here, and they have a college for young noblemen, who enter from the age of fourteen to eighteen, and have all sorts of masters, whom, however, they pay, besides, about £30 sterling a year for their diet. There is also a public school for day-scholars gratis, open every day from 8 o'clock, A.M. to 11, and from 2 o'clock, P.M. to one hour before sun-set, and at this near five hundred boys are instructed in reading, writing, Latin, and Greek. They receive novices for the order, who study divinity; and I found no less than ten Irishmen there on that account; four were to return to Dublin in a few days. Mr. Kenny was very civil to us; and, after showing the whole establishment, which took some hours, he gave us coffee in his room: most of the apartments are vaulted.

The library is a very large and handsome room; and they have many English and French authors there, besides numerous religious books and bibles; indeed, of the latter they have a curious collection. This library is open to any one three hours a day: They have also the remains of a fine Museum; but, as it was plundered when the Order was suppressed, forty years ago, it is astonishing that any thing has



been left;—what remains, is all in disorder. The adjoining church is but small, being merely intended for the community of the college. I have already mentioned that which formerly belonged to the Jesuits. There are several pictures in the galleries leading to the different rooms, one of St. Andrew, by Spagnoletto, is a very good one.

They hold it a duty in the Jesuit's College, to instruct all persons, as far as they can, gratis; and, as there are Jesuits amongst them from almost all nations, any person wishing to learn a language, may have a master there gratis; but must, of course, go to him.

An Irish member of the College, the Rev. Mr. Kenny, was so obliging as to go all through it with me, and to show me the different schools. There are, I believe, four hundred boys, from six years old to fourteen, in the different schools, and all well attended. The few nobles, actually in the College, pay a small sum; but all the others receive their education for nothing: There are, besides, day-scholars. I think the establishment a very fine one.

I forgot to mention, in its proper place, a very fine terrace at Bataro's Palace over the Marino : in summer they spread an awning over it :— I am certain it is three hundred feet long, and thirty broad, all tiled.

One morning, in my walk, I looked into the Prison ; a great building in the Toledo, which seemed very full of inhabitants. The outward gate is always open, and any one may go in, as far as the inner gate, to speak to the prisoners. As to strength it appears to me but indifferent : Our London or Dublin villains would soon find the outside : there is no guard ; but its vicinity to the main and predest guards may give it some security. What a difference between it and Chelmsford goal for strength and cleanliness.

I walked from Porta Nova to Porta Felici, to ascertain the length of the Corso-Toledo, or Cassaro, as the chief street is called. It took me without interruption, at a smart pace, exactly twenty-five minutes. It must be more than a mile long. From 2 o'clock to 3 the nobility drive along the Cassaro : 3 o'clock is the usual dinner hour ; after which, in summer, they drive on the delightful Marino, till the

hour for the opera. There is generally a band or puppet-show on the Marino.

There is a large barrack for the guards, at the end of the Cassaro, near the Palace. The garrison is said to consist of ten thousand men; but I doubt it: they have six regiments here of one thousand two hundred each on paper, and may have four more in the vicinity. The officers are three months in arrear of pay; the soldiers are poorly paid,—they have a loaf and two-pence per day; they are, however, very stout young men, have a soldier-like appearance, and are well appointed: the clothing is very good, and the best made I ever saw. The guards are in red, and look like a British regiment.

The Observatory at the Palace has fine instruments, made by Dollond and Ramsden. The view of Palermo, and the surrounding country, is well seen from hence.

I went to the Madre Chiesa to see the old Queen, who attends the sermon every Friday in Lent: I saw her very well, by waiting at the door. The church was filled with sentinels, who, however, were very civil: They contrive

to enclose her Majesty in such a manner, with boards and curtains, that when once she has taken her place, she can only be seen from one point, and that is so crowded that I did not stay long. There are no seats partitioned in any Catholic Church I ever saw ; but chairs may be hired, during the sermon forms are brought in. I found the men and women, however, separate, as in our cathedrals,—one sex on one side, the other on the other.

Before I left Palermo, I paid another visit to the Capuchins, and went into the apartments of their dead. I wonder what gave rise to this custom so peculiar to Sicily : but it is impossible to contemplate these human figures, many of them making frightful grimaces, without reflecting on the slight tenure, which this frail machine of ours has to life, and how many accidents, to which we are every moment liable, may, in the course of a few hours, reduce us to the state of these poor Capuchins. Indeed, all the galleries are labelled with this lesson,—“ Man, remember thou art to die ! ” — *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* ;—as if the number of dead bodies here did not afford a sufficient proof of this truth.

Many of the bodies certainly retain their original features, so that their former acquaintances in life can easily recognise them.

The bodies of the nobles (for the admittance of which, as well as all others, the Capuchins must be feed) are deposited in a separate gallery in boxes, of which their relations keep the key, and frequently come to visit them: They are always full dressed. How strange that man should usurp this distinction, when it can be no longer of any use to him.— Among the curiosities here, I saw the Prince Palagonia, the father of all the monsters; the box, in which his remains are deposited, has no lock to it: he had a large wig full dressed, and his cane; and was almost as ugly as any of his monsters.\*

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\* On my way home, I went to the Convent of Capuchin Nuns; (I did not know there were women Capuchins before:) They have a vault where women are preserved, as men are at the Capuchins: but here they return the compliment;—no woman is admitted into the male Capuchin Convent; and no man to the female. I wished to see one of the sisterhood, but all in vain: they are worse than doubly

One or other of the Capuchin Monks spends a part of the night in this abode of death, whether it be a penance or a duty, undertaken by the brethren in rotation, I could not learn : they certainly wished to have me understand that it was voluntary : Several persons in Palermo said it was sometimes inflicted as a penance, but was often a voluntary act :—Be this as it may ;—the following circumstance happened there about two years before I visited the place :

A Monk was passing part of the night in this dismal apartment, sitting by his lamp, surrounded by the shrivelled and distorted countenances of the dead : in the interval of his devotional exercises, he thought he heard, now and then ; an unusual noise ; and, looking steadfastly at that part of the room from whence it proceeded, he perceived one of the dead Monks

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grated ; the first being close iron bars, and the inside a sheet of iron, with holes like a watering-pot, so that any view was quite impossible.

nod to him ; he held up his lamp, and the head nodded again : he instantly ran up stairs to the Convent, to acquaint the brethren with this fearful omen !—was it a ghost he had seen ? no, it was the Devil, the Devil himself, who had possessed the dead Capuchin ! The Monks laughed at his fears, and persuaded him it was a mere illusion of the imagination ; he therefore summoned courage to return, but took care to go to a different part of these extensive galleries, where he remained awhile in anxious suspense ; finding all still and motionless, he began to think he must have been alarmed by his own thoughts, and, resolved to convince himself whether his fears were false, he therefore returned to his former station, and kept his eye fixed on the same dead Monk ;—judge what was his astonishment, when he once more saw the head move, and nod to him. Away he ran, as may be supposed, and declared that all the saints in the calendar should not persuade him to go down again : He was so positive respecting the fact, that considerable alarm prevailed. The Monks were called up, and eight or ten descended into the apartment with candles and holy water. They were brought opposite this body, possessed by the

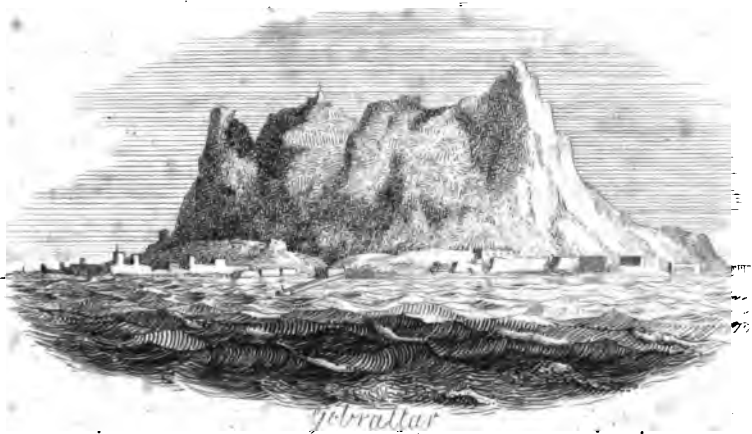
Devil ; but, just as they drew up, a nod of his head put them all to flight : When the Superior was informed, he was extremely angry, and said, some English Heretick had got in, and contrived this trick, for he would neither admit the Devil to be concerned, nor that the dead Capuchin could possibly stir ; and, therefore, went down himself, with another party.—As they descended to the galleries, their courage, in some degree, abated ; and, after advancing cautiously to the place, the Superior held up his lamp to the Monk :—It was no illusion,—life had indeed once more entered this frail tenement of mortality ! At that very moment the head shook violently, and fell from the body, when out flew—not the soul of a Monk—but a living rat, which had made its nest in the skull.

The fact is well known at Palermo. The officers, who accompanied me, made strict inquiry of the *Register*, or Monk that has the care of these bodies : he could not deny it, but said, the Superior would be very angry if it were spoken of ; and, as we laughed he ran down to the same abode, and locked himself in, to avoid answering any more questions. Perhaps

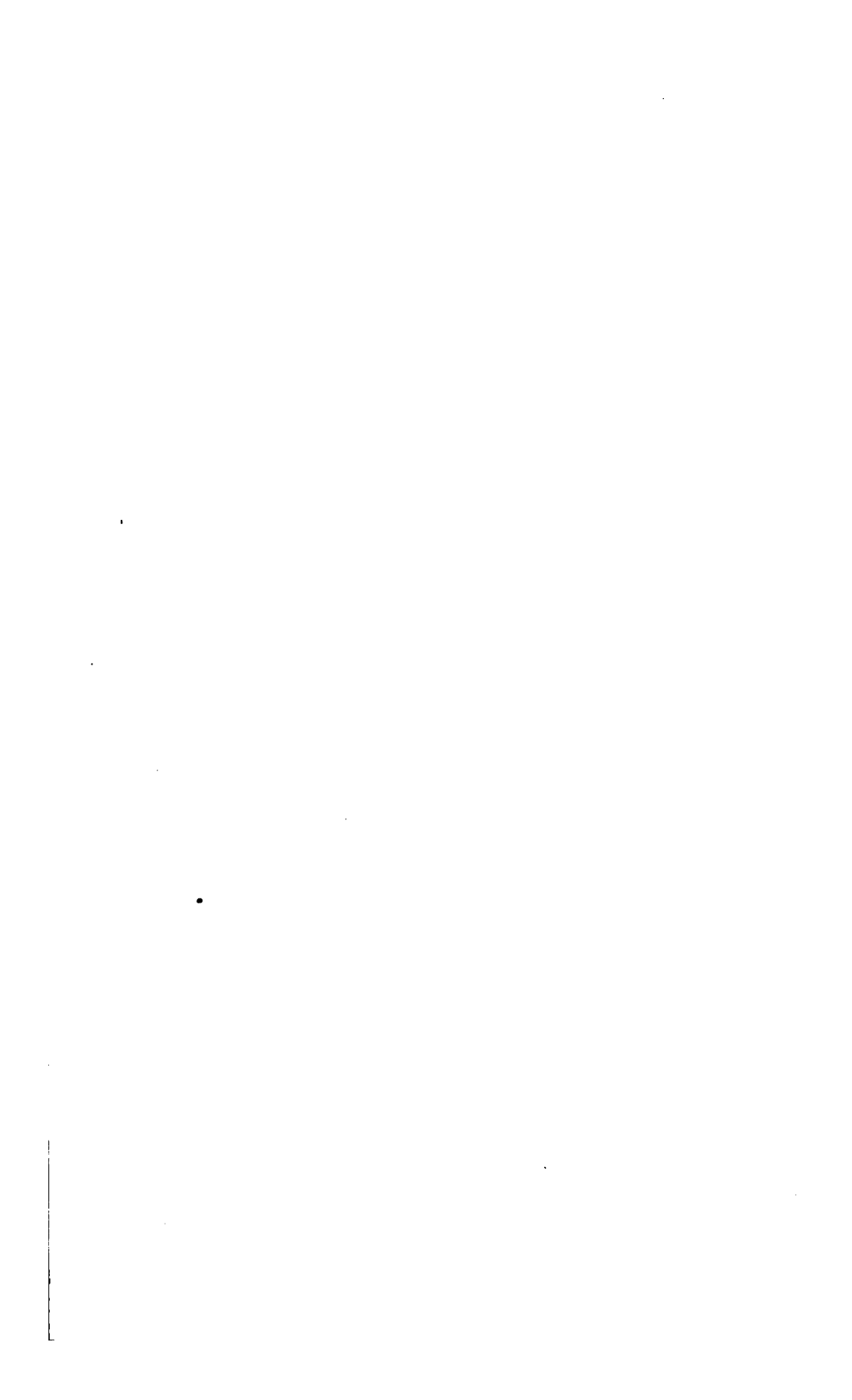


few stories of the reanimation of the dead in all the legends of the Romish Church, have so much foundation, in fact, as the return of life to the dead Capuchin of Palermo.

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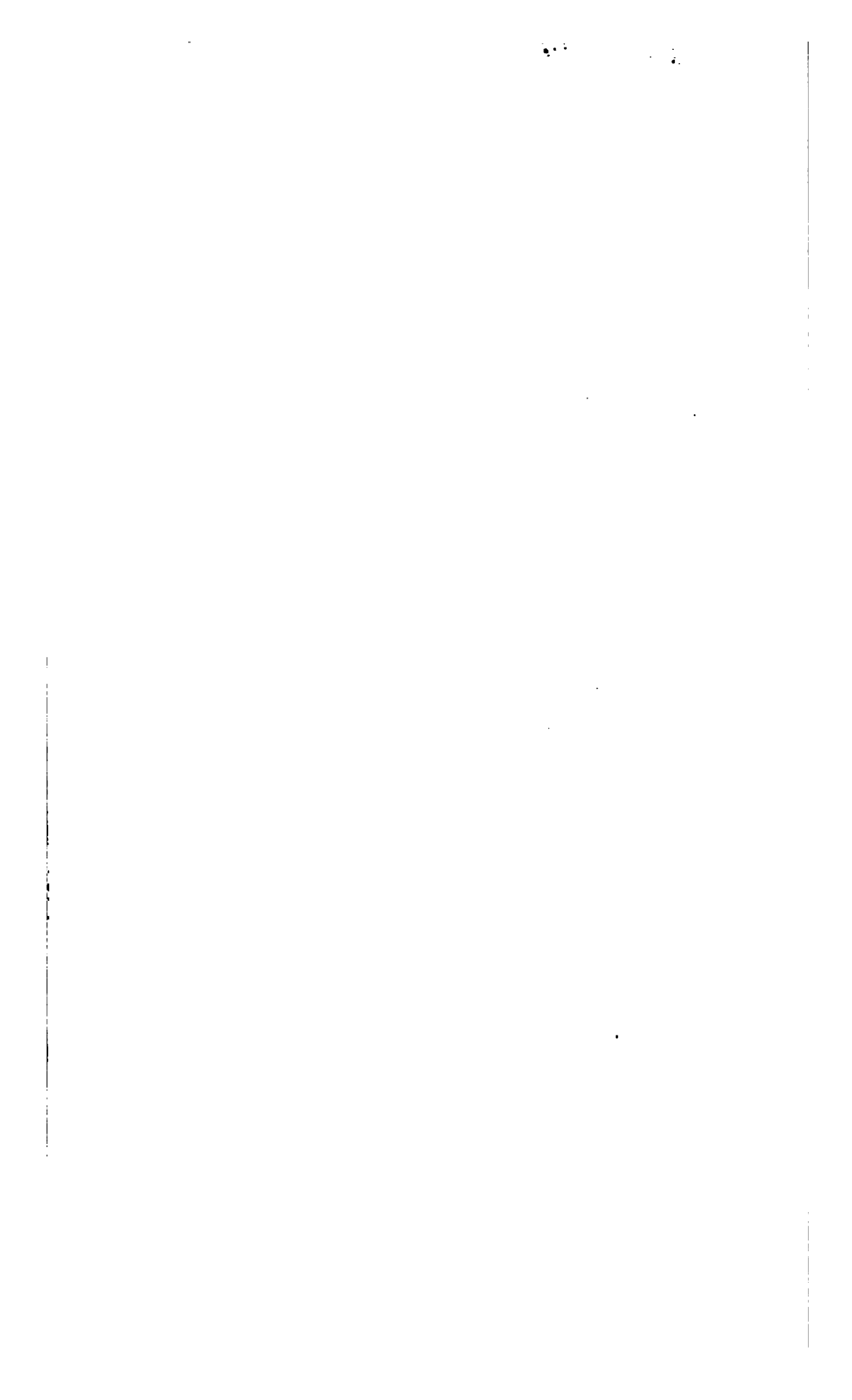












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